

DELINEATOR

JULY 1934 TEN CENTS



SCANDALS AT THE ZOO
BY VERA CONNOLLY

ALSO


MIGNON G. EBERHART

MILDRED CRAM

WEBB WALDRON

SMARTEST NEW FASHIONS
NEWEST BUTTERICK PATTERNS

It's a
WHISPERING CAMPAIGN

from  *lip to lip the story flashes*



ONE OF THE
57



SOUP has actually become a national topic of conversation! It started a year ago when Heinz Cream of Mushroom Soup was introduced. Whispers of approval quickly grew into outspoken paeans of praise. And today you hear people discussing the deliciousness of Heinz Homestyle Soups almost wherever you go.

The significant thing about this "whispering campaign" has been its effect on customs in the American home. Housewives who never before served canned soup are now doing so with pride. They even call their guests' attention to it . . . as a matter of interesting news.

Frankly, Heinz Homestyle Soups have awakened an entirely new appreciation of the importance of soup as the first course for luncheon or dinner. And women are

delighted to find that they can serve soup far oftener without the trouble and expense of making it themselves.

Just try Heinz Noodle Soup tonight! Like all Heinz Soups its famous home-recipe flavor is brewed in by slowly cooking a little at a time in shining kettles. It comes to you thoroughly prepared—perfectly seasoned—ready to heat and serve. Absolutely nothing has to be added—you will not want to alter or weaken its tasty goodness. There is a wide choice of these delicious soups at your grocer's. Order a selection today!

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
 PITTSBURGH, U. S. A. • TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND
 SIXTEEN VARIETIES

Cream of Oyster
 Cream of Asparagus
 Cream of Green Pea
 Cream of Mushroom

Noodle
 Vegetable
 Bean Soup
 Consomme

Beef Broth
 Pepper Pot
 Mock Turtle
 Scotch Broth

Gumbo Creole
 Clam Chowder
 Cream of Celery
 Cream of Tomato



HEINZ *Homemade Style* **SOUPS**

What a FOOL She is!



She GETS A GRAND COAT OF TAN . . . BUT REVEALS DINGY TEETH!
HER GUMS ARE TENDER . . . AND SHE HAS "Pink Tooth Brush"!

THIS young woman should look at her teeth in a clear mirror in bright sunlight! Then she would understand why the dental profession lays so much stress on massage of the gums. Her teeth are dingy because her *gums* need attention!

Dental science explains that, since coarse, raw foods have given place to soft, creamy foods, the gums suffer. They tend to become sluggish, and often so tender that they bleed a little—a condition known as "pink tooth brush."

If you want to make certain that your teeth shine

out brilliantly, try massaging your gums every time you clean your teeth. Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time, massage a little extra Ipana directly into your gums.

The ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, aids in rousing circulation through the gums. And as your gums become firmer and healthier, not only do your teeth look brighter, but you are safer from gum disorders like gingivitis, pyorrhea, and Vincent's disease. You need have no worries about "pink tooth brush." And your teeth *themselves* are safer.

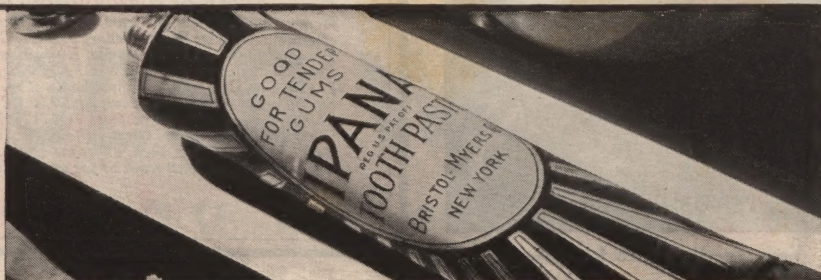
Professional Opinion says:

- From a work on dental health
"Bleeding of the gums always means trouble, and should receive attention at once."
- By a director of a dental clinic
"A vigorous circulation is one of the greatest aids in combating disease in the mouth. Probably the best way of obtaining this is to massage the gums."
- From a dental authority
"Brushing of the gums is of equal importance to brushing the teeth."

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING—WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N.B.C. STATIONS

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE



AT "A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH!
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Electric
Group Bldg. No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934



Mildred Maddocks Bentley

HYMN TO GOOD COOKING

IT'S fun these days to run up to Delineator Institute on the fifteenth floor of the Butterick Building. I say run up, because my own office is on the twelfth floor. It's fun because so much is going on up there. For Mildred Maddocks Bentley has come back to direct the Institute and its activities, and we're all rejoicing about it.

Mrs. Bentley, you know, is the charming and capable lady who originally organized Delineator Institute and, some years before that, Good Housekeeping Institute as well.

Mrs. Bentley sits serenely at her desk while all around her things hum. In the kitchen, the Institute Epicure is preparing a new cream sauce. In the laundry, some new labor-saving way of washing is being tried out. On the telephone, a manufacturer is asking Mrs. Bentley's advice on how to improve some new household gadget.

Her platform is a simple one. More new recipes, she says. More practical and economical and delicious recipes. More definite information about new home equipment and household management.

And what a good time they had testing out the new butter-boil method of cooking vegetables that is the big feature of the Institute's pages this month. Everybody was invited up to taste. And everybody, having tasted, exclaimed ecstatically! Now personally, as a mere man, I cannot get all hot and bothered about any method of cooking vegetables. But you should have heard the girls! Most of them declared they were going to run right home and try it that very night. And in my own home, when I told Mrs. Graeve about it, she became excited, too. "I never get vegetables as green and tender as they should be," she said vehemently. "Maybe this is the way."

Well, from what they tell me, this is the way! Try it yourself and see.

Next month, Mrs. Bentley informs me, the main feature offered by the Institute—very appropriately for August—will be new ways of making ice cream economically. And included is a brand-new flavor that should be a sensation. I'd like to tell

you what it is, but they won't let me. They want to save it as a surprise.

It gives us great pleasure from time to time to publish something that is particularly unusual, something that makes us wonder whether or not we should publish it. "Nantucket Love Story" in this issue is an example. This old letter was sent us by Sallie Patrick Pratt of Monrovia, California, who found it in a scrapbook that had been in her family for years. I am told that this letter was handed down from generation to generation through a chain of thrifty Vermont families. I hope you enjoy it as much as we did.

Another feature of this issue that gave us lots of enjoyment, is Vera Connolly's "Scandals at the Zoo." It reads as if Miss Connolly had a wonderful time writing it—which she did. She assures us that all the stories she tells are authentic. We sent our own photographer to the Zoo to get the pictures.

Miss Connolly, you'll remember, wrote those articles which made such a hit with our readers—"Down to the Sea in Tugs" and the story of her trip through the Erie Canal, "American Water Gypsies." And it was Vera Connolly—now it can be told—who was the anonymous author of "When the Kidnapper Comes" and "Reign of Terror," which attracted so much attention when we published them last fall.

The big news of next month is the beginning of a new novel—"The Golden Legend," by Isabella Holt. I am going to tell you more about the author next month and, at the moment, as I'm a little tired of dealing in superlatives, I'm only going to say that "The Golden Legend" is a fine novel and one that we're proud to publish. Let me just quote part of my comment on this novel immediately after I had read it: "It is a story of very wealthy people written with authority and without a trace of snobbishness. It is rich in incident and excitement. I haven't read anything in months, either for DELINEATOR or in book form, that held my interest as closely as this novel does." Did I say I was not going to deal in superlatives?

Also next month we'll have stories and articles from, among others, Margaret Culkin Banning, Margaret Sangster, Olga Moore, Mignon G. Eberhart and William Lyon Phelps. That's a list of writers I know you like.

OSCAR GRAEVE, *Editor*



Vera feeding the kinkajou

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MIGHTY *Good* FOR YOU

VITAMINS
PROTEINS
CARBOHYDRATES
MINERAL SALTS



A Product of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



"Uneeda Bakers"

Please be sure to get the package with the picture of Niagara Falls and the N. B. C. Uneeda Seal.

WHEN you see a father working happily to support his family, and making a good job of it—when you see healthy, ruddy cheeked children enjoying their play—you can be sure there is a mother in that home who knows how to feed her family.

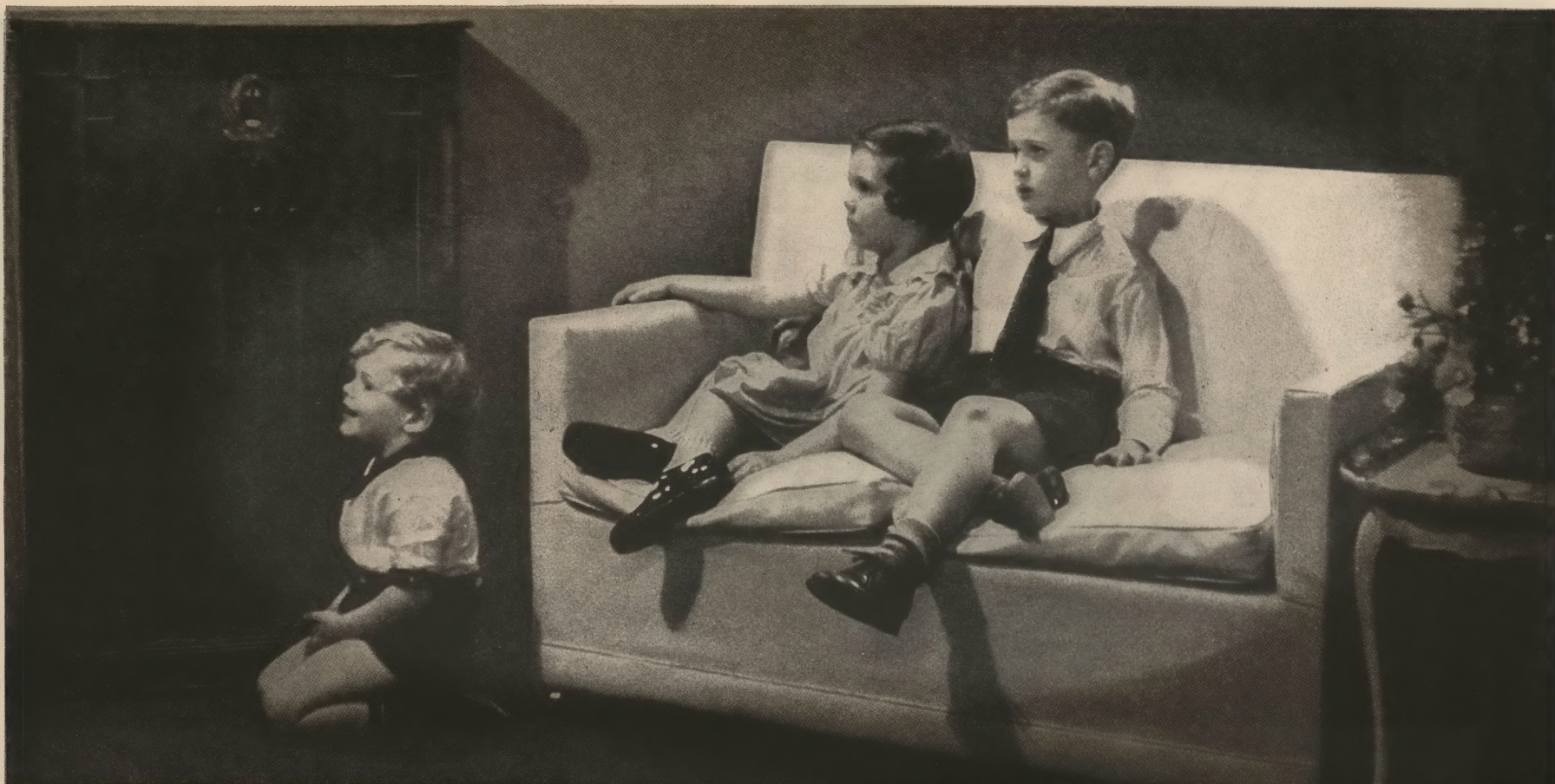
Whatever else she gives them, they probably get at least one meal a day of Shredded Wheat, milk, and fruit!

This is what starts father off clear-headed and alert these hot mornings! This is what keeps the children well and full of life all day long!

Especially in the summer time it is important to remember that Shredded Wheat is easily digested. It doesn't slow you up. Shredded Wheat is whole wheat—one of Nature's best foods, boiled and baked—nothing added, nothing taken away. It contains the carbohydrates you need for energy, proteins to build tissue, mineral salts for bone structure, the vitamins you need to resist disease, and bran to keep you regular.

Give your family crisp, delicious, nut-brown Shredded Wheat. Pop it in the oven and serve it instead of toast. It's good under poached egg. It's delicious with all the summer fruits. Shredded Wheat will help your family's health—keep them on their toes. It tastes good and it's mighty economical, too!

Eat **SHREDDED WHEAT** *for breakfast*
IT KEEPS YOU GOING TILL LUNCH



ARTHUR O'NEILL

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

by SIDONIE MATSNER GRUENBERG

"I WISH the radio had never been invented!" Have you never heard a parent sigh for the domestic tranquillity that has been jarred by this marvelous invention?

Nearly every new device that has come into the life of the family has brought strains and perplexities. The automobile, the movies, the lurid magazines, each in turn created for fathers and mothers new problems and difficulties. Each in turn was feared and denounced—and finally assimilated, more or less.

Looking backward, parents generally insist that those other invaders were more easily controlled. As one mother voiced it: "You can lock a child in to keep him from the movies, and you can shut out—of your own home at least—the magazines that you find objectionable. You can even padlock the family car. But the radio, like love, laughs at locksmiths."

The radio has come to stay, and we shall not want to lock it out of our homes. As an instrument, it is neither good nor bad, but like other instruments it has possibilities for injuring as well as for helping. What can we do to get more good out of it?

Feeling that something is wrong, parents are baffled in their efforts to right matters; they are not quite sure what that "something wrong" is. It may have to do, on the one hand, with the difficulties that arise because the radio brings into the home a variety of programs about which there are great differences of opinion.

But on the other hand, in sorting out, with a discriminating ear, the complaints, it becomes clear that

parents fasten upon the radio, responsibilities that really belong elsewhere. The radio is an all too convenient scapegoat. It is new; it precipitates a crisis. But very often the radio is in reality just the match that sets off buried explosive. For this kind of "radio problem" has its roots deep in the home setting and in family relationships.

One observation by a mother on the effects of the radio upon her daughter points in this direction. "Margy prefers the radio to having companions. On account of the radio she reads only the lightest literature. She listens so much that she cannot give the time she should to cooperating with others in the home. It seems to stand in the way of her learning to live with the adults around her."

Long before the days of radio there were boys and girls who had difficulty in adjusting to other people. They withdrew from their companions. They occupied themselves with excessive reading, or absorbing hobbies, or daydreaming. Long before the days of radio, mothers had the problem of guiding their children in their use of time, in family cooperation, in their home relationships, in living with others.

The problems that this mother presents are important—certainly; but radio did not create them; rather it brought them into sharp focus. These problems suggest many questions. Has the mother been sympathetic about the daughter's tastes, or does Margy suffer from disapprovals, and retreat to the radio as an escape? What relations did Margy have with her parents during her early years? Has

she been exposed alternately to indulgence and severity, to neglect and reproach, to nagging and coaxing? If so, Margy could very well have failed to learn how to share the family's affairs, pleasant and unpleasant, routine and surprise, workaday and holiday, as a matter of course. It is a complicated kind of situation; but it was not *caused* by the radio.

Another type of problem that centers around the radio is that of conflicts in the choice of programs. John wants to listen to the baseball scores while Mary is practising at the piano. Sally's favorite thriller comes when father wants the symphony.

Anyone who has witnessed such a family scene knows that it is no easy matter to reach a compromise that is satisfactory to all, for many times the elder members are just as arbitrary in presuming upon their authority, as younger members are in getting themselves seen and heard. People either acquire the art of living with others, of knowing how to give and take—or they fail to acquire it—but it is not the radio that determines either outcome.

THE radio exaggerates difficulties just because it appeals to all ages, and so demands a type of adjustment that hardly anything else calls for. But in the home it is possible through compromise and accommodation to get for all concerned the utmost that the circumstances will permit. Certainly it is not easy. But perhaps we can find compensation for our efforts when we see the whole (Turn to page 53)

The "Most Nearly Perfect Food"

now made

MORE NEARLY PERFECT

WHEN mother nature was designing our food for us, she didn't know that we'd ever live in smoky, dusty cities and towns, work in offices or factories, and wear clothes all the year 'round. So she didn't feel the need to put in our food—not even in milk, our most nearly perfect food—an adequate supply of the very important vitamin D—the sunshine vitamin which the ultra-violet rays from the sun created in our bodies when we lived out in the clear sunshine.

We haven't had enough of this precious vitamin D, since smoke and dust and buildings and clothes have kept these ultra-violet rays from reaching us. Without it the disease called rickets (faulty bone development) has become widely prevalent among children. Physicians have discovered that it often exists even where it is not suspected, and results in faulty bones and bad teeth in later life.

We can now prevent it. The ultra-violet rays have been brought to earth again—not to create the vitamin by shining on our bodies, but by shining on our most important food—milk. In the Pet Milk plants the ultra-violet rays are created, allowed to shine on the milk, and thus to create the precious vitamin in the milk, just as the ultra-violet rays of the sun would create it in our bodies if we still lived out in the clear sunshine. What we don't get from the sunshine we can now get from our food.

All Pet Milk is now enriched with vitamin D by irradiation with these ultra-violet rays. Uniformly rich in the calcium and phosphorus of which bones and teeth are built, Pet Milk now enables your baby and your children to use these bone and teeth-building materials more efficiently—to build sounder bones

and teeth—because of the extra supply of the vitamin D which is in the milk.

This extra vitamin D is beneficial to adults as well as to children. It is most important to expectant and to nursing mothers. And because Pet Milk is more than twice as rich as ordinary milk, it enables you to put more milk in your cooked food—giving your family more of the milk which all authorities say they ought to have—giving all of them a greater quantity of vitamin D, which may be highly beneficial to all of them—which cannot be harmful to any.

Pet Milk is pure, fresh milk, concentrated and sterilized in sealed containers—made and kept as safe as if there were not a germ of disease in the world. Nothing is taken from the pure milk but part of the water. Nothing is added to it except the additional vitamin D which the ultra-violet rays create in the milk by shining on it. Look for the word "Irradiated" on the face of the label. Irradiation has not increased the cost of Pet Milk. Irradiated Pet Milk costs less generally than ordinary milk.

Let us send you these FREE books on irradiated Pet Milk. The baby book "More Nearly Perfect—When Baby Needs Milk from a Bottle" explains

in detail why irradiated Pet Milk is so satisfactory to feed babies and children. It also contains twenty-five tested recipes for their first solid foods.

The beautifully illustrated recipe book "New Summertime Recipes for the New Pet Milk" will be very helpful in putting more of the needed milk and consequently more precious vitamin D, when you use Irradiated Pet Milk, into your family's food.

Send for these FREE books

Hear the "Pet-Milky-Way Program"

New recipes—timely suggestions for preparing everyday food so that it will be attractive and delicious and at the same time more wholesome and more economical are broadcast by Mary Lee Taylor direct from the Pet Milk Experimental Kitchen every Tuesday and Thursday morning, over C. B. S., 10:45 Eastern Standard Time—9:45 Central Standard Time—8:45 in Denver. And—west of the Rocky Mountains—by Ann Holden direct from the N.B.C. Woman's Magazine of the Air kitchen every Tuesday morning at 11:10 o'clock Pacific Coast Time. (Daylight Saving Time, one hour later).



PET MILK CO., 1436g Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
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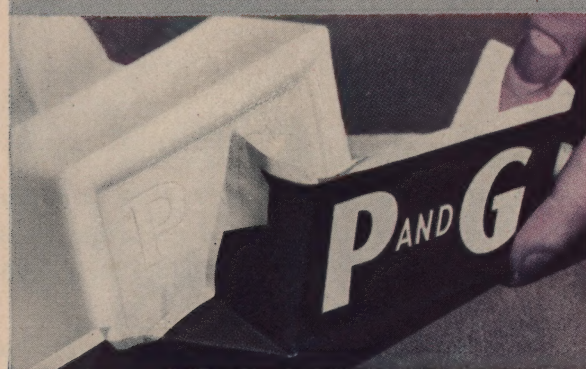
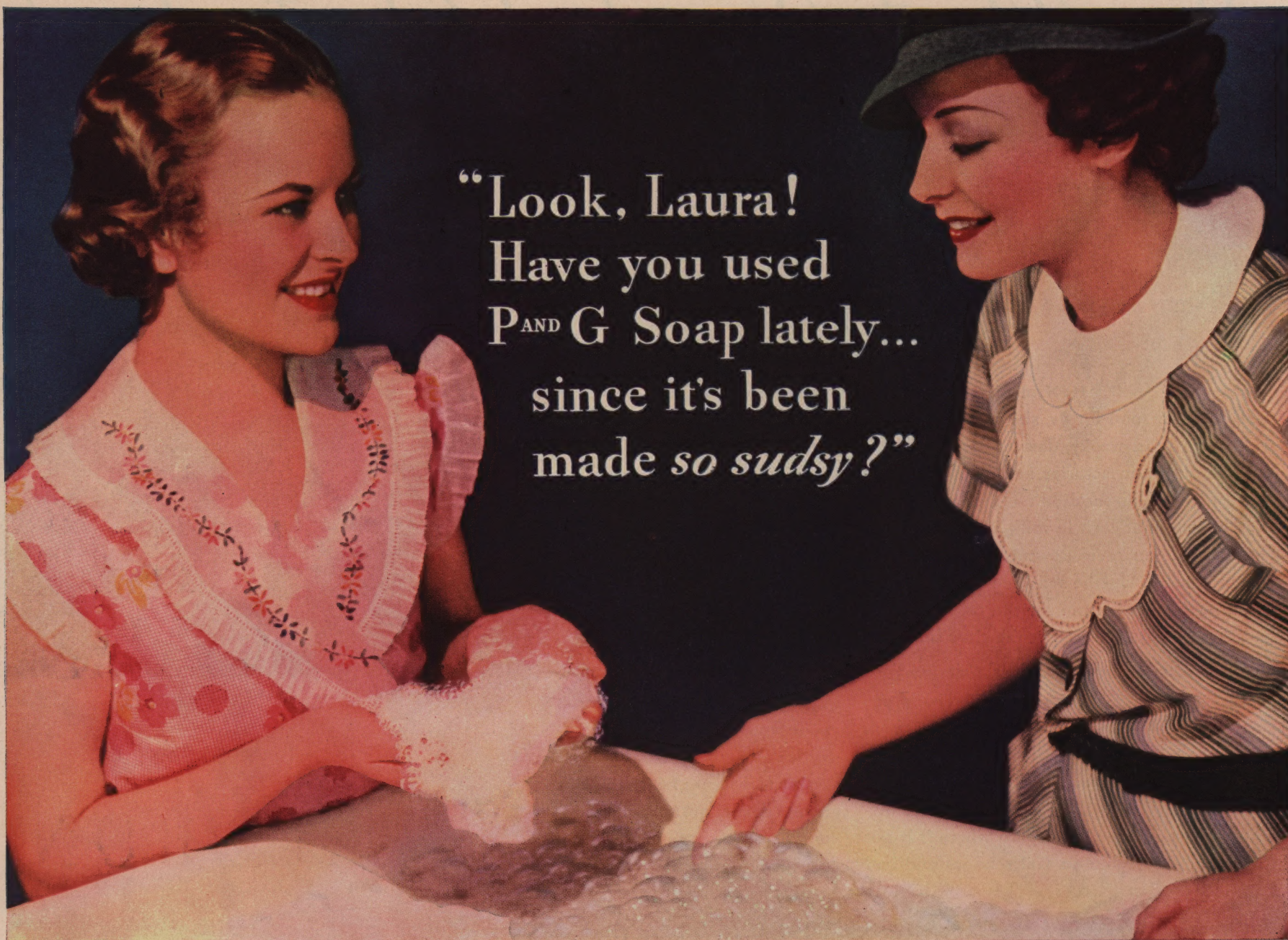
- ☐ "More Nearly Perfect—When Baby Needs Milk from a Bottle"
- ☐ "New Summertime Recipes for the New Pet Milk"

Name

Address

City State

(Fill in completely—print name and address. Offer is limited to residents of Continental U. S.)



"LOOK, here's the new BIG cake of PAND G. Isn't it as smooth and white as a toilet soap? And the suds really are wonderful—so big and rich!"



"NOW LISTEN—those big whipped cream suds dissolve dirt right out of clothes—even out of the dirtiest spots like Jimmyboy's collars and cuffs."



"And PAND G is so nice on my HANDS. Stays nice too—never gets hard or frosty. I got 10 cakes and the last was as fresh when I used it as the first."

Alone, or with box soap, new PAND G saves work!

Even when you use a packaged soap, there's always some hand rubbing to do on collars and specially dirty spots!

Here's a PAND G way to save this hand rubbing: Even if you're going to pop your clothes in a washing machine, first find the extra-dirty spots, dampen them and slather on PAND G. Let stand for a few minutes in a little water before the clothes go into hot suds! There'll be no hand rubbing to do later!

Here's why—PAND G dissolves the grease that holds the dirt! For a special reason: PAND G is NOT made of "ordinary laundry-

soap" ingredients. PAND G Naphtha Soap uses the very same *special oil* that goes into fine liquid shampoo soaps! This oil makes a LATHERY, grease-dissolving soap!

No matter how you wash, PAND G's grease-dissolving suds save rubbing... and are easy on hands. PAND G stays *fresh* too—it comes to you just the way it was made—full of suds and easy to chip for your machine. And PAND G gives you *more* value for your money, no matter what you're paying for soap now—because PAND G is such a BIG cake of such a FINE soap for such a LOW price.





Armed with flintlocks and pitchforks, the men went forward

HOME

by WEBB WALDRON

THE little crowd of people straggling out of the meeting-house yard stared at David. The man in the lead, the short thickish man with the self-important face, paused at the gate.

"Well, David?" he said sharply.

"Yes, sir."

"You face the most important crisis of your life."

"I know it, sir."

"You need the guidance of God and the counsel of man."

"Yes, sir."

"I want to help you, David. Come down to my house tomorrow morning at nine o'clock."

"Yes, sir."

Gershom Trumbull stalked to his chaise.

David untied his nag from the hitching bar and climbed up. The Weston family were getting into their wagon—Abel Weston, that little fumbling man; Mrs. Thankfull Weston, big, capable and generous; and the Weston girls.

"Will you be all right up there alone tonight, David?" asked Mrs. Weston anxiously.

"Yes, Mrs. Weston."

He thought he saw tears flooding the eyes of Content Weston, who snuggled beside her mother on the wagon-seat. He turned his face away, for he felt a sob coming up in his throat.

"Good day, neighbors," he said, lifting his hat to them.

He swung his horse and rode down the street to the tavern corner and out of the village. For two miles the road climbed toward the hills.

Then it curved sharply, and there on the right stood the house, nestling low and dark against the hill.

David slid down and opened the gate. He paused and let his gaze run along the contours of the stone fences and the curves of the fields that lay close around the house. This was the home that his father had hewed out of the forest, this was his world, the only world he knew, and now he felt it slipping from beneath his feet. All through the last years of the

war, and the years since then, he had lived in a feeling of suspense, of waiting. Waiting for the fighting to end and his father to come home. Then, when peace did come, still waiting, waiting, for the soldier who did not come back. At last, when his mother's heart had been wrung down to the final agony of doubt, the rumor which grew into certain intelligence. His father had been killed in an obscure skirmish with the Iroquois in the trackless country beyond Lake Champlain, almost the last fighting of the war in the north. Then his mother's long illness; waiting, waiting, while she parried with death. But now she had lost the fight, and the neighbors had laid her, an hour ago, in the graveyard behind the meeting-house.

Waiting was over. Suspense was over. His boyhood was over. He was alone against life. Alone against the world.

In the morning, as he was cooking his porridge, he heard a gentle knock. He opened the door. There, against the bright autumn sun, stood Content Weston. She was a slim, gray-eyed thing in linsey-woolsey. She looked frightened. He had scarcely noticed her for months. He remembered her at school as a little girl. Now suddenly he saw that she was almost grown up. She must be fifteen.

"Mother sent this to you, David Burr," she said.

She held in her hand two loaves of pompion bread, in a brown homespun wrapping. He took them and felt the warmth of the new-baked bread in his hand.

"Oh, thank you. Will you come in?"

"No." She drew back quickly, and ran down the path.

When he had finished his breakfast, he changed into his best coat, saddled and rode down into the village.

Deacon Trumbull's house stood at the end of the street. Naturally it was the grandest house in the village, for Gershom owned the grist-mill, the distillery, and three or four farms, and it was said that the selectmen always did his will and that he told the preacher what to say in the pulpit. David tied his

A story of the turbulent days,
so strangely like our own, that
followed the first 4th of July

ILLUSTRATED BY
BAUMGARTNER

nag at the block and went up to the kitchen door. The black girl Jerusha came grinning and ushered him in. David stood deferentially, hat in hand, in the great shining kitchen.

Then he heard Gershom Trumbull coming rheumatically down the back stairs.

"Good morning, my boy, glad to see you on time." Gershom stalked to the chimney piece, took his pipe and filled it. "Sit down, David. Now David," he puffed, "you understand the situation you are in. Long after peace was declared with England we waited for your father to come home and settle his obligations. We waited in vain. Then your mother fell ill. Neither I nor the town could come on you then for your debts. It would have been neither humane nor godly. Now your mother has gone to her eternal reward and we must face the facts. You know that two years' taxes are due on your land and that the notes I hold against you total one hundred and twenty pounds, payable in hard money?"

"Yes," said David. "I know it." He leaned forward. His voice shook. "Deacon Trumbull, the crops were bad for the last two seasons. But still my mother and I contrived to pay up half the back taxes and keep up the interest on your notes. I have forty bushels of flaxseed in the loft, and more Indian corn and rye than I'll need. I can sell some of that. Also I'll whittle ax-helves and rive shingles all winter. I can rive five hundred shingles a day, Deacon Trumbull. So by spring I believe I can pay up the taxes and this year's interest on the notes."

GERSHOM TRUMBULL drew deep on his pipe. There was a silence. David felt his heart thump.

"David Burr," said Gershom, "I mean no censure of your worthy father and mother when I say, for your own good, you need to serve for some years under a watchful master. You are much too young to manage that farm. You have neither the strength nor the judgment. Furthermore, I am sure that no one in the community would consider it wise to allow a boy as young as you to live alone in that isolated place. There is still danger from Indian raids. All this persuades me that the wise course is to sell the farm."

"And what do I do then?" asked David, gulping. "Eleazer Cotton requires an apprentice. I have spoken to him. He will take you. An exacting but kind master. Just what you need, my boy."

"A cobbler!" David sat up sharp.

"Is it not a worthy trade?"

"Yes, but I don't fancy it, Deacon Trumbull."

"A boy in your situation cannot consult his fancies."

"But," David said, sick at heart, "I—I—"

Gershom Trumbull sat up severely in his chair like a judge and drew his blue dressing-gown up close around him. "David Burr," he said, "when your father wanted to go off to fight the British, he came to me for a loan to tide over his wife and child. I gave it to him. When he re-enlisted after Saratoga, I granted him another. Now I ask to have those loans repaid and you, his son, seem unwilling to pay me."

"No, Deacon Trumbull, sir," David leaped to his feet. "I am not unwilling, but—" He choked, he fought back a sob. "You understand, that is my home. I don't want to sell it. I can't pay the principal of those notes now. But, if you will be forbearing, I will pay it slowly. Bypounds and shillings."

"I'm sorry, David," said Gershom, "I need money. I have taken thousands of dollars of Continental money in payment of debts and it is almost worthless. In the case of your father, I specified payment in hard money. I need hard money."

There was a pause. Gershom, with his head bowed, seemed to be weighing things.

"We live in a vale of tears, my boy," he said piously. "We each have our cross to bear. Go home and pray for guidance."

David turned and stole softly out of the house. He was glad to escape, yet somehow this pious reprieve was more terrifying than an explosion of anger.

He climbed up on his horse and rode down the street. There was a crowd in front of the tavern. Zimri Spicer seemed to be making a speech.

"It's an outrage on them who fought for liberty!" Zimri was saying excitedly. "Truth, Zimri," a farmer agreed, "it's a foul wrong." "Obed's got six

youngsters, ain't he?" said another. "Yes, and he fit all through the war," said another.

David, halting at the edge of the crowd, learned by degrees the cause of the indignation. Two days ago a constable had come and tried to take away Obed Hooper's oxen for a debt. Obed drove the constable off with a pitchfork. But last night three constables had come and dragged Obed off to jail.

Zimri, a lank, sandy man with an Adam's apple that bobbed up and down, swung his one arm like a flail—he had left the other at Bennington.

"Citizens," he shouted, "where is justice when patriots are put behind bars for debts they incurred by battling for freedom?"

David had a dart of fright. He could see a constable opening the stable door and leading away Zeke and Ez, his beloved oxen.

He swung his horse about, kicked her into a trot and when he got to the edge of the village put her to a gallop. On he rushed up the road to the farm, terror in his heart. But when he rounded the turn, there the farm lay peaceful and silent in the sun. He ran to the stable. Zeke and Ez stood dreaming in their stalls. They turned their broad kindly faces and gazed at him. He stroked their smooth flanks. His heart slackened its frightened beat.

That afternoon, in a sort of terrified courage, he yoked the oxen into the cart and took a load of rye to the mill. The crowd at the tavern had vanished. The village slept. The next morning, he took another load, and in the afternoon two quarters of Indian corn. These three loads ran to a total of six hundred and forty dollars Continental money, but that was only six Spanish dollars and it took three dollars and a half silver to make a pound gold. So David got credit for somewhat less than two pounds in Gershom's books at the mill. This matter of money puzzled him profoundly. Some weeks after the Battle of Bunker Hill, a broadside had been tacked on the board at the town-hall, promising "good and handsome clothing" and "sixty dollars a year in gold and silver" to all recruits to the army of General Washington. Without that assurance of pay in gold and silver, David's father would never have dared to give notes to Gershom Trumbull payable in hard money when he went off to help drive the British into the sea. Yet he had never been paid in either gold or silver.

No doubt, David reflected as he tramped home behind Zeke and Ez, it was because his father was a poor man that Gershom had specified payment in hard money. And then he wondered whether it could really be that the Deacon needed money. How could a man so rich and powerful need money? It seemed too strange to believe.

Once or twice in the following days rumors drifted to his ears of more oxen seized and men thrown into jail for debt in neighboring valleys. But David had no premonition of the storm that was soon to sweep these valleys and carry him off into the greatest passion and adventure of his life.

Colder days came, and rain. Then snow. One afternoon Abel hurried up the road with the strange news that the post-rider had left a letter at the tavern for David Burr. David was astonished. Never in his life had he received a letter. Who could be writing him a letter? He left off work, saddled his horse and rode down the hill under a low, icy sky. In the tavern, a crowd of men were drinking metheglin out of tall leather blackjacks. The tavern-keeper, seeing David stand hesitating in the doorway of the tap-room, pointed to a pile of letters that the post-rider had tossed on the end of the bar. Fingering among them, David did indeed find a letter sealed with red wax and addressed to David Burr, Esq.

"Blue and scarlet London broadcloths," Zimri Spicer was reading sarcastically from the advertisement of a merchant in a newspaper called *The Boston Gazette*. "Shalloons and callimancoes, purple velvets, superfine dark and colored chintzes, cognac brandy, Barcelona brandy, Madeira, Teneriffe and Malaga wines—" He flung the paper down and thumped his fist on the bar.

"Citizens, do we clothe ourselves in London broadcloths? Do our wives go to meeting in superfine dark and colored chintzes? Do we wet our throats with cognac brandy? No, these be for the fine folk of Boston, not for us! We beat the British at Benning-

ton and Saratoga, and what do we get for it? Jail! Do you know there's over five hundred men in jail for debt in Berkshire County alone?"

"But we won't endure it forever, Zimri!" spoke another man fiercely. "We'll do what they did at Great Barrington, smash open the jail and let the debtors out!"

"We'll do more than that!" declared another. "We'll stop 'em puttin' men in jail for debt. And we'll make the rich folk pay their share o' taxes, or pull 'em down from their high place!"

Alarmed by the clamor, David opened the door and pushed out into the chill afternoon. He tugged the letter out of his pocket and broke it open. It was a certificate from the Continental Congress at Philadelphia for five years' full pay to Asahel Burr, payable in silver and bearing interest at five percent. David's heart gave a leap. He read the document through again to make sure he was not dreaming. Then he put it back into his pocket, climbed into the saddle and rode to Deacon Trumbull's gate.

Jerusha was lifting a pot off the trammel and motioned him to come in. Presently she left the room and, returning, beckoned him to follow. David walked down the passageway to the small study paneled in oiled white pine, where Gershom sat at his desk by a crackling hickory fire, scratching his quill across the page of his account-book.

"Ah, David Burr," he said, coldly, not glancing up, "you have made up your mind at last?"

"I came to bring you this, sir," David pulled out the certificate.

"What is it?" asked Deacon Trumbull. He took the certificate and glanced it through. "Um, I had heard the Congress passed a resolution for five years' pay, but I did not know it included the dead as well as the living. Very worthy." He handed the paper back to David.

"The amount is more than the total of your notes, sir," said David. "So cannot I assign this to you in payment of the notes?"

"But, my boy, this has no more value than Continental money."

"No, sir, you are wrong. This is different. This is the agreement of the Continental Congress to pay my father who fought for liberty."

Gershom dropped his quill and turned around in his chair with a tolerant smile. "David Burr, don't you know that the Continental Congress grows weaker every day? What are its certificates worth? I would not count the interest on this document worth a shilling, let alone the principal."

"Then you won't accept it?"

"WHY, no. How could I?" Gershom Trumbull swung back to his desk and turned over a page of his account-book. "David, I have made note of the credit allowed you at the mill and of the cash moneys you have paid in during the past six weeks. The total is four pounds ten. Do I understand that this is your method of paying off your debt of one hundred and twenty pounds?"

"Yes, sir," said David falteringly.

"But David," said Deacon Trumbull, trying apparently to put kindness and toleration into his voice, "at this rate it will take you more than three years to pay off that debt. Don't you see that the thing is hopeless?"

"And if I can't pay the whole thing now"—sudden anger flamed up in David—"you'll take the farm and throw me into jail!" He confronted Deacon Trumbull with blazing eyes. "You don't dare. You don't dare!"

He snatched the certificate up, thrust it into his pocket, turned and ran out of the house, almost blinded with furious tears. He scrambled up on his horse and dug in his heels. "He don't dare!" he repeated, trying to make himself believe that was true. But he knew it wasn't, and the anger in him died away into desolation.

What held him here? It was not only the thought of Content growing up like a slim young sapling into beauty. It was things that went further back than memory, things he had never seen, things he had heard spoken of in chance words—his father exploring on foot up to the head of this valley and choosing this land for his own, felling and burning trees,



planting rye and Indian corn among the blackened stumps, notching the logs of the house, his father and his mother lifting them into place, his father building the chimney while his mother with a smooth stone pounded Indian corn into meal in the hollow of a maplewood billet, endless toil from dawn to dark, digging out the rotted stumps, hauling them into piles and burning them, tugging rocks from the soil and building them into walls until finally, month by month and year by year, when he was still too young to clearly remember, these fields had revealed their beautiful smooth contours curving down to the flashing brook and up again and on to the gray ledge crowned with black hemlock. All these things it was that held him, the untold things that had created this nook of the world, the conviction that he would do his father treachery to abandon it without a struggle. His hate blazed against the man in the fine house who wanted to take it from him, and his thought, for an instant, flashed to the men drinking in the tavern tap-room and their menacing words against those in high places.

For three days he lived in a mood of savage and defiant anger. On the third day, in late afternoon, as David was unyoking, he saw Zimri and another man riding into the yard.

They rode straight up to him. "Dave," cried Zimri, "tomorrow morning we're marching to Springfield! All them in this town that aim to get back the rights we fit for at Bunker Hill and Saratoga! You be 'most a man grown, Dave. You can understand these things. Will you come with us?"

"Just what'd you aim to do?" said David.

"WELL, for one thing we aim to stop 'em putting folks in jail for debt! And for another, we aim to make all debts and notes payable in Continental money!"

"Notes payable in Continental money?" said Dave, astonished. "Can you do that?"

"Well, why can't we?" said Zimri recklessly. "It's only just. Will you come?"

David thought of the hopelessness of paying off that hundred and twenty pounds to Gershom, he thought of the terrors that woke him at night, he had a sudden vision of his father riding off in the rain to fight the British, and he flung down the ox-yoke in the snow and cried:

"Yes, I'll come!"

"Good, we're meeting in front of the tavern an hour after sun-up. We got to meet the men from Becket and Sandisfield at New Boston afore noon. Some ain't got horses, so we're going afoot."

Instantly the two riders turned and vanished down the road. When David had finished the chores, he hurried down to the Westons'. Mrs. Weston was aghast at his announcement; Abel sat silent.

"Why, David," Mrs. Weston cried, "this is all sinfulness and against the law and the meeting-house! What good can come of marching to Springfield? And Zimri Spicer, he was here after Abel, but I drove him off—he's only a tippling tavern-haunted—" She halted, in deep distress. But David did not argue. He only repeated: "We got to fight for our rights," and he saw Content standing behind her mother gazing at him, he thought, with grave and passionate understanding. Mrs. Weston began again to protest, but the hard exaltation in David's face stopped her words.

"All right," she said helplessly. "I'll send Abel and Content to care for your animals—and milk."

And in the gray dawn he woke in his bed in the loft and stared up at the brown roof-beams and the strings of drying corn, and his heart gave a sudden agonized beat. Quickly he leaped up, dressed, got through his breakfast and his chores. He rolled the two homespun blankets from his bed into a strap and slung them over his shoulder, took the gun and powder-horn down from the pegs, opened the door and stood for a moment gazing back into the room. He might never see it again. He closed the door quickly and ran down the path.

A thick fog lay close to earth, hiding the fields. As he neared the Weston farm, he thought he saw something moving behind the hemlocks at the gate. It was little Content. She came slowly out into the road. Her face was white and (Turn to page 36)

"Everybody thought you were killed." Content's voice was a trembling whisper. "They all came home except you"

SOME KIND FRIEND

SHE always sang "Kiss Me Again" in the bathtub. That's how old she was. The women on the Station described her as being "terribly good-looking for so much rank."

This day was like any other. Only that perhaps she felt even happier . . . There was a lilt in the sunshine. It fell through the clean windows and sparkled on polished tables, shining silver, waxed floors.

"Home," she said. And rapped on wood. When Navy women say "home," it means they're about due for a transfer. She had lived in houses from Pensacola to Guam and from Brooklyn to Coco Solo, but she had never finished hemming the curtains before Ham had orders. She was a little superstitious about settling down. Even now. Even as a captain's wife, rating "quarters."

Quarters. A great, white house, one of twelve exactly alike, set in a square of formal garden, facing the park and the flagstaff and the band-stand. Porches fore and aft. Fireplaces to port and to starboard. Kitchens and pantries and attics and cellars. Room at last for her grand piano, for her wedding dishes, for all the books!

"Let's pretend we're going to live here forever," she said to Ham.

For the first time in ten years Ham unpacked his Samoan trophies. Battered ship chests loaded with maps, charts, sextants, buttons, snapshots, faded uniforms, and scrapbooks spilled their nostalgic contents in Ham's own library. His set of Conrad. All the precious garnerings of his nomad years.

"I feel like a clucking hen," she said. "I'm going to unpack all the linen."

So, for the first time, they settled down.

"How long can it last?"

"Oh, one to four years."

One to four years!

Hers was the prettiest house of the twelve. There was subtle satisfaction in entering the others, so

identical, yet so profoundly unlike, each bearing the impress, spiritual and material, of its occupant.

Which reminded her. She must call on the wives of the Engineer, Public Works, Captain of the Yard, Doctor and Admiral . . . Today!

Later, when Ham's leave was over, she'd give a bang-up dinner . . . for forty . . . all the rank. Small tables. The Point de Venise. Her Spode. And a few outsiders from San Francisco, to take the talk off Navy . . .

Suddenly she flushed with happiness. All over. Warm, comfortable, ecstatic. Realization came like this, unexpectedly, at odd moments. What it meant, for instance, to be alive, and fairly young, and married to Ham.

"I don't suppose," she thought, "two people have ever been so happy. So exactly right!"

She clasped both hands over her heart. She wished Ham were there, so that she could tell him how much she loved him. But when her love overwhelmed her like this, she was always alone . . . his presence somehow made her awkward. She was always cool with him, chaste and gay and elegant, when what she meant was this . . . this warm rush of realization.

Today was no different from other days. When the noon whistles blew, she went out into the garden to wait for Ham. The band played "The Blue Danube." Workmen from the shops sat under the trees, eating sandwiches. A group of pretty young stenographers from the Administration Building strolled arm in arm through the park, sunlight on their hair . . . Then, one by one, the officers, coming home to lunch . . .

"How d'you do, Mrs. Ballard!"

"Isn't it a beautiful day?"

She liked to wave greetings across the clipped hedge. She was the only wife on the Yard who made it a habit to meet her husband at noon.

"Good morning, Commander Stacey!" she said. The Public Works officer stopped and smiled at her over the hedge. "I hear Ham's got a month's leave."

"Yes," she said. "We're going to stay home."

Public Works shook his head. "Ham told me he wanted to go fishing."

"We changed our minds."

"Oh."

Stacey smiled again. This time it was one of those "you-don't-say" smiles, very masculine and patronizing. He touched his cap with the tips of two fingers, and went on.

She shouted after him: "Ham doesn't want to go fishing!"

Public Works didn't hear, but young Glover, the Admiral's aide, did.

"Your husband asked me to tell you, Mrs. Ballard . . . he won't be home for lunch. He said to say he was busy."

"But he's got to eat!"

Young Glover laughed.

"He said to say he'd be home about six."

"But where is he?"

"I don't know, ma'am. When I saw him, he was in his office."

"But I can't understand . . . He always comes home for lunch! Lunch is ready! Turkey hash and . . . I'll just run into the house and telephone him. Thanks, Mr. Glover!"

She jingled the telephone in the library.

"Hello! Hello! Hello! Captain Ballard, please."

"I'm ringing."

"Doesn't he answer?"

"No, madam. No answer. Shall I try again?"

"No, thanks."

She hung up. Funny. Unless he was in conference. But then he would have called. Or Miss Thayer would have called. He always came home to lunch.



She was the only wife on the Yard who met her husband every noon. And now this young man said that her husband wasn't coming home

by MILDRED CRAM

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

Whistling. His cap a little to one side. And when he saw her, waiting in the garden, he always sang out: "Hello, Peaches!" And then they linked arms. And she said: "Had a good morning?" And he said: "Great." And they went into the house.

A ritual. A being together. At their own table. With roses. And crisp white mats. And a Filipino boy to serve. After fifteen years of lunching alone in some Navy hotel or casual bungalow. Ham at sea.

"Captain no come?"

"No, Jesús."

"Lunch served."

After lunch, she drove across the bridge to town and had a shampoo and a marcel. The warm suds, the darting iron, the odor of brilliantine were somehow reassuring. She sat relaxed, watching her reflection, listening to the tense, shrill chatter of women. Querulous, discontented, they confided secrets above the hum of the dryers.

"I'd hate to be like them," she thought. "I'd hate to be suspicious . . . watchful . . . always expecting treachery."

The hairdresser twirled the irons.

"The Admiral's wife was in, this morning," she said. "Isn't she the sweetest thing? She's so simple. Just like anybody."

A voice broke across the hairdresser's description of a lady: "It wouldn't be so bad if she *knew* it . . . everyone else does!"

"She'll find out soon enough. Somebody'll tell her. Some kind friend!"

The hairdresser paused, the tepid marcel iron suspended.

"Isn't it awful," she whispered, "the way people gossip?"

"Yes. Awful." She was glad to get away. She'd just run home, and dress for calling, and get her cards: Mrs. Hamilton Everett Ballard . . .

Her reflection again in the triple mirrors of her dressing table, dark-eyed, serene, smiling, above a photograph of Ham, framed in silver. Not serene. No. Challenging. Uncertain. Brilliant. He looked back at her, and, even in a photograph, the magic he always had for her reached out, hurt her, dismayed and exalted her.

"I love you so!"

And suddenly she had to speak to him. There was no waiting. Because now she could tell him exactly what was in her heart.

"Captain Ballard, please."

"Ringing."

She waited. That summoning buzz . . . against an obdurate silence . . .

"Ringing . . ."

"Surely, Miss Thayer is in the office?"

"I'm ringing, Mrs. Ballard."

"Thank you. Never mind."

She hung up, a little ashamed. She never called Ham during office hours. It was one of her rules not to. Not to intrude upon that other life . . . his life . . . his own. He was working on the cruiser estimates, of course. At the shops . . .

She felt unsteady and breathless. Flushed. Hot. If he *had* answered! What could she have said? "I love you." He might have misunderstood.

Well! She *hadn't* said it!

Anyhow, he knew. As she knew.

And suddenly she felt sorry for all stupid, unhappy women who had failed, who were alone.

SHE went first to Public Works. At this hour of the afternoon, the tree-shaded walk before the long row of white houses was deserted save for a few marines, shepherding prisoners. The medical officer's children, followed by a galumphing white puppy, roller-skated around and around the Admiral's

driveway. Mrs. Stevenson's roses were marvelous. Everything Mrs. Stevenson had was a little better than anyone else's . . . things grew for her . . . she had a way with servants and with flowers and with little dressmakers. The Greens' yard looked neglected; as if no one cared . . . and no one did. The Greens thought of nothing but having a good time.

She felt a pang of pity for Commander Green, whose wife hadn't even troubled to hang curtains.

"WHY, Mrs. Ballard! Come *in*!" The wife of the Public Works' officer, blond and nervous, her lips precisely scarlet, opened the door.

"I don't know what you'll think of me . . . your house is always so neat! These Filipinos simply won't dust. Sit down, if you can find a chair . . . I've been sewing. You know, summer things. Everything I had rotted away in the Philippines."

"I know," Mrs. Ballard said. "I spent three years out there."

"Isn't it awful? The heat! And the dampness! Bad for crêpe de chine . . . and worse for husbands! It's a wonder to me any of us hold our men out there."

Mrs. Ballard smiled.

"I didn't have any trouble," she said, "holding mine!"

Mrs. Public Works gave Mrs. Ballard a quick, bright look.

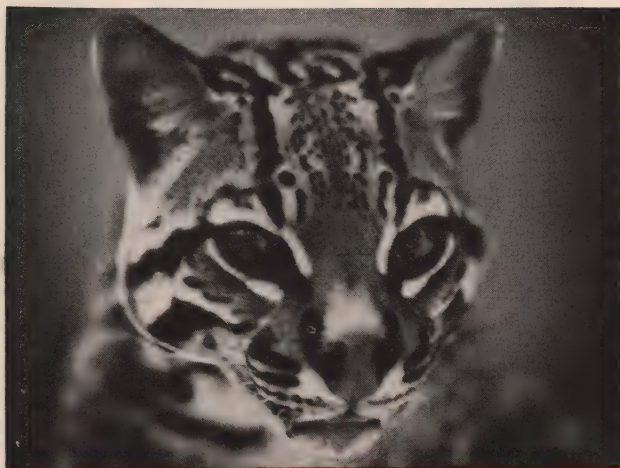
"But you're a wonderful woman," she said. She laughed. "Everyone on the Yard says how wonderful you are."

"But I'm not. I'm happy, that's all. So few people are, really."

"Happy," Mrs. Public Works said. She seemed to taste the word, to crunch it, like a piece of candy, between her even, white teeth. (Turn to page 51)



Her head was buried in folds of flowered chiffon. "How dare he love another woman? How dare he?" she sobbed to the Admiral's wife



"It's a lie!" screeches Toby, the ocelot (cat, to you)

IT IS midsummer. Blazing midsummer in New York! Downtown in the heart of the city are glaring sidewalks. Wilting human creatures. All the stale worriments of human life.

But on the city's outskirts is a cool, fragrant green refuge known as Bronx Zoological Park. It is a many-acre, leafy paradise of winding paths under interlacing boughs. Of strange flowers and bushes. Of twinkling lakes. Of meadows and groves and rocky, scented knolls.

And in its midst is the world's most famous and fascinating Zoo—a village of four thousand quaint, lovable and laughable personalities!

Celebrities, all!

Some of these notables wear furs, some feathers. Some walk on four legs, some on two. Some haven't any legs at all! (Legs—Mrs. Gopher Snake will tell you—are quite superfluous. Just something to buy



Smug, vain and self-satisfied is Animal Town's iguana

shoes and stockings for.) Some of these celebrities squeak. Some squawk. Some hiss, some howl, some roar, some chirp, some laugh, some grunt. Others, like the llamas, when stirred by real emotion, merely whistle and spit. Spit earnestly, from somewhere deep down in their being.

This busy, restless village is a vortex of sounds, of smells, of rustlings, of hoof-stampings and the banging of horns, of tail swishings, of chattering, of twitterings.

All the droll aspects of human village life are here. Here are the human traits—the loves, the hates, the jealousies, the self-sacrifice, the temperamental vanities. Here is mother love. Here too are prototypes of small-town institutions and characters.

Animal Town has its romantic old maids. It has its substantial citizens—substantial to the extent



Hungry Rudy, the honey-badger, cries, "Gimme, gimme!"

SCANDALS AT THE ZOO

by VERA
CONNOLLY

of seven thousand pounds' weight apiece. It has its treacherous Don Juans. It has its famous female beauties who primp and preen. It has its husbands who cannot be seduced, and its husbands who can. It has its flirtatious young matrons who neglect their children for the handsome stranger in town. And it has its sane, sensible, old-fashioned mothers who are calmly convinced that a "cuff in time saves nine." Even though the maternal cuff, because of the strength of dear Mother's paw, may render Jackie Lion or little Mary Tiger temporarily unconscious!

Animal Town also has its busy doctor, and its modern hospital with an operating room. Like you and me, it bows down to orange juice and spinach. And to weight-reducing diets. Ask Mrs. Hippo how she got that last three hundred pounds off her left thigh and you will hear a tale of martyrdom unequaled by the plaint of any human dowager aquiver with diamonds.

Animal Town has its babies with the tummy ache. Its middle-aged folk with corns. Its old people with the "rheumatiz." It has its steam-heated rooms, and regular dinner hours.

There is only one newspaper in Animal Town—the *Squirrel Gazette*. It is edited in the old oak tree near the elephant house. All its news is distributed by word of mouth. And the squirrels are the newsboys. Chattering as they go, they dart hither and thither, from tree to tree, from animal house to animal house. Scattering the latest scandals to the whole colony.

And what scandals they discover! Lurid love affairs and murders and deaths. Marriages and births—and sometimes births without marriages. Ah, yes. Prize fights in the kangaroos' quarters, at midnight, when all the human keepers are gone. Moonlight musicales in the aviary. Teeth pullings and appendix removals. And—above all—intimate sidelights on people's pasts!

For instance, there is the exciting past of Suzette, the chimpanzee, who was a vaudeville artist before she settled at the Zoo. Clad in a becoming red hat, a green blouse and charming purple bloomers, this lady, on roller skates or bicycle, delighted vaudeville audiences from coast to coast. Now she is just a middle-aged matron, the wife of Boma, the chimpanzee, and the mother of his child. But the old glamour hangs round her still.

Then there is the romantic past of Alice, the Indian elephant, who came to the Zoo from Luna Park at Coney Island—and who loved a man.

And at the present moment much innocent gossip—especially among the ladies—is circling around Doreen, the ravishingly beautiful young brown-eyed girl (antelope) from Africa, who has recently come to town and whom all the men are simply crazy about.

"She's lovely, my dear . . ." So runs the Zoo gossip about the prettiest girl in town. "That figure! Those legs! Those appealing eyes! But—frankly, my friend, have you noticed her ears? Huge! And the way they stand out from her head! Well, I'm no cat. I'm a squirrel. But what can the men see in those baby-eyed blondes?"

So proceeds society gossip at Animal Town.

Exciting gossip it is, which fairly crackles in the air. My mind is so full of it as I write this, that I



If llamas whistle and spit, it's emotion

really don't know which tidbit to toss to you first.

Will you have romance, or murder, or unrequited love, or mother devotion, or revenge, or black jealousy, or attempted seduction?

You will have attempted seduction? Ah, well. Then I shall tell you the story of a recent love triangle, involving the three chimpanzees, Fanny and Boma and Suzette. Boma and Suzette, as you already know, are husband and wife. Fanny is the most flirtatious spinster in the monkey house. She is a very modern female, of oldish-flapper type. Sophisticated and expert.

Now, Boma is probably the handsomest chimpanzee in Animal Town. He is tall, with fine features. And he has a way of carrying his tail that . . . well, there's something about Boma. All the ladies are agreed on that.

Fanny's cage was directly next to his; and all spring the monkey-house folk had noted her flirtatious glances toward him. Boma had seemed impervious. But from across the way his wife, Suzette, had looked on with gentle anxiety.

On the first warm day of summer a thrill of fear went through the monkey house. For Mr. Palmer, the keeper, had turned Boma and Fanny out to get some sunshine in the same outdoor enclosure. It was Fanny's opportunity! The monkey folk held their breath. The blandishments (Turn to page 30)



"I spy a juicy hat!" remarks this Romeo

NINETEEN JEWELS

13

by MARY McCALL Jr.

IT WAS a small shop—half a shop really, sharing a twenty-foot frontage on lower Lexington Avenue with an Armenian linen dealer. Its meager window was bare of display. "O. Heffner—Watch-Maker" was blocked in, in small, unaggressive gold letters in one corner of the glass.

Immediately behind the window the watchmaker sat, working with a jeweler's glass in his eye, peering at tiny and intricate mechanisms, little wheels, little springs, little hands. An array of delicate tools lay on the wooden desk before him. Behind him was a velvet-covered board hung with watches, fragile and stodgy, round and oblong, platinum and gold, every one ticked, every one running.

As Lisa pulled open the door, a bell jangled. It rang loud and long because she had pulled the door quickly. She did everything quickly, as if her thoughts were always ahead of the event of the moment, as if in everything she did she were already halfway to the thought of the action still to come.

The bell rang itself out, and left the tiny shop quiet enough for the voices of hundreds of timepieces to make themselves heard—the deliberate tick-tock of the grandfather's clock in the corner and the nervous ticktick of the smallest watch blending in a whispering.

The young man near the window took the glass out of his eye, stood up and walked over behind the counter. One step brought him there because she was big and the shop was small.

"Yes, miss," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"Where's Mr. Heffner?" she said.

"You mean my father?"

"I don't know, do I? Mr. Heffner who's—I mean, this is his shop?"

"Yes," he said. "My father. He's dead."

"Oh," she said. "I'm sorry. Was it sudden?"

"Yes." That was all.

"Well, perhaps you can help me," she said. "Your father always took care of my watch. Do you think you can regulate it? It's been losing two or three minutes every day."

"I think so."

"It's really quite hard. You're sure?"

"My father trained me," he said. "I wasn't to go into the business. I was to be an engineer, but when—someone had to carry on the business or lose it all, so—but he taught me from the time I was small."

He told her all that very seriously. He hadn't volunteered anything before, but now he explained himself to her gravely, as if he wanted to make clear to her his qualifications as a repairer of watches. He looked at her earnestly as he talked.

Lisa smiled at him. She had seldom met a grave, serious young man. And every such young man she had ever met was small and sallow or tall and weedy or plump with pale eyes and too many teeth. This young man was grave and handsome, a combination quite new to Lisa. He was blond. His skin had a golden tone to it, not yellow—a decided golden tone. If his skin had been white, his pink cheeks and blue eyes would have been uninteresting. Then he would have been a large handsome male doll, but that golden tone redeemed him, saved him from prettiness.

Lisa had never seen anyone at all like him. There was a pleasant incongruity about his good looks and his earnestness; his height, big shoulders, big hands, and the tiny shop; his deep young voice and the whispering of the clocks. Lisa took her watch off

and handed it to him. It was the smallest watch in the shop. It was probably one of the smallest watches in the world. Its tiny face was covered by a single baguette diamond.

The big young man opened the platinum panel, the thin lozenge of platinum which shielded the watch's minute internals. Gravely he peered into its miniature intricacies.

"Yes," he said. "I see."

"Do you think you can fix it?" Lisa said.

"I will try," he said.

"When will it be ready?"

"Tuesday."

"All right," she said. "The name is—"

"I won't forget," he said. "I will give you a receipt."

Lisa smiled to herself as she left. He'd had a chance to learn her name and he had stopped her before she'd told it to him. No, she'd never met anyone quite like him.

The watch was ready on Tuesday when Lisa called for it.

"Hello," Lisa said. "I hope your engineering training stood by you."

"I beg your pardon?" said the young man.

"I said I hope your engineering training stood by you."

"Yes," he said. "I heard, but I'm afraid—"

She wished she'd never said it. "I mean it seems funny your doing this kind of work when you studied engineering—"

"Oh," he said, "they're quite different. I was to be an hydraulic engineer. This is altogether different. But my father taught me—"

"Yes, of course. Is the watch all right now?"

"I hope so. For forty-eight hours now it has not varied more than a minute. They are really not practical when they are so small."

"But it is pretty, don't you think?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "A very fine piece of watch making."

"I don't mean the works," Lisa said. "The face."

He looked at it, the sliver of diamond which covered its face, the brilliant studding of diamonds about it, the delicately engraved stem-winder which held still another diamond. It was as if he looked at it for the first time.

"Yes," he said.

She fastened the clasp, making a little business of pulling off her gloves, pulling back her sleeve. Her hands were slender, long-fingered, tapering nicely to a small wrist.

"If it is not right," he said, "please bring it back to me. I can adjust it. I feel sure it is right now, but if in the next few days—I am going to ask you to check it every day. It will vary a minute. It will always vary a minute, because it is too small. But not more. A minute slow every day. If it is more than that, I would appreciate it if you would bring it back."

"Thank you," she said.

It was on Friday that Lisa came back.

The young man was off his stool and behind the counter before she opened the door. He looked at her anxiously.

"Well," said Lisa, smiling. "I'm back."

"Was there anything wrong?" His dark blue eyes searched her face.

"Yes," she said. "I'm sorry, but it's worse."

"Worse than it was before?" (Turn to page 49)



ILLUSTRATION BY EVERETT SHINN

"I'm back," said Lisa, and smiled.
His dark blue eyes searched her face. "Was there anything wrong?"

SUSAN DARE rose from the stage and brushed dust from her skirt. Death in its primary form is never pleasant, and this death was particularly ugly. She felt a queer desire to move the man at her feet so that his battered head no longer hung over into the footlights.

She felt ill and terribly shaken. No wonder that Adelaide Cholster was uttering one hysterical sob after another.

Adelaide Cholster. Susan's eyes went thoughtfully to the small group huddled at the other side of the stage. Adelaide was the faded little blond—sister, was it?—of the murdered man.

The brown-faced woman in the dark knitted suit, who was so terribly controlled, was his wife, then. Jane they had called her. Jane Cholster.

Susan looked again at the man sprawled upon the stage. He was a large man, heavy but well proportioned. He was blond and probably older than his sister and wife. Of course, the heavy make-up on his mouth and chin was a little confusing.

Susan forced herself to look at his face again. His face was unpowdered and his eyes had not been touched; his mouth however was strongly outlined in soft crimson, and a small beard made of crêpe hair had been fastened to his chin. He had been, then, ready for rehearsal when he was murdered. The blow that had killed him had to be one of enormous power.

"Killed by blunt instrument," thought Susan and looked around the stage. It was set simply for an exterior, a balcony scene, with two long French windows, opening at either side upon the balcony of which the footlights defined the limits.

There were a table and two chairs near one of the windows but neither table nor chairs were heavy enough to deal the blow that had crushed out that hearty, strong life.

She looked again at the small group across the stage. Adelaide was sobbing now in the arms of the slim, dark young man—the one who had called himself Clare Dickenson and whom the others called Dickie.

Jane Cholster was lighting a cigaret and her brown face, outlined clearly in the small light that the other man was holding for her, looked set. Her full-lipped, strong mouth, however, puffed steadily, her topaz eyes reflected a gleam from the light; Susan realized suddenly that she was an extremely attractive woman although the charm lay in something aside from beauty. She glanced at the sobbing Adelaide and turned again to the man next her. "How much longer do you think it will be, Tom? Surely they've had time to find the murderer. He must be somewhere in the theater."

Tom (he had given his name to the constable as Tom Remy, Susan remembered) shrugged and lit a cigaret for himself. "No telling," he said.

Beyond the footlights was a brightly lighted cavern that contained rows and rows of empty seats. Away at the back stood a man on guard—a townsman hastily deputized by the undeniably flustered constable. Below the stage now and then could be heard a rumble of heavy voices, or the bang of a door, or footsteps. They were searching the dressing-rooms, the furnace and storage rooms, then.



The little theater movement, thought Susan rather dryly, must have been very successful to permit the use of so large a theater—large at least, for the size of the town. And ambitious! She remembered the placards she had seen in the crowded little drugstore where she and Jim had stopped for directions to reach the theater—large handsomely printed placards announcing the Little Theater's newest production which was to be "Private Lives" and which was to open the following night for a three-night run. Well, it wouldn't open.

The Cholsters—the murdered man, Jane Cholster, the sister—were all of them exactly the type to go in strongly and rather cleverly for amateur theatricals. They were quite evidently people of means, of leisure, and probably an intelligent understanding of the arts, including the art of play-making.

The man they called Dickie was the director. He would be then professional; a man of experience as an actor and a director, paid probably a generous sum by the members of the Little Theater group. He had a thin dark face; clever dark eyes and an air of quick, authoritative efficiency.

Tom Remy, who stood quietly smoking, was a little more difficult to orient. He was tall, stooped, grayish around the temples, and so far had said practically nothing.

All of the faces except the director's showed signs of make-up, though Jane Cholster had wiped her face thoroughly with her handkerchief. Adelaide

lifted her head and sobbed and Jane Cholster said rather sharply: "Stop that, Adelaide."

"Why don't they get a doctor," sobbed Adelaide. "There's no use getting a doctor now," said Tom Remy quietly. "The constable is doing everything he can."

"They're trying to get the murderer before he has a chance to escape," said Dickie quickly and in an efficient manner. "He must be somewhere in the building. The only possible way of escape would have been by the front door and he didn't go that way."

Adelaide turned a small puffy face, on which heavy make-up was grotesquely streaked with tears, toward the other side of the stage and saw Susan. "Who's that?" she said.

Jane's topaz eyes gave Susan a cool glance. "She came in with the reporter."

"Reporter!" cried Adelaide. "What reporter?" "The reporter from the *Record*. He was in Kittiwake for a story about something or other—spring floods probably, nothing else has happened here—and heard about the murder."

Dickie turned quickly to Tom Remy. "Oh, is he the fellow that came in with the constable?" His quick clever eyes darted to meet Susan. "Are you a reporter, too?"

"No. My name is Dare." She looked at Jane. "May I do anything to help you?"

"Nothing, thank you," said Jane. She glanced at the others and said, as if not wholly conscious of

by

MIGNON G. EBERHART

MURDER IN THE THEATER! AND
SUSAN DARE, MYSTERY WRITER,
AND JIM BYRNE ON THE CASE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

them or of Susan: "Miss Cholster. Mr. Remy. Mr. Dickenson."

Something banged heavily below and Adelaide cried: "What are they doing?" There were footsteps on the stairway off toward their right, resounding heavily and rousing dull murmurs that were echoes.

"I wonder if they've found anybody," said Tom Remy. And then the three men were in the wings and approaching the stage again, the constable, red and puffing a bit, in the lead, an assistant (also, Susan suspected, hastily deputized) following him, and Jim Byrne bringing up the rear.

Jim took off his hat, and as the constable, puffing and clutching his revolver, addressed himself to Mrs. Cholster, Jim drew Susan aside.

"My God, Sue," he said under his breath. "What a case! The whole theater's locked up tight. The sheriff's at the other end of the county. And I'll bet my hat the murderer's right here. Have I got a story or have I got a story?"

"You've got a story," said Susan rather somberly. She glanced toward the sprawled gray figure and Jim caught the look in her eyes. "I know, Sue," he said. "But after all, it happened."

He stopped abruptly, struck by something the constable was saying and Susan listened also.

"—And so the sheriff said over the telephone to keep you all here till he got back. He said he'd start right off quick. Now, I'm sorry about this, Mrs. Cholster; but it can't be helped."

"But this is preposterous!" Jane exclaimed. "Do you realize that while you are holding us here my husband's murderer is escaping?"

"Well," said the constable slowly, "we ain't so sure about that."

"What do you mean by that?" she demanded. "That's easy to answer, ma'am. According to this Dickenson fellow, nobody went out the front door of the theater. And the stage entrance is bolted on the inside. So it stands to reason that the murderer's still here."

"Do you mean to say that you will not even permit my husband's body to be cared for? I insist upon calling Doctor Marks. And also my lawyer."

"Now, Mrs. Cholster," the constable said, "there ain't no call for you to talk like that. The sheriff said to hold you here and that's what I'm going to do. He's got to see the body just as it is and we can't move it till he looks at it and till the coroner looks at it. And I got to go ahead with my inquiry. That's my duty and I'd advise you folks not to resist the law. I got two deputies here with me and all of us is armed."

Jane's eyes flashed dangerously. "Did the sheriff say to allow reporters here?" she asked sharply.

"Reporters," said the constable largely, "is always permitted. Dunc, you might take something and cover Mr. Cholster."

Tom Remy stepped forward. "Let's get this straight," he said. "Are you holding us for murder?"

Adelaide blinked and gave a little scream and the constable said:

"Well, there ain't anybody else around, is there?"

There was, not unnaturally, an abrupt silence.

Jane Cholster's face was ashy again under the brown, but set and guarded. Tom Remy's eyes retreated, and Adelaide blinked and gasped and balled her handkerchief at her mouth, and Dickenson's handsome dark face became an impassive mask with only his quick dark eyes alive.

Around them the old theater was very still. Its stage that night already had played a strange and tragic drama, and Susan felt eerily that it was waiting for the play to go on, to play itself out. Below were passages and empty dressing-rooms. Above was a dim loft extending mysteriously upward.

The constable's voice broke the silence. "I reckon," he said, "I'd better ask you some questions. And I reckon I don't need to tell you that you'd better tell the truth. Now then, there's some chairs back there somewhere. Dunc," he continued, "bring them out. We may as well be comfortable." The little deputy disappeared and the constable turned and shouted toward the bulky, dark figure standing at the back of the house. "Don't let anybody in, Wid, till the sheriff gets here."

"Here's a chair, miss," said Dunc's small voice to Susan and she accepted it.

She looked at the other people seating themselves in a kind of circle on the stage.

Was Jane Cholster's character so strong that she could indefinitely withhold any signs of grief and shock? Was Adelaide so loving and so tender that she must collapse frequently into sobs? Was either of these women physically strong enough to deal the crushing blow that had been dealt Brock Cholster?

Jane was slender and brown and looked as if her muscles were hard. She must have, too, a tremendous reserve of nerve power. She sat now quietly erect and graceful—but under her quiet you felt that muscles might be gathered ready to spring.

Jane was only of medium height but Adelaide looked small beside her. She huddled in the arm chair that the deputy had given her. Her faded blond curls were pushed up away from her puffy little face. She was older than Susan had surmised, for there were definite little pouches under her eyes and in the corners of her chin. Susan was vaguely aware that Jim and the constable were talking in a low murmur, there near the body; her eyes traveled on to the nervous, dark young director and to Tom Remy.

Either of the men might have been physically capable of that blow, providing a suitable weapon were at hand. ("Weapon?" thought Susan parenthetically. "What happened to it? And what was it?")

Neither, however, looked exactly athletic, although you couldn't measure the strength that sheer emotion might give to inadequate muscular force. Tom Remy was smoking again; his eyes were narrowed into lines that made them look sharp and very observant and yet altogether unfathomable. As Susan watched, he gave Jane Cholster a long look which she returned and Susan had a curious feeling that there was an unspoken (Turn to page 41)

LAY DOWN YOUR HEAVY LOAD

CECIL BEATON



by
CELIA
CAROLINE
COLE

"ANOTHER Sabbath day, smelling like silk." I heard myself say the words. It was Sunday morning, not long ago, and I had wakened up early, and, leaning out of my window, was looking down at the sun-drenched city below me—all the tall, dramatic towers gleaming in the light, the streets quiet and empty, the hum of the city steady and far away. What did I mean—another Sabbath day, *smelling like silk*!

For a moment I couldn't think—then little by little my memory led me back and told me. I was in a little white church in Iowa, sitting beside my mother in the quietness, my sleepy head trying to stay upright under the droning voice of the minister, but at last sinking against my mother's shoulder, soft and silken and smelling faintly of perfume.

And all these years, without my realizing it, that is what the Sabbath Day had been meaning to me—the quietness of that little church, the distant droning of the voice, my mother's taffeta and the fragrance of her sachet: the Sabbath Day smelling like silk. How long and sly one's memory is!

And on the heels of this came a whole family of memories—fuchsias in a bow-window; high silk hat and walking stick and a long moustache—my father; a girl, coming rapidly down a shady, sun-dappled walk—looking beautiful and excited, scalloped skirt flying back from her ankles like a dancer's—my sister; an ermine muff with a red purse in its top—mine.

How crowded the memory must be!

Perhaps we ought to throw open its door seasonally, and clear it out as we do any other catch-all. All those things we have hurled into it—things that have hurt us and we never want to think of again, failures, envies, stern things, happy things, things we never finished, the memory of which makes us toss in the night.

There they are—crowding back of our faces, peering out through our eyes and mouths (oh, those remembering mouths), pulling us back, weighing us down. Oh, let's clear them out! It's vacation time, it's summer, let's lay down our heavy load.

Look in and see what you are remembering—what kind of load are you carrying? Is it there in your

face? Yes, it is! Far more than we realize, our memories make our faces—etching lines, dragging down muscles, blurring the brilliance of eyes and skin, dimming the expression; or if they are happy memories, painting the face and body with radiance.

All this summer let's clean out that closet—putting the happy memories neatly back on their shelves or hooks, and persistently throwing away all those old hurts that we long ago threw out of our lives but not out of our memories. Let's travel light.

But you can't just toss a memory out, and that's that. It keeps coming back. Then toss it out again. "I'm all through with you!" Not tense about it—it's nothing—you've finished with it, let it go.

And keep all the nice part—tell the nice memories over, like beads; grateful and joyous that such things could come to you.

And then look forward, not back.

What a face that will make!

And all this summer lay down your heavy powders and creams and perfumes—put them away. Lighter foundation and tissue creams; powders gossamer in texture; and flower perfume—they alone belong to the fragrance of summer. No heavy make-up that can sink down under the warmth of July into a smeared skin. Use plenty of warm water and soap and cold, cold water to keep the skin clean and firm. Use liquid cleansers once or twice during the day. Summer is the time for skins to be simple and clean.

Hearts, too. And bodies. The more I think about this long march to perfection that we all are embarked upon, the more I think that all along the way, at the way stations, we shall be held accountable for our bodies as well as our souls. "What have you done to the face I gave you?" "In what state did you keep your body?"

For the ultimate goal of a human being is, surely, to fulfill himself—to be that which he was meant to be, to do that which he was equipped to do. And there are four imperishables that will take him there—simplicity, sincerity, faith and love of beauty.

To accept all that comes and lift it into beauty—that's a good start! To do everything you do as beautifully and as generously as you can.

Who can stop you if you march that way!

The Jacket Mode



5776

Here is the coolest note in the classic jacket theme for summer. Organdy, striped and crinkled, in a short-sleeved blouse with a trim turn-over collar, to point up your linen suit. Organdy from Henry Glass. Below: Straight from masculine shoulders come the lines of the most successful jacket for town or country wear. Single-breasted, with a narrow collar and slit pockets, in a Prince of Wales check of navy and white linen. Linen from Ameritex-Sudanette.



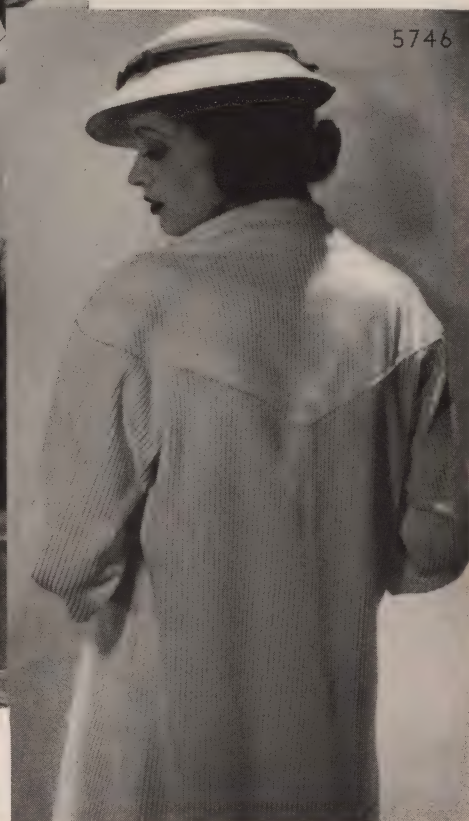
5539



5750

5758
4805

The jacket influence in a coolie coat of pastel linen, smartest worn over a sheer dark dress. Left: A mannishly tailored raspberry linen blouse topping the newest buttoned-down-the-front skirt in white linen. Linens from Lamont-McConnell.



5746

The red velveteen jacket sketched over a white dress will be doubly smart over your cotton evening dresses. Above: A three-quarter jacket of wide wale corduroy, designed to accompany you everywhere in the sports world. Corduroy from Crompton-Richmond. For further descriptions of the clothes on this page, see page 58.

5771

Miss Betty Douglas of Atlanta, Georgia, is correct in a navy and white piqué dress with a simple rounded neckline

Miss Beatrice Cole of Boston wears a 1934 cotton success: plaid seersucker. Below: Mrs. Hal F. Lee of San Antonio, Texas, in the newest tailored weskit



5781



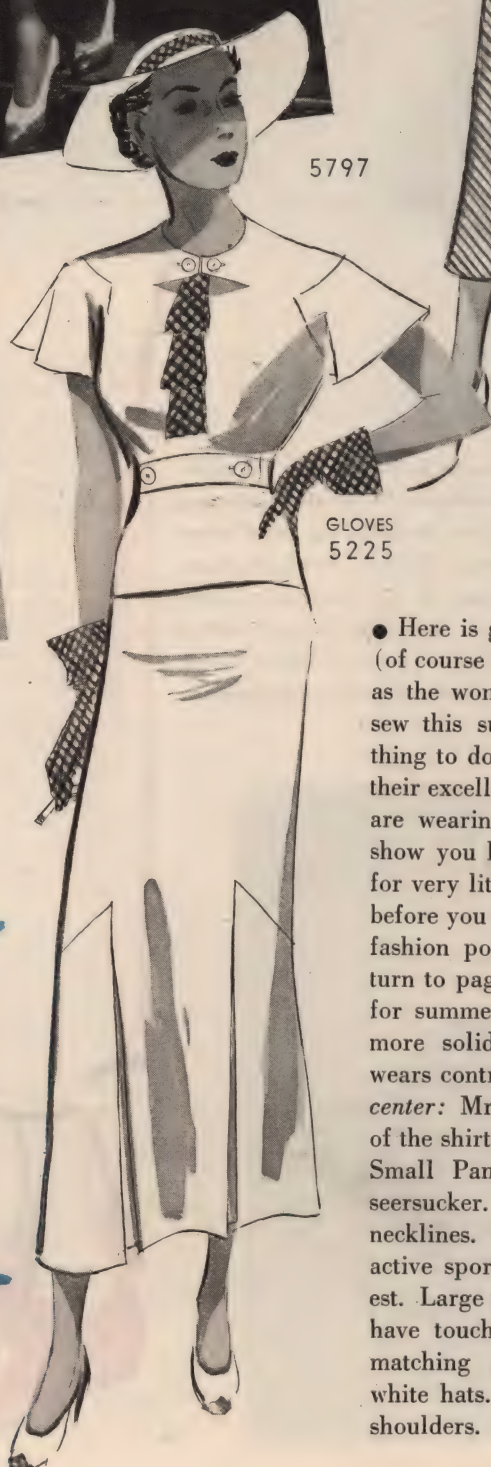
5787



5782



5767



5797

GLOVES
5225

*Plaids
and
Stripes*

5766

● Here is good news for you. If you can sew (of course you can), you can be as well dressed as the women on these pages. And you must sew this summer, for sewing has become the thing to do. Here are five women, famous for their excellent taste. I selected the designs they are wearing and had them made up just to show you how smartly turned out you can be for very little money. So start in and sew, but before you do, study the descriptions of the new fashion points on pages 17, 18 and 19, then turn to page 58 for further information. News for summer in the country. *Above, left:* No more solid white for sports. Miss Douglas wears contrasting navy on white piqué. *Above, center:* Mrs. Lee in the turn-over collar version of the shirtwaist dress. News in printed challis. Small Panama hats. *Above, right:* Striped seersucker. New "buttoned-on" handkerchief necklines. *Sketched left.* Backless fashions for active sports with covered shoulders are newest. Large plaided cottons. *Center.* White must have touches of contrast. Checked silk with matching gloves preferred. Square-brimmed white hats. *Right.* Wide revers over dropped shoulders. Stripes are gay in brilliant colors.

● News for summer in town. *At the right:* Redingote dresses. Unusually smart is the linen that Miss Hamilton brings from country lanes to city avenues. Shallow-brimmed sailor hats. Cool and smart contrasting fabric gloves. *Next to the redingote:* Mrs. Lee has good news for you who prefer black and white for summer wear—black crêpe dresses with finger-tip coats of white dotted swiss. More hat news in pie-crust brims. *The two pictures below. First:* News in “pushed-up” sleeves on the short coat of the checked gingham jacket dress worn by Miss Cole. Piqué belts and string gloves. New, very new, roller-brimmed sailors of piqué. *Next to Miss Cole:* Smart silks accept small checks. Miss Hudson wears dark green and white. Flared gloves. Coast-to-coast news in large hats of loosely woven straw. Shoes on pages 17, 18, 19, I. Miller. Hats, Serge. Other accessories, R. H. Macy. Piqué, D. H. Grant. Gingham, Galey and Lord. Seersucker, Lorraine Shir-O-Shakker. Challis and flannel, Botany. Linen, Lamont-McConnell. Crêpe, L. and E. Stirn. Dotted swiss, Arthur Beir. Checked silk, Belding Heminway Corticelli.

CLARA JANE RUSSELL

Miss Joan Hamilton of New York in the smartest town fabric for summer: linen. Mrs. Lee uses an old-fashioned fabric, white dotted swiss, for her short coat

5783



Miss Beatrice Cole of Boston chooses the proper size gingham check in her jacket suit and the proper size in a piqué bow, too. Coolest of all in navy and white



Miss Beatrice Hudson of New York is streamline conscious in a large collar of white organdy on a streamline dress of green and white silk check



Checks
and Solids

FOUR MAGIC ELEMENTS



Panels painted in soft tones of aquamarine, and a colorful dark carpet, form the rich background of this livable small living room

HAVE you a small living room? And would you like to make it a place so comfortable and inviting, so rightly equipped for various enjoyment and activity that its intimate size becomes an asset? Then give heed to this triumphant little living room, built and furnished for you by Delineator Institute of Interior Decoration on the fifteenth floor of the Butterick Building.

The room is small, as living rooms go. But the wall treatment, the furniture, the decoration are so planned and scaled that this is not a disadvantage but a strong factor in the room's cosiness and homeliness. There is the fireside group, the game table (and what a luxury and convenience to have it always set up, with its own satisfactory chairs around it), the window seat group, the fully equipped writing table—each an independent unit. Few living rooms offer more—or even as many—pleasant centers where groups of people can simultaneously

enjoy each other's company without overlapping and distraction. And though there is a fine, eighteenth century feeling here, it is the kind that expresses the modern American love of life.

There are four magic elements responsible for the success of this room—that explain why visitors have instantly loved it and exclaimed that they wanted to hire a truck at once and take the whole thing to some place where they could immediately set it up and start to live in it. Let's look closely, then, at each of these elements—for they can be applied in many ways to every average home and can lift those homes, with little expense, far and away above the average.

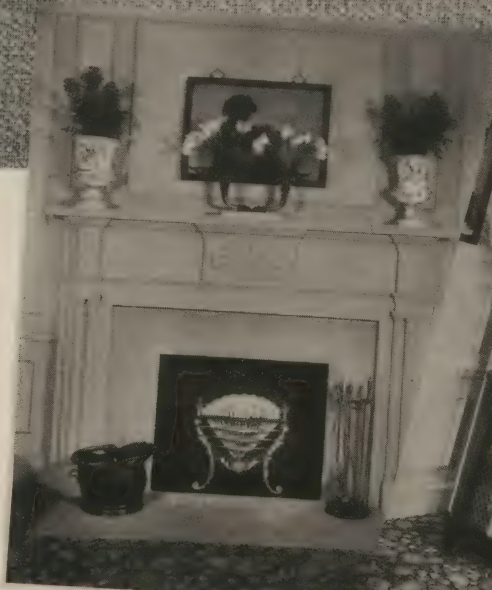
PAINTED PANELING: The background of a room is always important. The walls here, you can see, are structurally charming. The paneling is made by the simple use of molding, but it is based on traditional architectural proportioning. Note

Below: the apricot serge fabric for curtains. Above: the beige chevron upholstery.
Page 21, above: fleeceweave for curtains. Below: patterned mohair seat material

THAT MAKE A ROOM A HOME

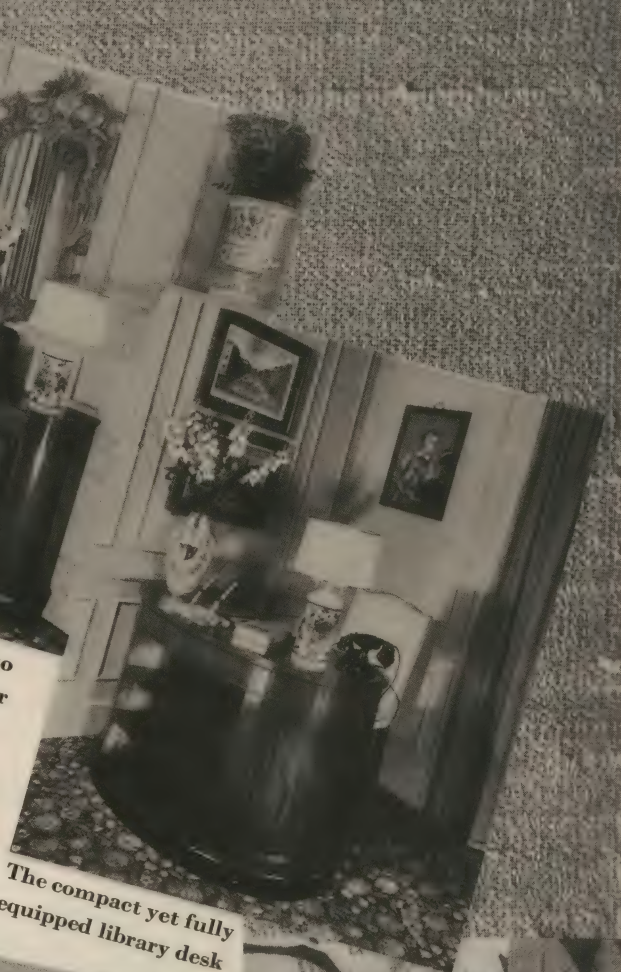


This game table and four comfortable chairs stand always ready for action



A pure classic mantel may be bought out of a catalog

A little radio, good to look at and good to hear



The compact yet fully equipped library desk

Two-toned painted paneling, wall-to-wall carpet, wool fabrics and well-scaled furniture, presented by the Delineator Institute of Interior Decoration

by JOSEPH B. PLATT

that it is not just molding tacked around a wall space and the result then called a paneled room. It has been treated—and all paneling should so be treated—as an architect's problem. But why not adapt to your own walls the paneling now preserved in the great museums of our country? As for fireplaces—the chaste and classic mantel here was chosen right out of a catalog. Certainly the great dealers in woodwork in America have become the firm allies of smartness and beauty. The corner cupboards too, thanks to them, were entirely easy to construct.

To further enhance the architectural quality of our paneled walls, we painted them correctly, carrying the background and molding (called the "stiles") in a lovely deep aquamarine, and the surfaces of the panels in a slightly lighter tone of the same color. And what a satisfying paint job! Two coats, on, dried and finished in (Turn to page 40)

Beauty and durability are in this wool window-ensemble. Below: new devices to simplify use of Venetian blinds





SOMEBODY MUST

VALIAN! Kay Flete! When she came home from Vienna to find her witty and beautiful mother gone from their home on the bank of the River Thames, she took the affairs of the household into her own inexperienced hands. As she said to herself: "Somebody must." She did not foresee what changes her youthful poise and charm were to bring to her family. In a few weeks, her silent, unsympathetic father became actually his children's friend. Pell, the lonely youngest child, not only acquired a beguiling terrier as companion—he felt wanted at last. The household ran smoothly.

It was all Kay's doing. But of this she was not aware. Besides, as she now believed her mother had not gone forever, she could further her plans to make a match between Derek Ashe, her playmate since childhood, and Dolly Chester, her college friend.

Surely they would fix things up, she thought—now that she had managed to send them punting on the river without her. As she watched from the window, she believed she was restless because her own future was uncertain. It did not occur to her that she herself loved Derek. "Will they tell me when they come back," she wondered. There was an ache in her heart. *Here is the conclusion of the story:*

IF DOLLY CHESTER had anything private and important to relate when she came in at last, in search of Kay, she gave no hint of it.

As they went upstairs to get ready for their swim, she said: "Derek is all undressed up and waiting.

While he was changing, I got off with the Major."

"Really, Dolly? Did you see Mrs. Ashe?"

"Didn't I just! She strode down the garden, looked at me suspiciously and snorted: 'Where's Kay?' She evidently thought I was a wolf in sheep's clothing, stealing her lamb. You could see it in her eye."

"Of course she didn't . . . she probably hoped you were," said Kay, coming nearer to the delicate subject than she had ever ventured before.

Dolly cast her a comical glance.

"Well, anyway, then Derek appeared, looking medieval in his bathing suit, so we acted St. George and the Dragon up and down the Thames, the rubber crocodile being the dragon and I the wilting maiden in distress."

Beyond the obscure reference to Derek as St. George, there was nothing in this for the anxious onlooker to seize upon as evidence, but neither was it altogether discouraging. Kay, swimming with Derek a little later, suggested in a wistful tone put on for the occasion, that it must have been decent out in the punt.

"Dunno about decent," said the erstwhile St. George. "I know it was dam' hot."

Which of course might be construed as evasion if that was the way your views inclined.

However, the water was refreshing and the company congenial, so Kay banished her problems for the rest of the evening and enjoyed herself. Clad in pyjamas they lay out on the grass afterwards and some time later, growing hungry, they raided the

"My darling, do you think I'd look at any other girl in the whole world, when I can look at you?"

THE CONCLUSION OF THIS NOVEL OF QUIET CHARM

by
**ALICE
GRANT
ROSMAN**

ILLUSTRATED
BY
WILLIAM REUSSWIG

larder. James Flete, hearing a commotion, came out of the library inquiringly. He met a motley-trousered procession carrying a bottle of olives, a box of cheese straws and a can of sardines, a bunch of bananas, and four glasses of shandy-gaff.

Invited to join the feast, he shuddered and asked if they expected to live through the night, then went back to his reading, amusement struggling with a rather scandalized astonishment. Amusement won, for the invitation had been unanimous and friendly.

Kay, when later they came in to bed, saw the light under the library door and went in.

"Hullo, father, what hours you keep," she remonstrated. "If you were thinking of your bolts and bars, we could have locked up. In fact, John's doing it now."

"What—you have all survived the banquet? I was waiting to carry in the corpses," said her father mildly.

"The Peebles melodrama has given you a taste for horrors," said Kay. "I hate to disappoint you, but we are all still alive."

She smiled at him and came in and sat down on the arm of a chair. "You know, you are not in the least like the kind of person I thought you were," she remarked.

"We none of us are, my dear."

"No . . . but even apart from that."

"In what way have I failed to come up to your expectations?" inquired her father, his amused eyes on her serious face.

"I thought you were—well, much more a king of the castle."

"No, only the poor scullion, Kay."

"Are we poor?" she asked at once, but such direct attacks were still too new to him, and he parried it with a question that was nearer to his own understanding.

"What is it you want, eh?"

"Oh, I want to know a million things," said the girl at once. "Not at this hour of the night, of course, but some time soon . . . I want to know where we stand . . . and about the firm . . . (Turn to page 60)

DELINEATOR INSTITUTE

Introducing to you the Institute Epicure,
the Specialist in Nutrition, the Laundry
Specialist, the Gadgeteer and other staff
members, now ready to share their secrets

Mildred Maddocks Bentley
MILDRED MADDOCKS BENTLEY, DIRECTOR



THE tempo of our lives is changed. The days of careless spending are over; perhaps never to return. But we want to live no less finely. The art of gracious living need be no less gracious in that it is more simple. It seems to us that Delineator Institute has never had a greater opportunity to assist you.

We are all interested in foods and recipes. Today as never before, the manufacturer is a factor. It is part of our task to help him to flavors and standards that you will like and use, because his ready-made versions of old favorites save time at no sacrifice of quality. Recipes for the very special meal are being evolved and rated from this 1934 standpoint.

They must be simple, and above all, good to eat.

We introduce to you, then, "The Institute Epicure." She has a word of promise. "It's fun to make lovely food. It's easy, too. Nor need fine cooking increase the cost appreciably."

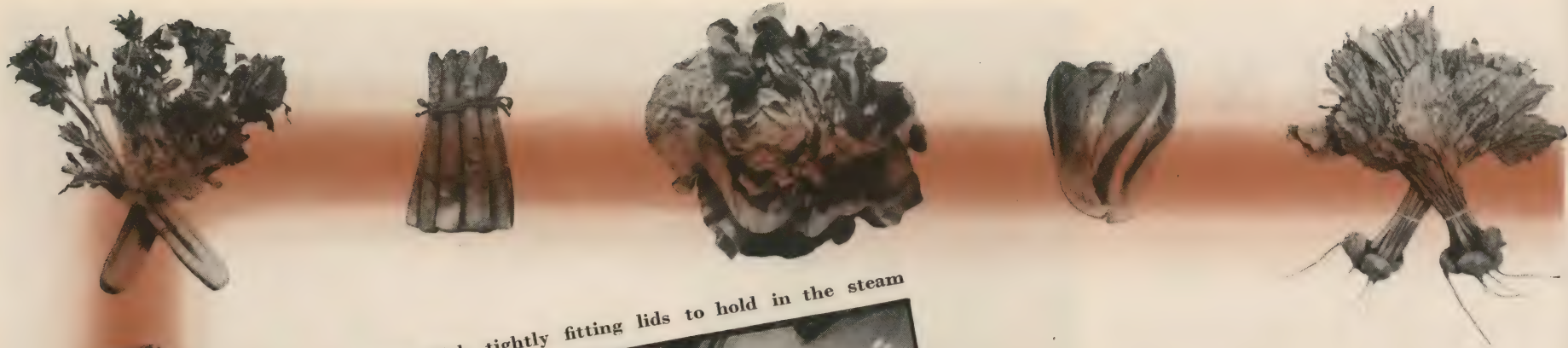
The Specialist in Nutrition adds her training. "We think of food as building and protection blocks to strengthen the whole physical and mental life."

The family budgeteer realizes the importance of soaps, cleansers, cleaners and methods. Therefore, on the staff you will find a Laundry Specialist.

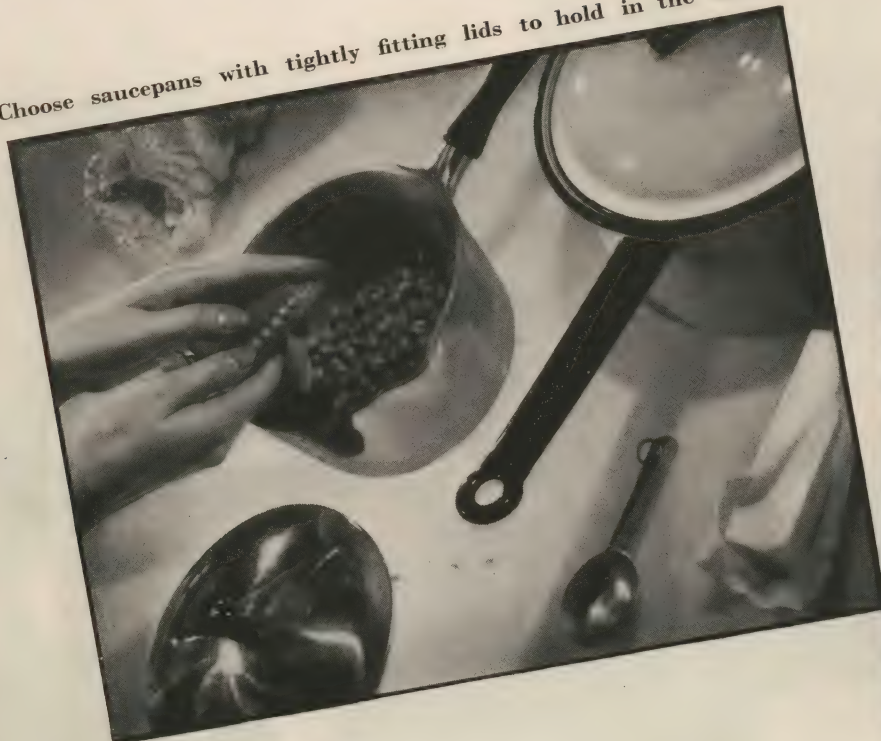
Today manufacturers have high standards; materials are wisely chosen for their purpose. The

Institute bridges the gap between the good machine and successful use. The Engineer in his laboratory assures you of construction, efficiency and safe operation. The Gadgeteer will bring you news of those helpful devices we affectionately call "gadgets." While the "Committee-of-Us-All" offers the varied point of view that makes these pages a meld of many contributions.

But we can do little without the inspiration of contact with your problems. Won't you write to us? Your letters must help to build our columns into a greater service. Welcome, then, to a co-editorship. Institute and reader can be of mutual benefit.



Choose saucepans with tightly fitting lids to hold in the steam



Rinse vegetables in colander; put instantly in saucepan



AN IMPORTANT NEW METHOD:

VEGETABLES, butter-boiled for succulence and flavor!

Delineator Institute lays no claim to the discovery of this revolutionary method. To be sure, the Director has used it for a year in her own home, where family and friends gave it hearty sanction. This success marked the mere beginning of our scrutiny and experimentation. Before sharing our enthusiasm with you, we wanted to make sure that any housekeeper, any cook, could follow the process with uniform success in any standard utensil.

Our first step was to purchase pots of every type; enamelware of varied manufacture, aluminum wares, rolled and cast, steel, and copper. In the illustrations, you will see that they all figured in the tests and all came through with flying colors.

Our second step was the selection of the vegetables themselves. We purchased every vegetable on sale in the New York market and cooked them by this butter-boil method. Then their flavor and texture were rated by the whole Institute staff. Until you try it, you will find it hard to conceive that all the flavor, all the juices and all the mineral salts are retained in the cooked vegetable. Carrots taste really sweet, as sweet as they usually do with the addition of sugar. Peas have a garden freshness, with each pea separate and shapely. Cauliflower flowerets and

cabbage, cut as for slaw, have a snowy whiteness and a delicacy of flavor that we seldom associate with those vegetables.

In each case the vegetables were prepared exactly as usual. We found no necessity for fine cutting (except in the case of cabbage). Allow one tablespoon of butter for each pound of the vegetable as purchased. Neither melt the butter nor heat the saucepan. Rinse the prepared vegetable in a colander and transfer immediately to the cold pan. Do not drain. Vegetables and lettuce must be dripping wet, but no other water is needed. Cover closely with some outside leaves of lettuce. Any variety of lettuce can be used, or large spinach leaves may be substituted. The lettuce is suggested because every head has some leaves that are not sufficiently tender to serve in salads and that are available in most kitchens. After trimming and washing these large leaves, rinse them and lay them rich in moisture atop the vegetable in its buttered saucepan. Be sure to tuck the lettuce in closely around the edges and leave no uncovered spaces. The lettuce is a blanket that holds all the moisture within the cooking vegetables.

Cover the saucepan with a tight lid and cook on the lowest possible flame. In our tests, we installed a special gas meter and found that the burner consumed only 3.3 cubic feet per hour. At capacity this





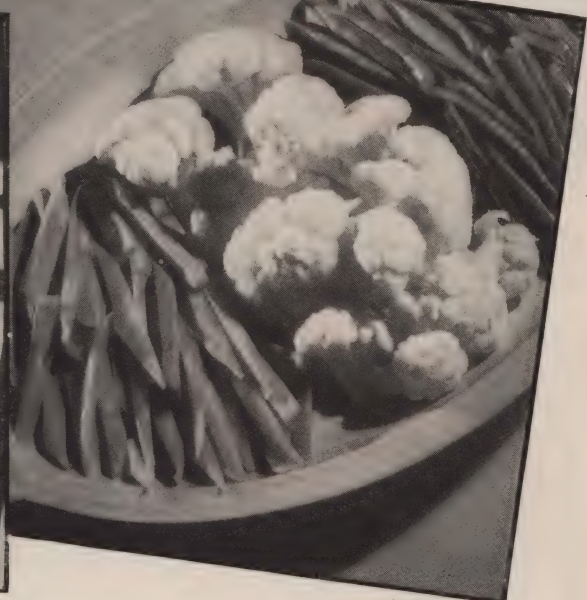
Tuck wet lettuce leaves over butter and vegetables



Turn the burner low



The succulent result: neither flavor nor minerals are lost



ARTHUR O'NEILL

BUTTER-BOILED VEGETABLES

same burner used about eighteen cubic feet per hour. Turn your burner as low as you can without danger of its becoming extinguished.

Low heat is the proper setting for an electric range.

In using oil in the summer camp, or wood at the seashore, a like care in assuring this low heat will make certain equal success with these fuels.

The cooking time is approximately that of the familiar water-boiling method. However, you will find that the freshness and tender quality of the vegetable influences the time allowance in all vegetable cookery, and no actual, general comparisons can be scientifically correct.


By this butter-boil method, peas fresh from the garden require only ten to fifteen minutes. Equally fresh summer beets have been cooked in twenty-five minutes. Carrots show more variation, though the tiny ones can be cooked as quickly as the garden fresh peas. By cutting vegetables in small pieces, you can shorten the cooking period. We append our cooking time table; in using it, please remember that it represents the time requirements for the winter market vegetables and that the summer product should take less time. After a little experimenting you will standardize a cooking table suited to your source of supply, and your cutting preferences.

COOKING TIME TABLE	
Asparagus, large	30 minutes
Beets, sliced or tiny whole	50 minutes
Cabbage, shredded	20 minutes
Carrots, sliced, diced, tiny whole	30-35 minutes
Celery, 3-inch pieces	35 minutes
Green lima beans, large	45 minutes
Onions, small whole	45 minutes
Peas	25-30 minutes
Radishes, small whole	20 minutes
Spinach, usual size	20 minutes
String beans, cut lengthwise	45-50 minutes

- There are few don't's to remember; do's are more important and deserve our first consideration:
1. Select a saucepan with a tightly fitting cover.
 2. Put cold butter in an unheated saucepan before adding the vegetables.
 3. Rinse the vegetables and lettuce at the last minute to trap and conserve the moisture.
 4. Pack the lettuce leaves gently but closely around and over the vegetable.
 5. Only very young, tender vegetables should be cooked whole. Slice cabbage finely; dice or slice carrots; slice beets and cut green beans.
 6. During the cooking period, lift the cover enough to insert a fork for testing. Replace (Turn to page 55)



MAGIC IN BUBBLES AND FORMULAS



IMMEDIATE action, double-quick time, is the response of modern soaps to the needs of the modern woman. Soap one minute, suds the next—this means that you spend no time waiting. The new soaps are in step with you, ready for the job. Rapid solubility makes them convenient to use. And the development of particular soaps for particular uses, gears them smoothly into different household tasks.

The widespread use of fine clothes and luxurious furnishings has created a need for finer soaps. And the challenge has been met by the production of soaps that match in fineness and luxuriousness the delicate things they are expected to wash. There has been a worldwide searching for new and better raw materials, different blendings of ingredients, combinations of various oils and fats to secure just the type of soap for each particular purpose, also a continuous improvement in form, to make the soap more convenient to use. Beads, chips, flakes, granules have appeared to supplement bars, and each one has been improved to such an extent that the better soaps are now as filmy as tissue paper and dissolve the minute they touch the water.

Our present-day soaps fall in two general classes, those intended for general laundry purposes, and those intended for delicate fabrics. The general laundry soaps are made more alkaline than those meant for fine fabrics. The added alkalinity makes them more suitable for hard water, and gives them the extra punch needed for general laundering. It is entirely harmless to cottons, linens, and fast colors. The fine fabric soaps are distinguished by their mildness. They are carefully blended, made from the finest ingredients, and turned out as carefully as toilet soaps. They do not work as actively as general laundry soaps, but are sufficiently cleansing, and are suited in every way to the delicate garments for which they are intended. Any soap

should be dissolved before the clothes are put in.

When choosing a soap, the first consideration should be the kind of work you are going to do. It is neither wise nor economical to use a general laundry soap for your delicate garments, nor a fine fabric soap for the washing machine. Each has its place. A general laundry soap may take many times more life out of your fine garments than the petty saving in cost. And a fine fabric soap is unnecessarily fine and expensive for general laundering purposes.

A question about the use of soap that puzzles many women is how much to use. This depends largely on the kind of water you have and somewhat on the soap. Hard water consumes soap, in varying amounts, depending on the degree of hardness. People living in hard-water districts are often required to use two or three times as much soap to get the same results as those living in soft-water districts.

But the suds are the real guide. Keep adding soap until suds form when you stir the water. They will break and disappear in the beginning. But with more soap they become firmer, more abundant, and finally cover the water with a permanent layer. It is then, not before, that you have a really cleansing wash water, one that will do a satisfactory job of laundering, dishwashing, or scrubbing. If the suds disappear as you work, it is either because you haven't used enough soap in the beginning or because the suds have been overtaxed with soil. In either case, build them up again by adding more soap. There's magic in them you can't do without.

Fortunate indeed is the modern housekeeper with her specialized tools and products, each adapted to its particular cleaning task, whether it be clothes, dishes, utensils, woodwork, windows or plumbing. Does it not measure for you the wide difference between housekeeping of 1850 and 1934?

THE LAUNDRY SPECIALIST



EAT SOUP
AND KEEP WELL



Supper No. 3 as described below

A SECRET

OF SUCCESSFUL SUMMER MEAL-PLANNING! ... include something hot ... always

SUMMER, with all its cool, delightful meals! How alluring they are to the eye and palate—how inviting and refreshing! For this is the time of year when the appetite instinctively turns to the crisp salads, the tasty cold meats, the iced desserts and frosty beverages which afford such welcome relief and nourishment in the warm days.

The truly skilled summer meal-planner has an easy and simple method of lifting these delightful summer meals to their supreme best—both for enjoyment and wholesome benefit. This method—well-known to and approved by all dietitians and food experts as well as by clever housewives—is to include one hot dish, *always*, in the otherwise cold meal. And soup is the ideal choice for this purpose.

Try it, by all means. You'll be astonished at the improvement it brings to the hot weather meals. Some people may scoff at the very thought of a hot soup in the summer meal, but it is simply because they haven't tried it and discovered how vastly it increases enjoyment of the cold meal.

A hot soup served along with all the cold meats, salads, ices and chilled beverages, supplies a welcome contrast, arouses appetite and the flavor sense, gives new life and sparkle and variety to

the meal. Besides all this, it is a splendid aid to the digestion called upon to assimilate so many cold foods, meal after meal, day after day.

Soup with irresistibly delicious flavor. Soup that is as easy and convenient to serve as it is enjoyable to eat. Campbell's Tomato Soup! All summer long—hot days, chilly days and in between—at your summer cottage or "back home"—you find the tang and invigorating goodness of this soup a splendid help. It's already cooked—on your table in a jiffy—and whenever served, never fails to brighten and improve the meal.



21 kinds to choose from...

- | | |
|---------------|---------------------|
| Asparagus | Mulligatawny |
| Bean | Mushroom (Cream of) |
| Beef | Mutton |
| Bouillon | Noodle with chicken |
| Celery | Ox Tail |
| Chicken | Pea |
| Chicken-Gumbo | Pepper Pot |
| Clam Chowder | Printanier |
| Consommé | Tomato |
| Julienne | Vegetable |
| Mock Turtle | Vegetable-Beef |

LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Campbell's Soups bring you condensed, concentrated goodness. You are buying double richness—double strength. So when you add an equal quantity of water in your kitchen, you obtain twice the quantity of soup at no extra cost. Campbell's Soups are the finest soups you can buy.

«[Cool menus for warm days]»

1 LUNCHEONS 2

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Tomato Soup (hot) | Cream of Tomato (hot) |
| Sardine and Lettuce Sandwiches | Crackers |
| Sliced Peaches | Pear Salad with Cream Cheese |
| Ginger Snaps | Iced Tea |
| Iced Coffee | |

3

- Cream of Tomato (hot)
Bacon Sandwiches
Sliced Pineapple
Iced Tea

1 SUPPERS 2

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Cream of Tomato (hot) | Tomato Soup (hot) |
| Toasted Crackers with a Cream | Platter of Sliced Cold Lamb |
| Cheese and Minced Onion Spread | and Cheese with Tiny Beers and |
| Stuffed Egg and Asparagus Salad | String Beans Marinated |
| Celery | in French Dressing |
| Ripe Olives | Potato Chips |
| Bread Butter | Cocoanut Layer Cake |
| Chocolate Ice Cream | Iced Coffee |
| with Diced Fresh Pineapple | |
| Sponge Cake | |

3

- Tomato Soup (hot)
Sliced Canned Corned Beef and Liverwurst
Bowl of Mixed Vegetable Salad
with Diced American Cheese
Bread and Butter
Halves of Cantaloupe with Raspberry Ice
Iced Coffee



Gives you **ALL FOUR** protective food essentials

• THAT HELP TO KEEP THE BODY **YOUTHFULLY VIGOROUS** •



Science recommends 2 GLASSES A DAY

One at breakfast... another later.
Note reason why!

FOR the thrilling flavor and full dietetic benefits that only fresh orange juice gives—drink two glasses each day.

Thus, deliciously, you receive the four Protective Food Essentials often neglected in the diet—vitamins A, B and C, and calcium. They are needed for the complete diet which helps to keep you youthfully vigorous.

Important among them is vitamin C, the unstable vitamin which is not stored in the body. For this reason science recommends one glass of fresh orange juice at breakfast—another later in the day.

Fresh orange juice also helps to prevent acidosis of both the acid-ash and acetone types—stimulates appetite and thus aids

digestion—promotes growth in children—and tends to arrest tooth decay and gum troubles caused by lack of protective foods.

Your family gains these benefits also in the fresh orange recipes you make so easily. Five-minute desserts. Ten-minute salads. And scores of others.

Just be sure the trademark "Sunkist" is on the skin and tissue wrapper of the oranges you buy. Sunkist Valencias are in season now—wonderfully juicy, sweet, and practically seedless.

FREE—Book of 200 Recipes

Mail coupon now for free booklet, "Sunkist Recipes for Every Day," telling more than 200 ways to serve oranges and lemons. Its handy menu-guide index helps you plan family and "company" meals.

Copr., 1934, California Fruit Growers Exchange



Sunkist JUICE-FULL California Oranges

PRACTICALLY

Sunkist Juicette, new home electric juice extractor, only \$6.95 complete with special glass and strainer. Beige ivory and nickel finish. Easy-to-clean alabaster glass bowl and beetlewing bulb. On sale at your dealer's.



SEEDLESS

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
Dept. 707, Station C, Los Angeles, California

Send me the free booklet, *Sunkist Recipes for Every Day*.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

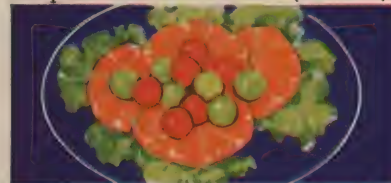


Desserts in 5 minutes Salads in 10

...with Sunkist Oranges and fruits in season! The seasonal fruits may be varied, for all blend delightfully with oranges.



Sunkist Salad Bowl—Combine: 1 cup Sunkist Orange segments, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup peach slices, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup strawberries, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stoned cherries. Blend 3 tablespoons mayonnaise and 1 tablespoon Sunkist Orange juice and put over fruit in bowl. (Serves 4)



Orange Melon Salad—Peel a Sunkist Orange and cut in thin slices. Arrange on lettuce-covered salad plate. Cover with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup watermelon balls and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cantaloupe balls. Serve with French dressing. (Serves 1)



Fruit Cup Dessert—Combine: 1 cup Sunkist Orange pieces, 1 cup sliced bananas, 1 cup halved strawberries, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup powdered sugar. Serve very cold in sherbet glasses, garnishing with marshchino cherries. (Serves 6)



Orange Raspberry Marshmallow Fluff—Whip 1 cup of cream until thick. Fold in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 cup plain or colored quartered marshmallows, 1 cup Sunkist Orange pieces, 1 cup red raspberries. Chill. Serve on dessert plates. (Serves 6-8)

NANTUCKET LOVE STORY

I pray that the Lord will
guide my father's heart
to be kindly disposed
toward this gentleman



Illustrated by
James Preston

In an ancient scrapbook, this letter of a young girl of early Colonial times was found by a Delineator reader. "Let's publish it!" we said

Nantucket Island, Sept. 20, 1735.

MY OWN DEAR MOTHER: It seems a very long time since you and my honored father and my ever-beloved brothers and sisters started for your new home. But I suppose you have not at this writing reached your destination, and I think of you every day, and all day, following the lonely trail through the forests, and sometimes I am tempted to repine because my father thought it best to remove to that far-away settlement. But my grandfather tells me that to entertain that sentiment would be unworthy, and since it was thought best for me to remain behind for a season, I must improve my time to the best advantage.

This I try to do with cheerfulness, and Aunt Content is so kind as to say that I am of service to her in our household duties, and in spinning and weaving. Peradventure my letter will be a puzzle to you, so I hasten to say that I indite a paragraph or two at a time, upon leisure. I do this, dear mother, that you may share in my pleasurable thoughts and may know of my daily life, also that my brothers and sisters may, in a measure, partake of my enjoyment.

The principal news I have now to tell is—my Cousin Nathaniel Starbuck, Junior, has returned to Boston from his late long voyage to the East, and is now hourly looked for here. There are divers preparations being made for his welcoming. My grandfather walks restlessly up and down the yard. Uncle Nathaniel says with pride: "The boy will have many stories to tell." Aunt Content flits about the house with a smile upon her face, and anon with tears in her eyes, concocting the dishes of which her son used to be fond, while Grandmother knits and knits, because, she says: "Thaniel never yet wore any stockings but of my make, and I must have a supply for him to take on his next voyage." I, even I, am to have a new blue gown

made from aunt's last web, which is the finest and softest piece of serge ever made on the island.

MY COUSIN HAS COME. He is tall and lithe, with handsome hair and eyes, but his complexion is bronzed by ocean winds and Eastern suns. He has brought a great many curiosities and presents for us all. One is a silken creamy shawl for me, embroidered with beautiful flowers. Another is a piece of foamy Canton crêpe, as white as snow.

Grandma says they shall be kept for my wedding, but Aunt Esther says it is not seemly for such thoughts to be put into a maiden's head. Yet Aunt Content gave me, the other day, a whole piece of linen from the fall bleach—"To be kept," said she, "for a day of need."

COUSIN HAS RETURNED to Boston, and yesterday he sent by messenger another sea chest. In it is a large box of tea, the first that was ever on the island. It is of a greenish color, with little shriveled leaves, and when eaten dry has a pleasant, spicy taste. Perhaps, when I have an opportunity to send this letter, I can enclose a sample that you may see what it is like. He also sent by the same hand a letter, saying that when he returns to Nantucket, the owner of the ship in which he voyaged, Captain Morris, will come with him to pay us a visit.

We are again making master preparations for visitors, and if you will believe it, the large parlor, which has not been used since Aunt Mehitabel's wedding, is to be open. The floor has been newly waxed and polished, and we have spread down here and there beautiful mats and rugs which Cousin Nat brought from foreign parts.

With the many curious and handsome things which are hung on the walls and spread on the table and chimney piece, and the huge fire of logs, which the sharp

weather now renders necessary, you have no true conception how finely the room appears.

When I was admiring it this morning, Aunt Esther rebuked me, saying: "The bright things of this world are of short duration."

But Grandma observed that it was natural and right for the young to admire beauty, at which Aunt Esther seemed displeased. I sometimes think she dislikes me because I am young.

WE HAVE JUST HAD TIDINGS that Cousin Nat and his friend Captain Morris intend to arrive here on the 31st of December. Uncle Nathaniel says we will have a tea-party, and invite Lieutenant Marcey's family, and Uncle Edward Starbuck's family, and a few others, to meet our distinguished guests, and to "sit the old year out and the new one in."

WE COOKED A BOUNTIFUL DINNER, and our guests all came. I wore my new blue gown, with some lace, that Grandma gave me, in the square neck, and my own dear mother's gold necklace. I tied my curls, which Cousin Nat will not allow me to braid, with blue ribbon which he bought in London. Aunt Esther said men disliked to see girls so brave, but Grandpa kissed me, calling me a "bonnie bluebell."

Aunt Content has been much pestered in her mind because she knew not how to cook and serve tea, and after our neighbors had assembled, she confided to them her perplexity. They all gathered about the tea chest, smelling and tasting the fragrant herb.

Mrs. Lieutenant Marcey said she had heard it ought to be well cooked to be palatable, and Aunt Edward Starbuck said that a lady in Boston, who had drank tea, told her it needed a good quantity for a steeping, which was the reason it was so expensive. So Aunt Content hung the bright five-gallon bell-metal kettle on the crane, and putting a two quart bowlful of tea in it, with plenty of water, swung it over the fire. Aunt Esther and Lydia Ann Marcey stayed in the kitchen to keep it boiling.

While I was laying the table I heard Lydia Ann say: "I have heard that when tea is drank it gives a brilliancy to the eyes and a youthful freshness to the complexion. I am fearful that thy sister-in-law failed to put in a sufficient quantity of the leaves." (Turn to page 54)

SCANDALS

AT THE

ZOO

[Continued from page 12]



The laughing jackasses are really terrible gigglers

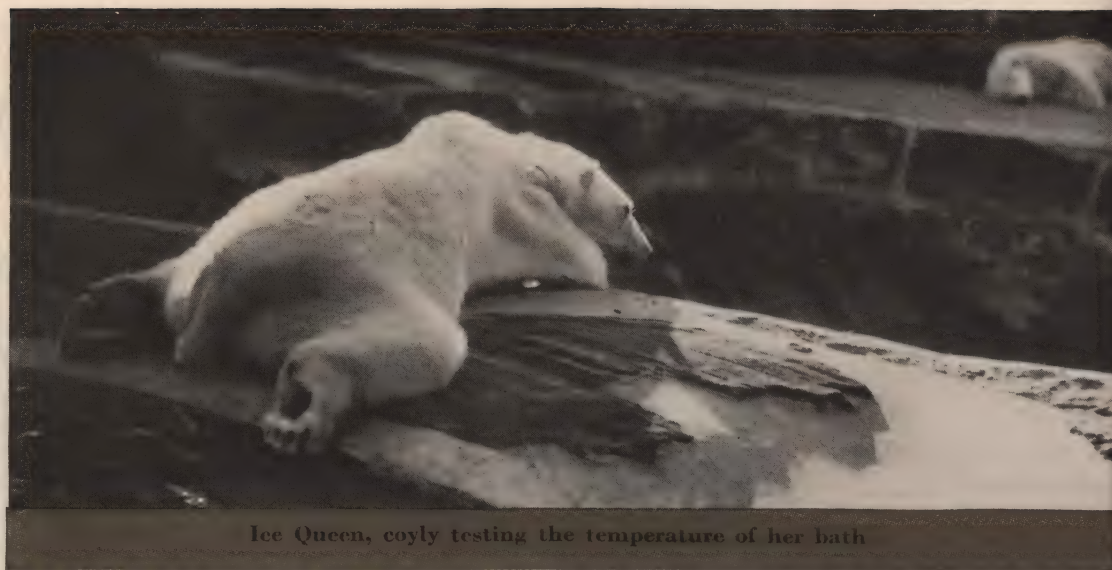
of a chimpanzee spinster differ in method from those of the infatuated single ladies in your town; but are no whit less interesting to watch. Fanny resorted to her most fascinating wiles. She gyrated, she pirouetted, she rocked in an intriguing dance, she showed her agility and her very charming figure on the swinging trapeze.

Boma looked on attentively.

Thoroughly confident now, Fanny approached him tenderly and touched his nose gently with her paw. Whereupon the unexpected happened. Boma was a moral man—a husband who could not be tempted. Rising up to his full height in his wrath and just indignation, he cuffed the amorous Fanny so soundly on the ear that she fell back with a startled squeak and rolled to the farthest corner of the enclosure. Then without a single backward look, Boma stalked into his indoor cage and sat gazing across at his wife, Suzette, to whom he had given all his love.

Friendships between women have been the butt of men's jokes throughout the ages. In the human world, that is. At Animal Town the men are less sarcastic. For several such friendships exist. The idyl of them all, however, is the deep, touching friendship between Janet, the gorilla, and Ellen, the chimpanzee. These two ladies have been inseparable chums ever since they were brought to the Zoo together, in their infancy, from the jungles of South America. They may indulge in a sharp spat now and then. In size, as in disposition, they are absurdly dissimilar. Janet is an enormous creature, with a dignified, even a school-marmish disposition. Ellen is small, mischievous and tempestuous.

While Janet crouches sedately at the bars, gazing out benignly on the human visitors to the Zoo, Ellen leaps to the trapeze, like the hussy she is, and, swinging violently to and fro, emits the Bronx yell. After



Ice Queen, coyly testing the temperature of her bath

which, if there chances to be an unfortunate photographer in the crowd, attempting to snapshot her, she begins expertly to spit at him. Duck and dodge as he will, while he pokes his insulting black box at her, Ellen is equal to him. The human throng, knowing Ellen of old, deserts all the other cages to gather round. The fun begins. Ellen, stimulated by her audience, reaches heights in her art never before attained. Until at last, amid yells of delight from the human crowd, the harassed cameraman retreats in anger and disgrace. (The author speaks feelingly on this delicate subject. For it was with DELINEATOR's photographer that she recently approached Ellen's cage. Fortunately she had been warned, and had hastily swathed herself in newspapers. But alas, the poor cameraman!)

And now—the love story of Alice, the Indian elephant!

Alice, today, is just a dear old lady. But not a stodgy one! If you will visit the elephant house you will behold her swaying her trunk coyly to a little tune running through her head, and jigging a bit with her feet as she rocks to the rhythm of the tune. Ah, no, Alice will never be dull, even in her dotage.

In her youth she was a stormy creature indeed. One often hears amazement expressed at the strange loves of the human heart. A man has recently been found who loved a hen! No less strange are the infatuations of the animal world. Alice, the elephant, loved a human man, the object of this elephantine adoration being one Richards, her keeper at Luna Park. Richards was kind, he was understanding, he comprehended the feminine soul. And it was a heartbroken Alice who, one day seventeen years ago, was led away from him to distant Bronx Zoo.

For a brief time the lovelorn lady (these East Indians are so intense!) endured her new captivity in a fever of rebellion. Within her burned the determination to escape. Presently her chance came. She was taken from her quarters to be led across Bronx Park to a luxurious stall in the just completed elephant house.

Alice made a dash for liberty. The reptile house was in her way. She burst into it, overturning the cages, scattering the snakes, and pulling down on her head everything movable within reach. She was captured, and it was a chastened Alice who came forth, with the reptile house door-frame hanging around her neck. Again she was led toward the elephant house. Again she rebelled. This time she

was made fast to some big pine trees until her beloved Richards could be summoned from Luna Park and given the life job of attending Miss Alice.

At sight of him she trumpeted her joy, and struggled to her feet, happy and docile once more. She followed him to the new elephant house. There female obstinacy reasserted itself. Her surrender had been too complete.

"Richard, I won't enter that danged thing!" she protested, and firmly braced her four legs. "If you ever get me in there, you'll drag me in!"

And that is precisely what they did. It took ropes and tackle—and seventy men. Slowly but surely, digging up two deep furrows as she went, Indian Alice was pulled into the elephant house. Once inside she laughed behind her trunk; and reaching out, she patted Richards contentedly on the cheek. "It was just my little joke," she said.

All this was nearly twenty years ago. Today Alice and Richards are still together; and they are perhaps the most contented pair in Animal Town.

But zoo romances do not always end so happily! There was Señor Lopez, the jaguar. A handsome, romantic-looking man. But a dangerous devil, deep down. A ruthless Don Juan. In the cage next to his was placed a very lovely young-girl jaguar: one Señorita Rosa. Dewy she was, and demure—with shy, fluttering glances. And a tremulous purr.

IN TRUE Spanish fashion, the two were permitted to get acquainted through the bars first. There were soft love calls, languishing glances, evening serenades. Romantic old Madrid had been transplanted to the Bronx Zoo! A thrill of interest swept the lion house. To observe the pair was like watching a tender love-drama of Old Spain unfolding on the stage. For duenna there was always old Lady Lioness who, smiling behind her paw, watched obliquely from an opposite cage.

At last came the longed-for day when, the courtship having steadily prospered, Mr. Thuman, the keeper, removed the barrier between the two cages. And Señor Lopez was free at last to rush into his beloved's patio and clasp her to his breast. Rush to her he did, he of the black heart. But, to the consternation and horror of all onlookers, instead of springing to her ardently, his paws outspread, he gave a snarling, Satanic laugh, leaped at her throat, and slew her. That night the trees of the park sighed her requiem. And next morning the squirrel newsboys were calling an extra all through Animal Town. Even today, ask old Lady Lioness about this tragedy and she will blink her eyes suddenly, and murmur: "My dear . . . terrible!"

Animal Town—like your village—has its street-cleaning department. It has its star boarder who hasn't missed a meal in thirty years. It has its pauper tourists, who come in a noisy flock. It has its town beggar. It has its foppish male flirt who tries his wiles futilely on stodgy, scornful matrons.

Its street-cleaning force is a bit limited, consisting merely of Blackie, the woodchuck. But it is not numbers that count. It is industry. And Blackie is a born park-cleaner. (Park-cleaners, let me assure you, are born, not made.) All Mr. Landsberg, head keeper of the small-mammal house, has to do, on a hot summer evening, when the human throng is streaming homeward out of the park, leaving its litter behind, is to appeal to (Turn to page 32)



Poor Mr. Marmoset must carry the baby

NEW
FORD
V-8



" I ALWAYS FEEL SAFER IN A FORD "

ALL-STEEL BODY AND SAFETY GLASS—The strength of steel protects you when you ride in a Ford V-8.

Around you is an all-steel body, electrically welded into one piece.

Beneath your feet is a rigid, X-type steel frame.

Out in front of you and behind you are strong steel axles, triangularly braced by

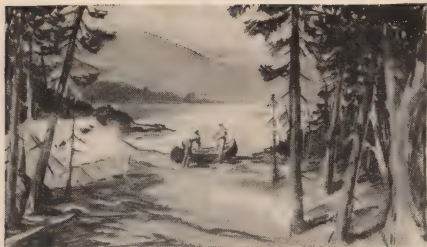
steel radius-rods and supported by a steel torque tube.

You ride upon steel-spoke wheels, also electrically welded into one piece. The windshield *before your eyes* is safety glass. (All New Ford De Luxe closed cars are equipped throughout with safety glass.)

Another reason why you feel safer in a Ford V-8 is something that makes every

driver a better driver . . . ease of handling. There is always less strain and less likelihood of tight situations when you drive an alert, obedient car.

The Ford V-8 gives you an extra margin of safety because of its quick acceleration, eight-cylinder speed and power, ease of steering, stability on curves and rough roads, and powerful, oversize brakes.



Have a Good Vacation

IF you have been grinding away, month after month, you need a special tonic. It is the world-famous health builder, the blending of sunshine, fresh air, change of scene, rest and diversion—a vacation.

Plan to enjoy a totally different kind of a life for a short time. New ideas, new scenes, new people afford recreation. And recreation is necessary to health and good spirits. Joy, pleasure and laughter invigorate mind and body. They help to tone up the entire system.

What would you like to do in order to have a complete change? Motor, hike, or take a trip by rail or steamer? Will you go deep into the woods near a lake

or a mountain? Or sun yourself on the beach at a summer resort? Active sports or quiet leisure, or both?

But while you are happily planning your vacation and thinking of the good times and the rest you will have, keep in mind that people are more likely to be hurt or to hurt themselves when in strange surroundings than when in familiar ones. Don't let your vacation be spoiled by a needless mishap. You can guard against most accidents.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a booklet "First Aid" which tells you what to do in event of accidents. Send for your copy, read it and take it away with you.

VACATION "DO'S" AND "DON'TS"

At Ocean, Lake or River

Know how to resuscitate in cases of apparent drowning.
Do not go in swimming when overheated, or within two hours after eating.
Never go in bathing alone at any time, even if you are a strong swimmer.
Do not dive unless you are sure of the depth.

In the Woods

Don't drink from wayside springs, streams or strange wells, unless the water is boiled, in order to avoid intestinal or other disorders.
If you come in contact with poison ivy or poison sumac, wash exposed part in at least five rinsings of soap and water. In a serious case, see a doctor.
Break a burned match before dropping it, to be sure that the flame is extinguished. Never leave a fire or embers burning.

Anywhere

In case of fire caused by gasoline or kerosene, smother flames with sand or dirt, or with blankets, coats or other heavy woolen articles. Never use water.
Never throw away a lighted cigarette or cigar. Grind it out.
Get a "First Aid" booklet and keep a First Aid kit at hand.

The Metropolitan's free booklet, "First Aid" tells what to do and how to do it—at home as well as when you are away—in event of broken bones, burns, sprains, poisoning, apparent drowning, fire, wounds, electric shock, bites, sunburn, sunstroke and common accidents of various kinds.

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Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your booklet "First Aid."

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METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



SCANDALS AT THE ZOO

[Continued from page 30]

Blackie for aid. "All right, Blackie! Clean up the path!" he directs, at the same time unlocking Blackie's cage.

Blackie darts to the path outside the mammal house, and begins patiently to collect the pieces of paper people have left. These he carries into his cage, making them into a little bed for himself. When the path is clear, he signs off, curls up, and goes to sleep, conscious of work well done. Everyone loves Blackie. Even the squirrels speak well of him.

Buster, the tortoise, who in thirty years has never missed a meal, is a citizen of entirely a different stripe. This 325-pound glutton, and his two wives... "Polygamy, I call it," was the cutting comment of a squirrel reporter recently... can devour a barrel of lettuces before the maid has had time to put the knives and forks around. The meal consumed, Buster waddles off on the avid quest for more victuals. His greed is his undoing. The human children who visit the Zoo have learned to capitalize his appetite. To the end of a stick they hang a juicy red apple. A child climbs astride his back. The apple is held out in front. And the deceived Buster greedily pursues this will-o'-the-wisp. When discouraged, he is fed the apple. This revives his interest. Another apple is produced. And the game continues.

No one sympathizes with him. Even the friendly robin snickers as he looks on.

Animal Town—as I have said—has its pauper tourists and tourist-camps. Ah, yes. Every lazy, sponging bird migrating between Maine and Florida stops off for "a snack and a night's rest," and then forgets to move on again. Animal Town is furious over the imposition. Especially over the appearance, each fall, of a great flock of mallard ducks—nine hundred of them. Noisy, common things, they think it a huge joke to stop off at the park and demand free food and lodgings for the winter.

Rajah, the peacock, evokes only the most derisive laughter from these hoodlum, uninvited outsiders. His foppish clothes, his unsuccessful flirtations, send them into quacks of mirth. To be sure, Rajah is a bit of an old fool. (He has his counterpart in your small town.) He will flirt with anything. He even tries to fascinate the stodgy tortoises. And not long ago he went into the wild turkey enclosure and began strutting, tail spread, trying to attract the demure turkey hen. The turkey gobbler, a strikingly handsome man himself, appeared scornfully indifferent. Probably the gobbler felt that if he did his stuff he could outdo old Rajah. Evidently the lady thought so too, her glance plainly saying: "You old idiot!" Rajah, very much crestfallen, folded not his tent but his tail, and silently stole away.

Animal Town, I have said, has its beggar. This is ridiculous understatement! It is infested with whining beggars, with paws out!

Undoubtedly the worst of them all is Rudy, the ratel honey-badger, in the small mammal house. When a human visitor enters the mammal house, Rudy, with one thought in his mind, comes rushing to his bars, stands up on his hind legs, and thrusts two hairy arms through the wire in frantic appeal. "Gimme, gimme, gimme!"

If no pâté-de-fois-gras is forthcoming, no cheese straws or caviar, Rudy puts on an exhibition. Climbing to his high shelf, he rolls off of it with a bump that would kill anything but a hardened beggar, and rolls on to the front of the cage. Then he holds out his hat again.

If you are a two-legged fool biped, you hand him a lump of sugar. Whereupon the real sideshow begins. Only this is not acting! With the sugar clutched earnestly in his paw, Rudy—whose teeth are not of the best—goes over to his drinking pan and begins dunking said sugar.

"How in the world did you learn to dunk?" I demand.

"From Irvin Cobb, of course," he retorts. "That's a lie!" screeches Toby, the ocelot, from across the way. "Huey Long showed

him!" (Toby is a cat; there's no denying it.) "What an exhibition, my dear!" deplors Henry, the kinkajou, to his gentle wife, Henrietta. (The kinkajous live next door to Toby.)

"So vulgar, Henry!" she agrees. "Ah, here comes our grapefruit!"

Listen attentively, human grapefruit eater! For Henry, the Bronx Zoo kinkajou, has stumbled upon the solution of the breakfast-grapefruit problem. Emily Post, take heed. This little long-tailed "honey-bear" in Animal Town can give you pointers in breakfast etiquette. He is the only grapefruit eater in America today who never loses a drop of juice, or spurts a drop in his neighbor's eye.

The secret is: Henry does *not* eat his grapefruit sitting up! He lies flat on his back, holds the luscious morsel directly above his open mouth, and thus practises economy and kindness both. The juice has only one way to go—down. And Henry is there.

Mr. and Mrs. Kinkajou both agree that the daintiest all-round eater in the small-mammal house is Paddy, the porcupine.

"He Fletcherizes!" explained Mrs. Kinkajou.

I tested the matter, banana in hand. Paddy hooked his claws obligingly over my outthrust fingers, and began to take dainty bites of the banana. After taking a bite he would pause and chew. And chew. And chew! I tried to pull away. The claws sank in. I stayed. Some two hours later when the last of the banana had disappeared, I remarked sarcastically:

"You don't believe in hurrying, do you?"

"I don't believe in indigestion!" he snapped, and rustled away.

BANANAS are like calling cards, in Animal Town. Take them with you. They are acceptable almost everywhere. Next in popularity is expert ear scratching. But this latter is a gift. I doubt if it can be acquired, even after earnest thought and study. It calls for the finest discrimination. For instance, try to scratch the beautiful white ear of Ice Queen, the polar bear, and you are likely to lose your hands. Whereas other Zoo citizens will push their heads up against the bars, with just the right spot expertly exposed. And to ignore this delicate hint is to give an insult. To complicate the question—some animals, like Rudy, the honey-badger, haven't any ears! Yet Rudy expects you to overlook this and to scratch the precise spot where ears would be, if any were.

(Rudy, by the way, was *not* named for Rudy Vallee—as he would like to have you think. Instead he was—suitably enough—named for Rudolph, the Zoo cook!)

Like your village and mine, Animal Town has its "problem" citizens. As, for instance, Romeo, the Nubian giraffe. A scion of one of the very topmost families, a young man who holds his head extremely high—he is nevertheless a bit... well, every town has one. A youth who is harmless but a trifle simple. You understand, I am sure.

Romeo's simplicity takes the form of eating anything and everything within reach. The paint off the ceiling. The splinters off his wall. This weakness is well known now, and the human visitors to the Zoo are protected by the high wire barrier which has been built up to his very chin. But when he first settled at the Zoo, a disgraceful event occurred.

"It's such things as that," confided Romeo's neighbor, Mrs. Kudu, to me, as I stood chatting by her cage recently, "which cheapen us, and give the humans something to laugh at!"

What happened was this: one Easter week, when the antelope house was thronged with pretty human females in spring finery, Romeo, looking down sixteen feet upon the sight below, beheld a vision of delight. It was a hat! Trimmed in luscious masses of flowers and grass! Memories of his native Nubia (or what have you?) intoxicated him. Bending down in ecstasy, he snatched the hat up in a mouthful. There was an uproar. The keeper, rushing over, shinned up the side of the cage. (Turn to page 34)

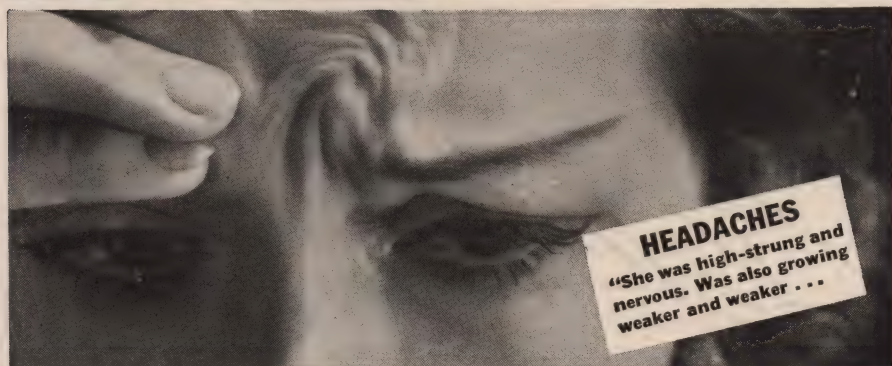
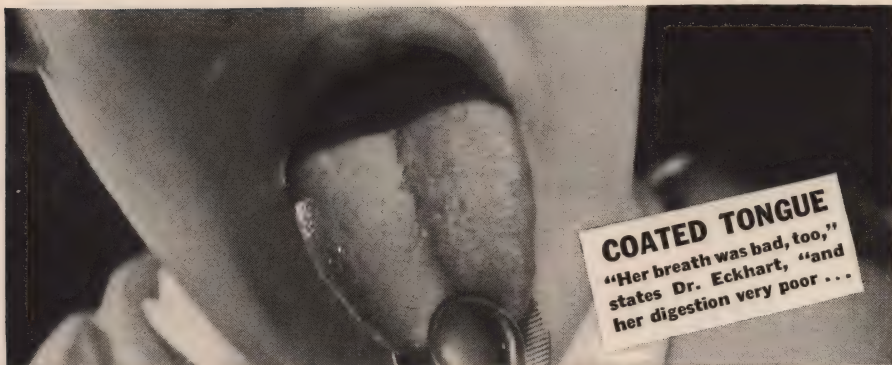
SO MUCH A PART OF

charm



Attractive wives whose husbands seem always to be attentive . . . stunning young enchantresses ever able to captivate men . . . mature women whose many friends look forward to their presence . . . what is their secret? Such women, you will almost invariably find, give as much attention to their breath as they do to their hair, their skin, their teeth, and their clothes. Never would they be guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath). Conscious always of the possibility of offending others, they regularly take this simple and sensible precaution: Listerine, the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Before Social Engagements, use
L I S T E R I N E
The Pleasant Deodorant



Dr. Eckhart heads a famous internal clinic in Vienna's chief free hospital; he is a leading member of the Vienna Society of Internal Specialists.

"Harsh Laxatives had weakened her—dangerously"

states DR. ECKHART, noted Vienna clinic head

Do you have any of the symptoms illustrated above? Then read this "case history"... it can help you!

STUDY THE CASE that the famous Dr. Eckhart describes. Then think of the troubles YOU have. Aren't they quite similar?

"M. J., a young woman of 26," reports Dr. Eckhart, "told me she had been subject for years to headaches, indigestion, biliousness.

"She avoided social activity. Her breath was bad. She was under normal weight. Had little strength. Harsh laxatives had weakened her—dangerously.

"My examination showed that her stomach juices were flowing too slowly (cause of coated tongue and indigestion)... that there was no healthy muscular reaction in her intestines (cause of con-

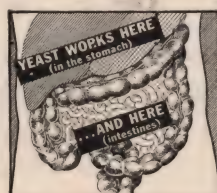
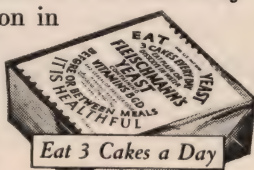
stipation)... and that the young lady's system was filled with poisons (the chief cause of headaches).

"I instructed her to eat yeast. A month of it gave remarkable results. She seemed completely healthy."

Thus her three chief troubles were corrected by one treatment! That is because yeast attacks the 3 causes of trouble Dr. Eckhart discusses.

Won't you eat Fleischmann's Yeast every day—for at least 30 days?

You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Directions are on the label. Rich in much-needed vitamins B, D and G. Start eating it tomorrow... without fail! Then see how soon you feel better!



● In your stomach, Fleischmann's Yeast makes the juices flow more freely. Then it strengthens the muscles of your intestines. Also softens the hardened waste matter, so it can be passed more easily—regularly!

SCANDALS AT THE ZOO

[Continued from page 32]

"Oh, that dear man!" moaned the hatless and so nearly headless lady. "He's saving my hat!"

"Your hat!" indignantly protested the keeper from somewhere up near the ceiling. "Madam, these dyed flowers is full of poison. And I'm saving the Zoo a ten-thousand-dollar giraffe."

Another "problem personality" of Animal Town—now fortunately gathered to his fathers—was Khartoum, the huge African elephant. For years Khartoum was a fine village lad, of whom great things were expected. Then suddenly he ran amuck. Went to the bad. He became the most dangerous citizen in town. He would attack everyone who came near him. He would pick up a street-car rail, used on top of his fence to reinforce it, break it in four pieces and throw the pieces at the keepers. It was necessary to hem him in on every side with steel spikes, to keep him from breaking loose, running amuck, and destroying the entire Zoo. Such was Khartoum, elephantine devil!

Then came the miracle. One day a pair of robins from another town alighted on Khartoum's fence, selected a likely corner of it, and commenced cheerfully to build a nest. Their happy song reached Khartoum's ears, and he came storming out, his trunk murderously upraised. It never fell, but instead was quietly lowered. The little nesting pair, unaware of any danger, continued to build and sing. And Khartoum stood transfixed, watching them, puzzled. All that day he watched, covertly. And for days to come. He made daily inspections of the nest, but never disturbed it. And by degrees he assumed guardianship of the robin family. This protective jealousy became intense when the young birds hatched out. He would not allow anyone to approach the fence. But he, by the hour, would stand looking into the nest, observing the family's activities with the deepest pleasure. The experience seemed to soften him. He quieted down. For two seasons the robin family came, and then old Khartoum heard a call from an elephant herd far away, and passed on to the Great Beyond.

And there is Wrecker, the Bluebeard of Bronx Zoo. Wrecker, a Punjab wild sheep, has murdered every wife he has ever had. One bride after another he has welcomed to his paddock, only—after a brief time—to impale her on his terrible horns and toss her over the hill. Today he lives alone, banging ferociously at the fences surrounding his enclosure. Or he stands, his awful green-white eyes full of hate, staring at the human onlooker as though plotting the murder of one more victim.

Animal Town has its giggler—the laughing jackass, or "bushman's clock," as the bird is known in its native Australia because his loud, hysterical laugh sounds at sunrise and sunset. The town also has its champion ice-cream-cone eater, this being the red fox, Redney, who was given to the Zoo by Governor Alfred E. Smith nine years ago. Redney will sit up on your lap and eat as many ice-cream cones as you can afford to buy for him. Although Redney holds the record now, it formerly belonged to Teddy, the American badger given by President Theodore Roosevelt. Animals of this species are usually very wild and ferocious. But not so Teddy. Hence he was given considerable freedom. And his entire life was spent near the ice-cream stand, begging for cones. And getting them!

In these days of emancipated women and neglected hearths, the gossiping old Dame Grundys, in your town and mine, have plenty of ammunition for their outbursts on the 1934 wife and mother. This is equally true in Animal Town. Drift up to Bronx Zoo some summer afternoon, early, before the human throng has arrived to drown out the voice of Nature, and take a seat on the bench under the old oak where the *Squirrel Gazette* is edited. You will overhear some shocking revelations! Stories of Zoo mothers who—gone daffy with this 1934 sex-equality madness—bear their babies, or

lay their eggs, and never look at their helpless offspring again. Or who assume half the responsibility, on condition that the head of the family shoulder the other half.

"I don't know what Zoo fathers are coming to!" shrieked one fat lady squirrel—a spinster reporter with black-rimmed eyeglasses. "They're doing everything now but nurse the children. I suppose Nature will provide for that next!"

"It's very alarming," admitted a fellow spinster: editor of the Mother and Babies Department. "Have you heard about Mrs. Emu! After laying the eggs, she never looks their way again. Poor Mr. Emu! He has to incubate the eggs, and when they hatch he has to teach the chicks to eat. I was over there yesterday, and I was embarrassed for him. There wasn't a bed made or a bite cooked. And he was washing the children's faces. I say it's tragic."

"Tragic," snapped the first lady; "disgusting you mean! I dropped in this morning on Mr. and Mrs. Marmoset. You know, they've just had the darlinest twins born. What was she doing? A lot of silly trapeze exercises, to get her figure back! She looked like a sixteen-year-old girl, squealing and jumping about. I was ashamed of her. And there was poor Mr. Marmoset, carrying the children around on his back so patiently! He even has to hand them to her at nursing time, and take them back again. She'd put them down anywhere."

Then both ladies exclaimed at once: "But... Mrs. Penguin!"

Mrs. Penguin is the worst mother in the Zoo. When she lays her egg she doesn't even place it in a nest. No nest is built. The lady merely giggles and places it on top of her webbed foot, pretending to cover it a bit with a fold of skin and feathers. She seems to have no difficulty in walking about with the egg in this ridiculous position. She can keep up her golf and her motoring without any trouble. But when she wants to go swimming she calls Mr. Penguin, transfers the egg to him by simply rolling it off her foot on to his, taking care that the egg does not touch the ground.

"James, you wheel the baby a while. And mind you, don't let him fall!" are her parting instructions, as she arches herself for the new swan dive that that handsome life-guard taught her last summer.

THE squirrels chatter on. I sit dreaming lazily on the bench under the old tree. The park becomes filled with noisy, sticky, popcorn-munching human creatures. Balloon men. Wienie vendors with white cards, crying, "Doggies, doggies. Get your doggies hot!" The afternoon wears away. Twilight approaches. The human throng streams homeward. Fretful mothers. Tired babies. The park gates clang shut behind the last of them. From somewhere outside the park drifts faintly the nasal whine of a hurdy-gurdy—"I have a song in my heart..."

Brave humanity. Brave little animals in shoes and gloves.

The dusk is settling down. The stars are coming out. The park watchman will find me soon. And I too will be driven out of Eden. But... just for a space...

Animal Town is settling into slumber. From his offices in the Administration Building, Dr. W. Reid Blair, director of the park, steps into his automobile and is driven away. The park belongs to Nature now. To sky and earth and the little creatures in between.

I stroll through Animal Town's silent, deserted streets. From all the outside corrals come the sleepy stirrings and rustlings of furry things settling down for the night. All the animal houses are wrapped in deep stillness. Everyone is asleep in there. In the outdoor aviary are drowsy twitterings. These are succeeded by silence.

In the tree above me, two owls begin to talk. They are discussing the events of the day.

Silence settles over the Zoo. Overhead—a yellow moon. A big, genial moon, smiling down tolerantly on these sleeping bundles of fur and feathers. These so-human citizens of Animal Town!

When you undress for bed—



—Undress your FACE too!

**Use all the cosmetics you wish . . .
but remove them thoroughly the
Hollywood way . . . guard against
unattractive Cosmetic Skin**

MANY A GIRL who *thinks* she cleans her face before she goes to bed is actually leaving bits of stale daytime make-up to choke the pores all night. She does not *thoroughly* free the pores, but leaves them clogged day after day.

"Heavens! What's *wrong* with my skin!" Soon, to her dismay, she discovers the warning signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To avoid this modern complexion trouble, thousands of women are adopting Hollywood's beauty method. Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*. Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich

ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

During the day before you put on fresh make-up, and ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, give your skin this gentle Lux Toilet Soap care. In this simple way you can protect it—keep it so clear and beautiful!

**Precious Elements
in this Soap**



In this remarkable soap are precious elements Nature herself puts in skin to keep it soft and youthful. Hollywood stars, whose complexions are priceless, have used this pure soap for years. Begin *your* Lux Toilet Soap beauty care today!



I use cosmetics, of course!
But thanks to **Lux Toilet Soap**, I'm not a bit afraid
of Cosmetic Skin

Joan Blondell

WARNER BROTHERS STAR

KEEPING UP AND MAKING UP

Toes on parade! As well groomed as hands. So treat them alike



Our candid cosmetic reporter gives this summer's essential care for your hands and feet

NOW that summer's here, the limbs—as the vocabulary of the 'Nineties used to call them—demand more attention than ever. They are conscious that this is their day, that they are full in the spotlight of the sun. And since Fashion decrees that toes, quite as much as fingers, will be on parade at all hours and almost all places this season, let's welcome the fact and make a plan for their simple and effective beauty routine.

Remember, now—there are twenty instead of ten nails to keep healthy and to adorn with art.

A clean skin is the first requirement, one kept fresh, smooth and soft in texture. With arms and legs free of unsightly hair growth; with elbows and knees suppled through well-compounded creams; with hands and feet in good trim through dependable lotions, you are laying up a capital in good grooming habits that will help keep youth in tow.

When preparing for sun baths, give all four—arms, legs, hands and feet—as much attention as you give your face and neck. Let them have a fair chance at your cooling ointments for defeating the worst onslaughts of Old Sol. The be-all and end-all of hand and foot care are not the perfect manicure and pedicure. They are trimmings which lose their effect on hands and feet with faulty skin texture. Shape, too, is secondary to pigment. Skin comes first. Hands and feet quickly respond to care, amply repay attention. You actually see

them gain in attractiveness from day to day.

There's no real difference in technic between manicuring and pedicuring. There should be no difference in the amount of care bestowed on either set of nails. But for the well-being of the long-forgotten toe nails, it's a coup for them that the vogue for sandals is having such country-wide favor. For the last three or four years, it is true, certain particularly *soignée* women have proudly displayed their exquisitely cared-for feet in beach sandals. This summer, gleaming toe nails will not be so restricted in locale. With equal propriety they will peer out of open-work day or evening sandals.

They may match—in color—finger nails, lipstick and cheek rouge. This is the new color foursome, sponsored by two of the best known cosmetic houses. But of color, more anon.

Nails grow faster in the summer than in winter. Those on the right hand grow more rapidly than those on the left. Since in youth the growth is much more rapid than in age, younger women especially need to give daily care to all twenty nails.

There should be certain moments of the day which hands and feet may call their own—directly after the warm bath at night is a particularly good time. All preliminary scrubbing has been done; the cuticle of both finger and toe nails is easy to push back; the relaxed fingers and toes lend themselves readily to massage and to shaping. Here is a routine for keeping (Turn to page 50)

HOME

[Continued from page 9]

frightened against the black hemlocks.

"David Burr, you are going?"

"Yes."

"You'll come back?"

"Yes, I hope I'll come back."

"David Burr, I fetched you this." She pulled out from under her coat a gray knitted thing. "For your throat," she said. "Oh," he said. He was astonished. "Why, you—that's awful nice of you. I—" He put his gun down on the snow, took the muffler, opened his coat and wound it around his neck.

"Don't get cold, David Burr," she said.

Suddenly he had a sharp desire to put his arm around her and kiss her. But he was afraid. He had never kissed any girl. He put his hand down and touched hers. Her hand was cold. He saw her slim brown throat trembling. He picked up his flintlock.

"Goodbye," he said.

He hurried down the road. In the fog, in front of the tavern, were gathered a dozen men and boys. Some had guns. Others had pitchforks or staves. "Here's Dave Burr," cried Zimri. "He's got a gun." "But I'm 'most out of powder and shot," said Dave, as he came up to the group. "Oh, we'll get plenty powder and shot," said Zimri, grinning.

And so they marched out of the village and down the valley, and the fog thinned, and the sun swung up into the cold winter sky. Sometimes men ran out from farm-houses to join them. When they marched down into the little town of New Boston before noon, there waited in front of the town-hall, near two score men, in command of a tall gaunt farmer with blazing black eyes, named Samson Crowfoote, each man with a sprig of hemlock in his hat.

Men joined them with flintlocks or pitchforks, till they were near a hundred men, and at an hour past noon they halted and cooked food at campfires in the snow by the roadside, and marched on over the ridge and down into the next valley. That night they slept in two great hay-barns against a hillside.

Next morning's march brought them out of the hills into a country such as David had never seen—richer farms, bigger barns, wider fields. At nightfall they came to a wide frozen-over river, a wider river than David had ever dreamed of, and men pointed to a crowd of roofs and spires upstream on the other bank which they said was Springfield. So Samson Crowfoote led his men across on the ice, and on the other side were some rickety empty sheds. Some went for straw, others built campfires and cooked food, and that night as David crawled into the straw, Zimri confided: "Tomorrow we're going to join the army o' Dan'l Shays and capture the arsenal and get powder and shot and muskets and march to Boston." "To Boston!" David said in amazement. "So they say," asserted Zimri.

A drum beating at dawn jerked David out of sleep. Men were tumbling from the straw and washing in a place broken in the ice at the river-edge. Breakfast—soup out of a big iron kettle over a smudgy fire—was finished quickly, and David stumbled behind Zimri down a road frozen into iron ruts. The air was bitter cold. The muffler that Content had knitted for him felt warm about his throat. Then, at the end of an hour, they came up over a rise and saw ahead a great black swarm of men in the road and spreading across the white fields, who sent up a shout as the men of Samson Crowfoote appeared. And David, as he drew near, was shocked to see that many of these men of the bigger army were in rags

and almost barefooted in the snow. Then an order, "Forward!" went from lip to lip, the men scrambled in from the fields and formed marching lines in the road and set onward. The marchers swung into a great broad highway, aiming directly toward Springfield. Then David, peering between the men ahead of him, saw far up the road a dark column of men approaching from the direction of town.

"The militiamen!" ran from rank to rank. A horseman rode out from the militia. He raised his hand.

"Halt!" he shouted. His cry rang sharp on the still, icy air.

A man stepped forth and approached the horseman. The two parleyed angrily. The man turned away.

"Come on, men!" he cried. "Halt," retorted the horseman, "or we'll fire!"

"Come on, men," rang the answer, "they don't dare fire!"

David saw the horseman spin about and gallop back to his column. The ranks of the militiamen opened. And there in the road stood revealed two cannon. "Come on, men, they don't dare fire!" David heard again.

There was a flash of flame, a booming report, then another. David heard the whistle of bullets, a scream. A man caromed against him, hurling him to the ground. He scrambled up and stood bewildered. Everyone was running. Men were throwing away their flintlocks and pitchforks, scrambling over the fences and scattering frantically across the fields. And then David saw four men lying prone in the road, their blood spilling on the snow. Sudden anger seized him—anger and shame. The thousand men and more who were going to seize muskets and powder and march to Boston had melted away at one shot into nothing. He had for a moment a boy's insane impulse to charge singlehanded on the advancing militia. But he stood motionless, uncertain what to do.

The militiamen swarmed down the road. Some crowded around the fallen men. Some around David.

"Who are you, boy?" a man demanded. "I'm David Burr," he answered angrily,

"and I came here to fight for my father's farm."

"Well," the man said, "you better go home and feed the geese." The militiamen laughed. David flung his gun disgustedly down in the snow and pushed out of the crowd. He climbed over the fence and struck blindly across the field. No one made a move to halt him.

Finally he realized that he was alone in a great empty field. Staring down it, he thought he saw far away below, the frozen expanse of the river. He made toward it, blundering across hidden ditches, plunging through crusted drifts.

His shame was submerged by a wave of misery so intense that he wanted passionately to die. He felt as if he had been lured to the end of the world and then betrayed and forsaken. He stared at the hills beyond the river. His own hills were there in the west, beyond those hills, and he had a swift overpowering desire for them, for the house nestling against the hill, and the fields enfolding it. But how could he go sneaking back now, he who had marched off so defiantly to fight for his rights? He stood there a long time, as the light faded from the river, and finally for lack of aught else to do, started across the ice. He scrambled up the bank and over a wall. He toiled up a long slope and saw a house right before him. He climbed a fence, walked through the barnyard and knocked on the kitchen door.

A dog barked inside the house. A woman opened the door.

"Can you sell me something to eat?" he asked. "Maybe some pompion bread or Indian meal cakes? Or anything, ma'am. I got money." He was dizzy with hunger.

The woman peered at him through the dusk. "Who be ye? Be ye one of them rebels?"

He hesitated a moment. Then he said harshly: "Yes, I am."

"Well, then, git off this farm or I'll put the dogs on ye!"

Bitter and crushed, he walked out to the road. The road curved up a long hill. Dark and cold closed around him as he pushed on. The legs of his deerskin (Turn to page 39)



Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

■ Miss Anne Gould spent much of her early girlhood in the Hawaiian Islands. Her adventurous spirit not only made her an expert surf rider, but interested her very practically in conchology—she went to the bottom of the ocean herself to secure certain rare shells and corals for her collection, the

finest private collection in America. She studied in Paris under two famous French masters and her paintings are exceptionally fine. She is a proficient horsewoman and loves the open country, spending a great deal of time in the West. She always smokes Camel cigarettes.



CAMELS ARE
MADE FROM FINER,
MORE EXPENSIVE
TOBACCOS THAN ANY
OTHER POPULAR
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Why Miss Anne Gould, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould, prefers Camels

"Why do I smoke Camels? Because I honestly like their taste better than any of the other cigarettes," says Miss Gould. "Like most of the girls I know, I prefer a mild cigarette—that's another reason I am devoted to Camels. Besides,

I see no reason for letting cigarettes make you nervous—Camels never make me edgy or jumpy.

"And I really believe you could smoke Camels forever and ever and not get tired of their fine, smooth flavor."

Camel's costlier tobaccos are Milder



Two quick hot-weather feasts—Heinz oven-baked beans and Heinz cooked spaghetti

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S SCHEME

FOR QUICK HOT-WEATHER FEASTS

by JOSEPHINE GIBSON

THERE are days, of course, when cooking is a fascinating sport. But not when July heat waves creep through kitchen windows. Not when languid summer moods crumble one's morale — when bridge and motoring and other summer pleasures beckon.

Have you ever wished you could command a modern genie who would magically fabricate and place upon the table a dinner that would win the palate ballots of your family?

Well, if you will follow carefully a little scheme that I've worked out, I promise you results not far less pleasing than the magic of Aladdin's lamp.

You have today at your command a group of skillful chefs, each a specialist in his own branch of culinary craft. With their aid you can accomplish three important things—(1) cut down pre-meal kitchen sessions to as short a span as fifteen or twenty minutes, (2) produce the sort of feasts that fetch high-spirited appreciation, and, (3) actually trim down the size of the provender budget.

The chefs I speak of exercise their skill in the kitchens of the House of Heinz. They buy raw foods of a higher quality than those ordinarily available in the markets. They follow recipes secured from homestead kitchens and from culinary masters. They deliver, through your nearest grocer, 57 Varieties of grand, delicious foods, all ready for you to heat and serve.

Entire meals can be conjured in less time than it takes to eat them. Soups, entrees, relishes, salad ingredients, and desserts are all provided among the 57 Varieties.

Let us start this summer "quick feast" with home-made soup. Choose from the sixteen Heinz home-recipe soups the one you like best—perhaps cream of mushroom, noodle soup, gumbo creole. They come in tins, but *there* the "canned soup" similarity abruptly ends. I have seen Heinz soup chefs mix and cook these home-recipe soups. I have tasted them, batch after batch. And I say sincerely that one simply cannot detect a difference between these *finished* soups and those of well-trained family cooks.

However, do not take my word for this. Try two or three varieties yourself and form your own opinion.

Who likes real baked beans? Who loves those autumn-brown morsels of mealy, munchy goodness which only thorough *oven-baking* yields? Everybody, I'll wager—everybody who ever tasted really *oven-baked* beans. Once again Heinz chefs have duplicated the "home-made" flavor of the well-trained home cook.

Just try a tin of Heinz Boston style baked beans, prepared and baked through and through just as they are baked by proud New England cooks. You see, they are baked for folks who are satisfied only with truly home-baked beans. When you serve them, no one at your table need know they were not baked in your own oven.

Well cooked, well sauced spaghetti is perhaps the most delicious form of wheat, "the staff of life". In

the Heinz kitchens the preparation of this universal favorite of foods has been carefully perfected—from the making of the raw spaghetti, to the mixing of the ruddy, palate-tempting sauce with which each batch of cooked spaghetti is completely drenched.

This sauce, by the way, is a mixture of red, ripe tomatoes, just the right kind of cheese, meat stock and selected spices. Is it any wonder, then, that Heinz cooked spaghetti is a flavor favorite in a million homes? Do introduce it soon to that family of yours. Merely heat it, serve it without a word, and be prepared for firm and resolute demands for second helpings.

And now, the basis of my midsummer night's scheme is an idea which many of my readers have written me about—a "Quick-Feast Shelf", laden with a liberal assortment from the 57 Varieties. You will find a complete list of them in the Salad Book described below. I suggest that you investigate its kitchen-freeing possibilities.

KITCHEN PROGRESS—NO. 8

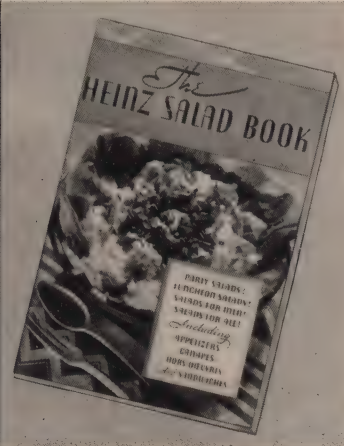


1900
2 HOURS TO
PREPARE
DINNER

1934
20 MINUTES
TO PREPARE
DINNER

The same delicious dinner with the same old-fashioned flavors, which a few years ago took 2 hours to prepare, can be prepared today in less time than it takes to eat it. Read, above, how H.J. Heinz Company have simplified home cookery.

A famous salad book. Page after page of new and daring salads—dressings, sandwiches, canapes and hors d'oeuvres. Send 10 cents, to help defray handling costs, to Josephine Gibson, Dept. 68, H. J. Heinz Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.



HOME

[Continued from page 36]

breeches were frozen stiff. Cold low clouds hid the stars, so that he knew not his course for sure, but he hoped it was west. Then he discovered that he was floundering through soft snow. Somehow he had got off the road. He groped here and there in the blackness trying to find it, but couldn't. He collided with a tree-trunk. He was in woods. He turned about to make his way out; instead he seemed to get deeper in. He couldn't see the trees; he only fumbled from one to the other. He decided that he would lie down here and freeze to death. Better go to sleep here peacefully in this snow and not wake up ever, than become a cobbler. Yet he crept on and on, not knowing exactly why. Suddenly he saw a gleam for an instant to the right, far away among the trees. He made for it, pushing through tangled brush, sometimes on his hands and knees. He came at last out into an open place, a field, dim under the black sky. The light gleamed at its far end.

He was so weary, so faint from hunger, that he could scarcely drag one foot ahead of the other, yet somehow he tottered on down the long field. Then a black thing loomed directly before him, between him and the light. He realized that it was a stable. He heard the munching of horses. He fumbled around it to the door, pulled out the thole, opened the door softly and stepped in. He met the warm, close, friendly smell of animals. He pulled the door tight and hooked it. Cautiously exploring, and speaking gentle assuring words, he found that there were three horses and a cow, and one vacant stall, full of straw. He dragged off his frozen shoes and breeches, hung them over the partition of the stall and huddled down into the straw. But the contented munching of the horses so sharpened his hunger that he sprang up, reached a hand over the partition into the nearest feed-box, clutched a handful of grain. Then he crawled deep again into the straw and, munching on the grain, fell asleep.

But in the first gray, he was sharply awake. He knew that he must get out of here before the farmer came to the barn. He found his breeches had thawed and almost dried. His shoes were still soggy. He dressed, then filled a pocket with oats from the bin, and stole outside. A light snow was falling. The farmhouse stood ghostly silent in the dawn. He crept around to the back of the stable and struck off at a wide angle toward a road, and pushed on. As the pale sun came up in the snow-filled sky, he guided himself by it—westward. In mid-forenoon he found two ears of Indian corn in the road. He thumbed off kernels and chewed them as he trudged on.

So for three days he pushed on westward, always westward. He slept in barns. Snow fell intermittently, he was often faint with hunger, so his progress was always slower. At every turn of road, he was hoping to see some landmark, but everything was strange. On and on he trudged through an alien world, seeking the one spot of earth he knew.

Then, at a crossroad, he was startled to see a fresh broadside nailed to a tree.

"PROCLAMATION By His Excellency James Bowdoin Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts." David drew near and shocked words stared at him.

"Horrid and unnatural Rebellion raised against this Commonwealth . . . Reward of £150 for apprehending DANIEL SHAYS, and £100 each for LUKE DAY, ADAM WHEELER, ELI PARSONS, principals in and abettors of this unnatural, unprovoked and traitorous Rebellion . . . I require all Judges, Justices, Sheriffs, Constables and all other good subjects to use their utmost endeavours for discovering and apprehending . . ."

Traitor! The word struck David a blow in the face. If these men were traitors, so was he. Traitor!

At dusk he left the road and headed across a field to a deserted shed. It was a sugar-camp, remote from any house. In it he found two bunks, where men must have slept during sugaring off. There, hungry

and cold, he crept into some old straw and somehow slept. In the morning, he found a pompion in the snow nearby, got a fire alight with his flint and tinder, melted snow in one of the sugar kettles and cooked the pompion. And there at that lonely camp he lurked for two days. He felt like a hunted thing, an outcast. What should he do? Where should he go? But toward the end of the second day, he was plodding again down the road. Like a helpless wounded animal, he was drawn irresistibly toward home.

Less than a mile beyond that camp, he suddenly recognized a house he had seen before. He realized that he had been following a valley parallel to his own and that he had gone beyond his own village. At the next crossroad, he turned to the left, tramped a weary way up a bare windswept hill and so came down into his valley. Half an hour later, he was crossing the bridge below the gristmill. He entered the dim deserted street of the village. It looked strange, as if he had been away from it for years. He stole guiltily past Gershom Trumbull's picket fence. Then slowly he came to a halt. He had a feeling of terrible finality, of defeated desperation. He turned back and pushed through the gate.

Deacon Gershom himself opened the door. Gershom had on riding boots and held a riding whip in his hand. Evidently he had just come in from the stable.

He stared at David unbelievably.

"David!" he exclaimed. "Thank God!"

"Yes, sir." David stepped inside the doorway. "I'm back. I'm a traitor, I know that, and you'll get the farm, I know that, but I want to ask you—" he spoke swiftly—"can I keep the oxen? I'll drive 'em west over the mountains into the Ohio country, they say there's good land out there. I shall have to get out of the State of Massachusetts, anyhow, since I'm a traitor, or perhaps they'll not let me go, I'll have to stay here and be tried and maybe hanged—"

"Why, David." Gershom laid his whip down and came toward the boy. There was something strange in his voice that David had never heard before. "You're talking wildly, you must be weak from privation. A traitor? No. Clemency is proclaimed for all except the leaders, and as for the farm, conditions have changed. You can have all the time you need to pay off those notes."

"All the time I need?" David repeated, in a daze.

"Yes, conditions have changed," Gershom insisted. "Come, my boy, have some supper, you must be famished—"

JERUSHA was laying the table before the fire and the fragrance from a pot on the hearthstone made David faint.

"No, thank you," he said. "I must be gettin' home." He drew back.

"You won't stop?" Gershom followed him into the doorway. "And David, as far as the certificate of pay for your father is concerned, perhaps I was too hasty in declaring it worthless. It appears that the new convention called to meet this spring in Philadelphia may draw up a stronger form of government that will have power to collect taxes from the States and meet the obligations to the soldiers—"

"Yes, sir," said David.

But the words had merely glanced off the surface of his mind. He turned and walked out to the gate. Gershom's changed manner and his announcements were too astounding to be grasped. But David was so dazed with weariness and hunger that he could not cope with all this mystery. He tramped up the road toward home, conscious only of the weight of his legs.

Dusk had folded down and, as he turned the curve of the road, he saw the farm wrapped in silence and snow.

Then he saw a beaten track in the snow, and he halted, startled. There at the stable door stood Content, with a pitchfork of hay. She gaped at him as if he were a ghost.

He trudged slowly up the yard.

"David Burr!" she cried. She dropped the forkload on the snow.

"Yes, I've come back."

Still she stood staring. "Then you weren't killed," she breathed.

"No, I wasn't killed." (Turn to page 40)

Left to right Fabric gauntlet with natural linen cuff ★ mesh gauntlet with cross-bar organdie cuff ★ waffle weave gauntlet ★ white doe-skin slipon ★ Ivory pigskin slipon. Fownes gloves washable with pure Ivory Flakes.



FOWNES *says* "Wash our Gloves —this way—"

- 1 Use cool water and pure, quick-melting Ivory Flakes to whisk up rich suds. (Fownes, famous glove-makers, say: "We heartily advise pure Ivory Flakes for our finest washable gloves.")
- 2 Wash gloves on hands, using soft brush to work rich Ivory suds into soiled areas. Squeeze out without wringing. Remove gloves.
- 3 Put gloves through lukewarm rinsings. Pure Ivory suds rinse out easily. (Give cuffs of fabric gauntlet gloves a light starching after last rinsing—press the cuffs before the gloves are completely dry.)
- 4 Pull gloves into shape. Press between layers of towel. Blow fingers of leather gloves smooth. Lay flat on towel away from heat. (Work leather gloves between hands before entirely dry, to soften texture.)

Ivory Flakes · 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % pure · Today's safest
and biggest value in fine fabrics soap



Who discovered EX-LAX?

WHO discovered it first for the family? Mother? Father? Big Brother Bill? Grandpa?

There are different answers—but all agree that, once tried, Ex-Lax becomes the family laxative from that time on!

Mother discovered it!

A mother told us she started to use Ex-Lax because little Johnnie revolted against the customary dose of castor oil—and she found that a delicious little chocolate tablet of Ex-Lax solved the problem perfectly.

Big Brother Bill discovered it!

Brother Bill, who is an athlete, says that he broke a long habit of taking strong stuff after he learned that mild, gentle Ex-Lax did all that powerful purgatives did—without the usual stomach pains and disturbance.

Grandpa discovered it!

Grandpa wants the credit because his age made him doubly careful that the laxative he took was mild and gentle. And in Ex-Lax he found the right answer.

Everybody discovered Ex-Lax!

So you see, while all sorts of people—young and old—claim to have discovered Ex-Lax, all of them agree that Ex-Lax is all a perfect laxative ought to be. Ex-Lax starts with being the most pleasant laxative in the world to take. But it is much more than that—it is mild, gentle and effective—for all ages.

When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax! You can get Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes—at all drug stores. Be sure you get the genuine—spelled E-X-L-A-X.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

HOME

[Continued from page 39]

"Everybody thought you were killed." Her voice was a trembling whisper. "Deacon Gershom was here three times lookin' for you. He was scared—"

"Deacon Gershom scared?" said David. "Why, David Burr," she said. She came a step toward him, and the color and beauty flooded back into her little face. "You don't know what happened, do you? Zimri come home, and they all come home except you. So everybody thought you were killed, and

they called a town meetin' agin Gershom's will and passed a vote of blame on him. That he was guilty of you bein' killed."

"Oh," said David. He glanced down at the pitchfork of hay lying on the snow. "It was nice of you to feed my stock. And that muffler kept my throat wonderful warm. I—"

He took another step toward her and thought he was going to fall in a faint from hunger and weariness. He saw Content put out her hands swiftly to catch him, and then suddenly he realized that he must not fall, for she was sobbing in his arms.

FOUR MAGIC ELEMENTS

[Continued from page 21]

only eight hours. That is the blessed boon this mixed paint brings you—besides the rare fineness of its color and its lasting quality of elasticity that keeps it so long "alive" and free from chipping or cracking.

THE WALL-TO-WALL CARPET: No floor treatment can so well convey an impression of restfulness and space as a wall-to-wall carpet, rightly selected. We chose this method for its effect of size and unity. We set out to find something that had the spirit of eighteenth century needlepoint, and behold, this lovely flowery design in soft-hued tones of beige, rose and blue against a black background, was the result. It is a design very practical for footprints, of a resilient weave, and moderate in price.

Wall-to-wall carpeting is a pleasant, cosy custom, which many have forgotten in an enthusiasm for rugs. Yet it is charming. And laid over the lining made by this same manufacturer, a luxury note is added and the life of the carpet increased.

WOOL FABRICS: Wool from the backs of little lambs to our backs. That is a thought we are all familiar with. But wool from their backs to our windows is a splendid idea too. And it is an important one; and the sooner we acquaint our homes with it, the happier for all concerned. Everyone knows that in carpets, wool gives life and endurance to the finished product. And the same is true of the drapery materials in this room.

Yes, even the glass curtains. The light that comes abundantly in our bay windows is filtered through the most delicate of cashmere textures. Such softness and beauty and lasting quality leave nothing to be desired. Wool curtains are an established English tradition that well deserve the welcome they are just beginning to receive in America. These sheer, translucent, off-white glass curtains win the hearts equally of every woman and every man who see them. They are French-headed, hung with draw-cords, and pull evenly across the windows or completely back to give an uninterrupted view when wanted.

The over-draperies, of a deep apricot wool serge, have all the beauty and body which are required of handsome window treatment. They fall in noble folds. Their one-and-a-half-inch hems on the inside and bottom edges are featherstitched in light brown wool. And what a treat it is to see featherstitching coming again and so rightly into its own. These curtains too are French-headed. Their pulleys and pole are hidden behind a wooden cornice board, framing the top of the deep window.

Observe that we have restrained our patterned areas in this room to the floor and the window seat—and how successful is the limitation! The cushion in the comfortable window retreat is covered with printed mohair—again, a wool fabric, cool and attractive to the touch, in tones of plum, brown, apricot and beige.

WELL-SCALED FURNITURE: The essential charm of the furniture that is shown



Source of music and entertainment

here is its size. Thus is a small room made roomy and gracious. But note, too, the value of real discrimination in furniture. Nothing can be sadder than almost good design, almost good finish. It is a joy to see pieces possessing sympathetic surface, and skilled artistry of design. These are indeed reproductions of masterpieces; deep rich tones of wood, their forms suggesting the English eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

A light beige wool fabric in chevron weave was used throughout for upholstery. This is another factor in the prevailing sense of space.

Among the incidental accessories, the needlepoint lamps are especially interesting—their bases covered with sections of a beautifully made old bell-pull; the standard lamps with a tray shelf; the Chippendale mirror and its scrub-pine finish; the radio, so correctly scaled; and the grate, fire tools and coal scuttle—miracles of inconspicuous efficiency and charm.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS: THE BACK-GROUND: Corner cupboards, mantel, and moldings, Curtis Companies, Inc., Manufacturers of Curtis Woodwork, Clinton, Iowa. Walls and woodwork painted with Wallhide, the "Vitolized Oil" Wall Paint, Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Newark, New Jersey. Beauvais Carpet (Pattern No. 1409), laid wall-to-wall, and Bigelow Freemont Rug Lining (36-ounce), The Bigelow Weavers, New York. THE WINDOW TREATMENT: Residential Venetian Blinds, The Columbia Mills, Inc., New York. Overdraperies of apricot Leshier Mohair, glass curtains of Fleeceweave Leshier Mohair, and window seat cushion covered in printed Leshier Mohair, L. C. Chase and Company, Inc., New York. THE MECHANICAL EQUIPMENT: Philco Superheterodyne Radio, No. 58C, Philco Radio and Television Corporation, New York. Hand-set Telephone, American Telephone and Telegraph Company and Associated Companies in the Bell System. THE FURNITURE: Bond settee, Curtis armchair, Andrew tub chair, Hartley desk chair, Derby arm and side chairs, Brighton desk, Wheatley bookcase, Wesley bridge table, Shelly coffee table, Warren table, Carrick table lamp, and Hastings mirror, Manor House, New York. Furniture upholstered in Chevron Beige Leshier Mohair, L. C. Chase and Company, Inc., New York. THE ACCESSORIES: Grate, fire tools, and coal scuttle, Wm. H. Jackson, New York.

THE CLARET STICK

[Continued from page 15]

communication between them although neither face changed at all.

The dark young director passed a hand over his smooth black hair, and said suddenly: "Who put the curtain up?"

"Curtain?" said Jane slowly. The constable turned abruptly to join the small circle and Jim followed him, and the man Dickenson said quickly:

"Curtain, of course. It was down when I arrived, for I glanced at the stage. I didn't put it up. Who did?"

No one replied and the constable said: "What's all this about a curtain? You mean the fire curtain? It's a village ordinance that it—"

"Exactly. Of course. I know." Dickenson's interruptions were sharp and quick. "Certainly it was down. And when I came out of the office down there—" he motioned with the nervous quickness that characterized his gestures, toward the door leading to the foyer—"and walked up here, the curtain was up."

"It was you that discovered the body?"

"Of course. You know that. I told you when I telephoned for you."

"When did you know it was Mr. Cholster?"

"I—" he closed his eyes for an instant as if to recall and Susan could see a little flutter of his eyeballs under his thin dark lids—"I believe I was only aware that the curtain was up and that there was something humped up there. But I hurried up to the switchboard and turned on the lights and saw it was Mr. Cholster. I thought, of course, he'd fainted or something and ran out on the stage. And I stopped about there and knew—what had happened."

"Then what did you do?"

"I—I think I called out. Everybody else, you know, was downstairs getting ready for rehearsal. Then I ran back to the telephone in the office again. When I came out Tom and Mrs. Cholster and Adelaide were all on the stage—"

"You had the main door locked when I got here," said the constable. "How was that? When did you lock it?"

"I had locked it as soon as everybody got here. Locked it simply because we needed a good last rehearsal and if I had left the door unlocked we'd have been continually interrupted. A lot of Kittiwake residents prefer sneaking into dress rehearsal to coming around the next night and paying for their tickets."

Jim cleared his throat gently and the constable cleared his also and said politely: "Did you say something, Mr. Byrne?"

"I was only wondering," said Jim, "why you didn't use the stage entrance. It would seem more convenient."

"Well, it isn't," said the young director rather snappishly. "There's no key to the thing extant and you have to bolt it on the inside. It's bolted now."

"Then the only exit for the murderer was the door that the deputy is guarding now?"

"Yes," said Dickenson.

"And the door to the office is just at right angles to it there in the foyer, isn't it?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then you must have seen anyone entering or leaving the theater?"

"Why, I—" His quick dark eyes swept around the circle and he said: "That's what I thought when you first questioned me. But I suppose I could have been mistaken."

The constable cleared his throat again and looked at Jim, who said:

"I hope you don't mind letting me get this straight? You told the constable you arrived at the theater at about twenty minutes to eight?"

"Yes."

"You had called a dress rehearsal at eight?"

"I had said make-up at eight sharp. Rehearsal at eight-fifteen."

"Was it customary to make up for dress rehearsal?" asked Jim, Irish honey on his tongue. "I thought that was only to get used to properties—all that."

"Well," said the director hesitating, "it is. But you see—" he paused, and then

said with abrupt candor: "But you know how it is with amateurs. They like the smell of greasepaint." Dickenson stopped rather short and said: "Are you conducting this inquiry or getting a story for your paper?"

Jim said: "You unlocked the theater when you arrived?"

"Certainly. That is, I unlocked that one door."

"Who arrived next?"

"Jane—Mrs. Cholster and—Brock. They came together."

Jim turned to Jane Cholster.

"Mrs. Cholster, do you know of anything that was worrying your husband? Was he quite as usual tonight?"

"Quite," said Jane Cholster steadily.

"He was a little sleepy, owing to having been gardening most of the afternoon. If you are trying to make out that my husband had any enemies, you are wasting your time. He had none."

The constable spoke suddenly. "Now, Mrs. Cholster," he said, "you and Miss Adelaide, there, living so close to him all in the same house—and Mr. Remy the next-door neighbor—between you, you ought to be able to give some sort of helpful evidence. This murder had a motive. It wasn't an accident. And it wasn't robbery. Nothing's been taken from Mr. Cholster. You'd ought to be more helpful, Mrs. Cholster."

"But I tell you—" Jane paused to control the impatience in her voice. "I tell you there is nothing," she said. "Nothing. He was in no quarrel. He had no enemies."

"The village has it that he's a rich man."

"Not rich," said Jane. "He was no millionaire."

"Did he leave any insurance?"

"Really, Mr. Lambrikin," said Jane, the dangerous light flaring in her eyes again. "You'll have to ask our lawyer about that. I can tell you, however, that my husband was always very generous with me and with Adelaide. It is true that he controlled all the Cholster money—my money and Adelaide's inheritance, as well as his own. But he gave us anything we wanted. His will is no secret either: our own money was to revert to each of us and to each of us half of Brock's estate. I assure you that there is no motive for murder there. If either of us wanted money we had only to ask for it at any time."

"AFTER Mr. and Mrs. Cholster arrived at the theater, what happened? Did they stop to speak to you?" It was Jim again, all his Celtic grace so smoothly to the fore that even Dickenson did not question his right to inquire.

"They stopped there in the doorway and we chatted a moment. Then they said they were going down to the dressing-rooms to make up and Brock said he'd decided it would change his appearance more to an audience of townspeople if he wore a beard and he'd got one already made. He handed Mrs. Cholster his make-up box and cap and she went on into the theater while Brock showed me the beard—it's there on his chin now—and then he went on."

"I arrived next," said Tom Remy suddenly. "I stopped, too, and spoke to Dickie and then went directly through the house—up those steps and, without even glancing out on the stage, to the dressing-rooms. The stage was dark. And I do remember that the curtain was down."

"Did you see the Cholsters downstairs?"

asked the constable quickly.

"I saw Mrs. Cholster," said Tom Remy slowly. "She stood there in her dressing-room door. I spoke to her a moment and went on to my own dressing-room. But I do not believe that Mrs. Cholster left her dressing-room at all until we heard Dickie shouting for us from up here."

"Why do you think that?" said Jim.

"Because," said Tom Remy, "I could hear her voice."

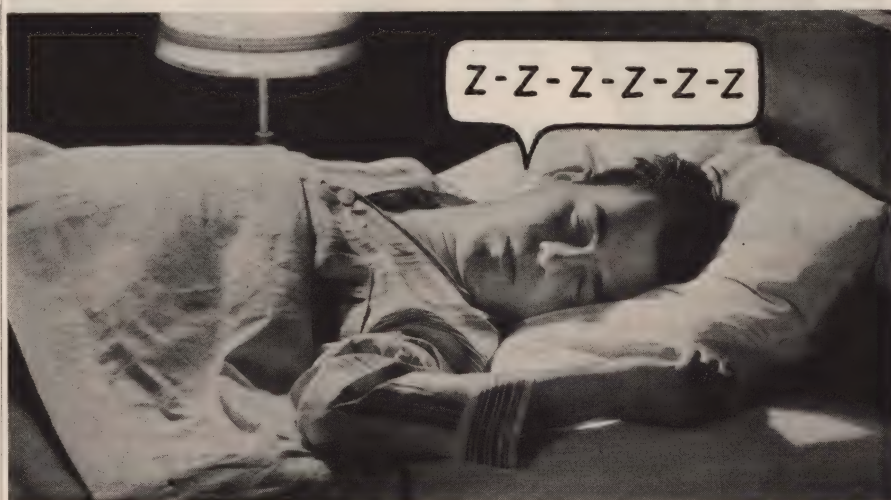
"Her voice?" cried the constable. "You mean she was talking to somebody? That would be Mr. Cholster then. Was that—"

"No," said Jane. "I was not talking to my husband. I never saw him again alive after I left him at the door of the office back there." She stopped—deliberately, Susan thought—after throwing (Turn to page 42)

At midnight he said



At One A.M. he said



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THE CLARET STICK

[Continued from page 41]

out the word "office." The constable's eyes went to Dickenson, who looked suddenly white.

Jim said: "To whom were you talking, Mrs. Cholster?"

Susan caught a tiny flame in Jane's eyes. She said: "I was rehearsing my lines."

Dickenson had got his breath.

"If you think that I killed Brock and dragged him up here to the stage you are wrong. I couldn't have lifted him. It's physically impossible."

"Maybe," said the constable. "But as to that, I don't know as any of you could have lifted him. Or struggled with him for that matter. He was easy stronger than any one of you. Any one of you—" He looked speculative and added: "Of course, two of you—"

"The wound," said Jim in a voice without any inflection at all, "was in the forehead. Somebody had to be very close to him. And directly in front of him. Therefore someone he knew and did not fear."

Jane leaped to her feet. "How dare you say such things! It is not true."

"Jane—Jane—" said Tom Remy, with again a guarded note of warning in his voice. "Look here, constable, I am sure that Mrs. Cholster was in her dressing-room downstairs from the time I arrived to the time we heard Dickie shouting for us here on the stage."

"We ain't saying Mrs. Cholster is the murderer," said the constable. "But Brock Cholster's dead, ain't he? Now then, Dickenson, you claimed that you saw everybody that entered the theater tonight."

"I thought so," he said rapidly. "But now that I've had time to think of it I realize that someone might have entered without my knowledge—"

"You said you were in the office the whole time from your arrival till everybody was here. Who came last? Miss Adelaide?"

"Yes, Adelaide. Yes, I said that in the haste of the moment when you arrived, constable. But now I realize that someone must have slipped past the office door when I wasn't looking."

"And then slipped out again after he'd murdered Brock Cholster?" inquired the constable heavily.

"Exactly," said Dickenson eagerly. "That's what must have happened. There's no other explanation."

"It's pretty late for it, Dickenson," said the constable. "And it ain't reasonable to suppose that you saw everybody else that entered the theater and were sitting right there by the door from the time you unlocked it until you locked it again, and yet the murderer got past you twice without your seeing him. No, it ain't reasonable. Now, Miss Adelaide, what's your story?"

"Why, I—I came in as Dickie said. And I went along the aisle there at the side and up those steps—just as the others did, I suppose, and then immediately down to my dressing-room. That's all I know. That is, till I heard Dickie calling for us up here on the stage and we all hurried upstairs and saw—" she gave a convulsive shudder and finished—"saw him."

"Was the curtain up when you came along the aisle?"

She blinked, hesitated and then was certain. "I don't know. I really don't know. I don't remember it at all."

"Was the stage dark?"

"Yes. Yes, it must have been."

Jim coughed lightly and the constable looked at him and Jim said: "Odd that no one heard any noise—"

"Did anyone hear a noise?" asked the constable directly.

No one replied, and the small silence grew oppressive. Again Susan was acutely conscious of the empty waiting theater, of the spaces, of the shadows, of the empty passages and rooms below them. Behind them, of course, was the balcony set with its French doors, and wings jutting out that looked like brick walls with vines over them. She glanced up and over her shoulder into what she could see of the loft. It, too, was dim in spite of lights, and hung with

great ghostly ropes that stretched hazily upward into darkness.

She wondered if anyone could conceal himself up there in the dim reaches of the loft, clinging somehow to perilous ropes, and decided that it was not possible. She did not, however, like those mysterious dark spaces above, and out in the wings.

The constable sighed and said: "Mrs. Cholster, didn't you hear anything?"

Jane Cholster moistened her lips.

"I heard nothing like—a blow," she said as if forcing out the words. "I did hear someone on the stage. Arranging it, I thought, and supposed it was Mr. Dickenson. I didn't give it much attention."

"Mr. Remy?"

"Why, I—I didn't hear anything like a blow, either. Could we have heard that?"

The constable glanced toward the heap under its covering and said: "I think you could have heard it. Did you hear anyone on the stage?"

"I don't know," said Tom Remy. "I remember thinking that Dickie was getting the stage ready, but I don't know why I thought that—must have heard some sound, I suppose. Certainly," he added, as if making amends to Dickenson, "I had no reason to think it was Dickenson except that he usually arranged the stage for us. And it was only a vague recognition of someone moving about above us. Then there was, too, a sort of rumbling sound."

"A rumbling sound—"

"That was the ventilator," said Dickenson at once. "I had turned it on—the switch is in the office—to see how it worked. It's a recent addition and wasn't made for old theaters. It makes a lot of noise here. We can only use it between acts and when the theater is empty. ; But I was not arranging the stage."

"What time was the ventilator going?"

"I don't know exactly. Around eight, I suppose."

"Did you hear anything? Anything besides the—ventilator?"

"No," said Dickenson. "Nothing. But I'd like to know who put the curtain up."

AGAIN no one spoke, and again the old theater waited. Someone behind Susan sighed; it was the little deputy. Jane Cholster was biting her lips and Adelaide was staring upward in her turn into the mysterious ghostly reaches of the fly-loft. Tom Remy blew out beige smoke and quite suddenly there was a small skittering sound. Though it was faint, everyone started.

Then Dickenson said softly: "Mice," and Adelaide screamed raggedly but softly and pulled up her feet and jerked her skirt tighter over her legs.

Mere nerves, of course. They were all terribly aware, as Susan herself was aware, that murder had walked that stage.

And the murderer was still at large—or at least still undiscovered. Which of those taut, unrevealing faces concealed murder?

Or was it possible that the search of the theater had left some dark corner unseen?

"Then some time between ten minutes till eight and ten minutes after eight the murder occurred," said the constable suddenly. "Did you say they were to put this stuff on their faces at eight, Dickenson?"

Dickenson shrugged.

"Oh—I said make-up at eight," he said. "But that doesn't mean that Brock Cholster went down to his dressing-room at exactly eight and then came up here again."

"But he was in his dressing-room at some time," pressed the constable.

"Must have been."

"And he was murdered after he was made up?"

"Well, obviously. And obviously he wasn't murdered in his dressing-room. Nobody could have got him up that stairway."

"When was your husband in his dressing-room, Mrs. Cholster?"

"I—don't know."

"You didn't hear him at all?"

"No."

"But you know Mr. Remy was there?"

It was then that the storm growing behind Jane Cholster's lambent eyes burst into fury. She rose with a lithe movement and faced the constable. (Turn to page 44)



modern wife **SHOULD know**

The

COULD NOT know

The older woman



known

The doctor has ALWAYS



WIVES of today are far better off in some respects. They live in a franker world and they have lost the timidity of their elders. "Reserve" it was called by those who had it, but the real word for it is *timidity*, just the same.

It is very refreshing to see the modern young woman go straight after any information she wants, not satisfied with vague rumors and whisperings of hearsay. Take, for instance, the intimate subjects of marriage and feminine hygiene. An older woman would have heard snips and snatches of conversation, half-truths and contradictions. But she never had the modern wife's opportunity to clear the subject up!

Poisonous antiseptics feared

Doctors have always known the dangers of poisonous antiseptics if used for feminine hygiene. Yet for many years there was no effective antiseptic, no *real germicide*, except the old-fashioned poisons like carbolic acid, for instance.

So *there* was a dilemma. Either way, the choice was discouraging.

Today, few of these poisons remain on sale, but there has appeared a new antiseptic-germicide called *Zonite*, which is *non-poisonous*, yet effective and powerful. In fact, it is far more powerful in its effect upon germs than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the human body.

A generation ago it would have seemed impossible that such an antiseptic could exist, as harmless as pure water, yet with this immense germicidal power. But it is here, available to practically every woman in America, no matter how remote from the big cities her home may be.

The action of *Zonite* is gentle and soothing. No searing effects. No hardening and desensitizing of tissue. No danger to children if they *do* happen

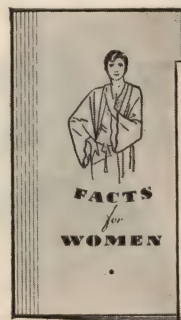
to get their hands on it! *Zonite* is *safe*.

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Zonite comes in two forms. The liquid in bottles, 30c, 60c and \$1.00; the semi-solid suppositories at \$1.00 a dozen, each sealed individually. Many women use both.

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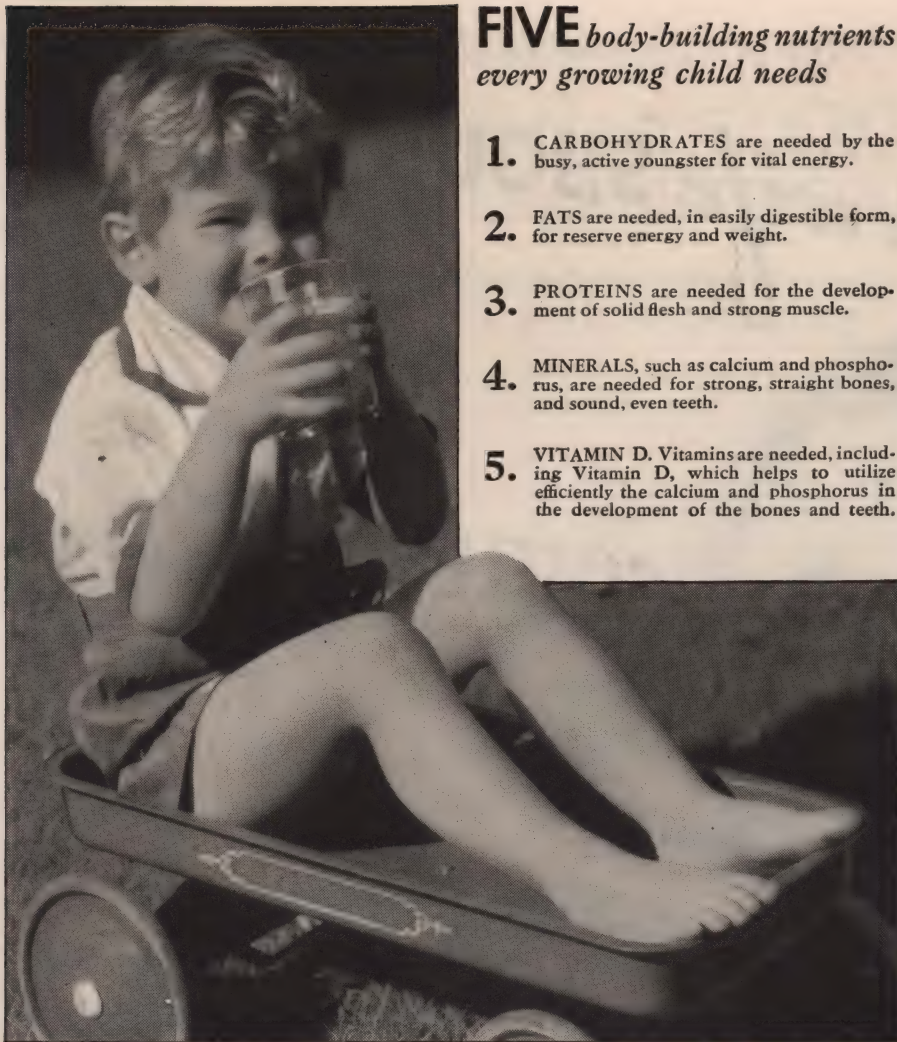
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5. **VITAMIN D.** Vitamins are needed, including Vitamin D, which helps to utilize efficiently the calcium and phosphorus in the development of the bones and teeth.

In Cocomalt your child gets these 5 important nutrients

*See how he gains
in strength and vitality!*

SOME foods are rich in carbohydrates—some contain an abundance of proteins—some provide essential minerals. But very few foods combine *all* these vital nutrients—and others even more important for sturdy growth and development.

That is why Cocomalt is so wonderfully beneficial for growing children. Mixed with milk, it produces a food-drink of high nutritional value. In this one delicious chocolate flavor drink are combined the 5 vital nutrients your child needs and *must have* to grow strong, straight, sturdy.

No false or exaggerated claims are made for Cocomalt. It is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association.

Cocomalt gives your child extra proteins, carbohydrates, food-calcium and food-phosphorus. Sunshine Vitamin D has been added to Cocomalt by special process, under license by the Wisconsin University Alumni Research Foundation.

Every cup or glass of Cocomalt, prepared according to the simple label directions, contains not less

*than 30 Steenbock (81 U. S. P. revised) units of
Sunshine Vitamin D.*

*High in food value—
economical in price*

Whatever else you give your child, be sure you give him Cocomalt and milk. Every cup or glass, prepared as directed, is equal in food-energy value to *almost two glasses of milk alone*. No wonder youngsters gain so fast—get so strong and husky—on this delicious food-drink!

We urge you to remember this: *Any hot non-stimulating drink, given at bedtime, helps to induce sound, restful sleep. By drinking hot Cocomalt at bedtime you not only invite instant and restful sleep but you also provide nature with 5 vital body-building nutrients as well.*

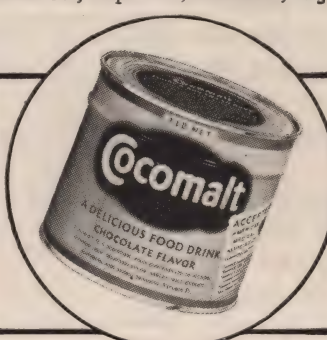
Cocomalt is sold at grocery and good drug stores in 1/2-lb., 1-lb. and 5-lb. air-tight cans. Easy to mix with milk—delicious HOT or COLD.

Special trial offer: For a trial-size can of Cocomalt, send your name and address (and 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing) to R. B. Davis Co., Dept. 5-G, Hoboken, N. J.

Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. Formulated by scientists, Cocomalt is composed of sucrose, skim milk, selected cocoa, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D.

Cocomalt

Prepared as directed, adds 70%
more food-energy to milk



THE CLARET STICK

[Continued from page 42]

"Constable," she said furiously. "This is an outrage. You are keeping us in this horrible place, frightening us—inquiring; and we have no recourse but to stay here and wait for the sheriff. But we can refuse to talk and I do so now. I will not answer another question. And I will wait for the sheriff how and where I please."

She whirled and walked off the stage, turning aside beyond the switchboard. They could hear her quick footsteps as she went down the steps leading to the outside aisle of the house.

"Hey, there," cried the constable, standing. "You can't leave."

The trim dark figure did not turn. They watched as she coolly selected a seat and sat down in it, leaning her head on her hand.

Tom Remy, Adelaide and Dickenson had risen, too, as if Jane's action had inspired them also to defiance, and were drifting toward the wings, Adelaide supported solicitously by the sleek young director.

"Well, let 'em go," said the constable to the deputy, who looked troubled. "Guess there's nothing much to do but wait for the sheriff."

"What do you think of it?" said Jim.

"Well," said the constable, "looks very much as if the deed was done around eight o'clock. Probably between eight and eighteen. I figure it took Mr. Cholster a few minutes to get that stuff on his face. Then for some reason he came back here on the stage. Mr. Remy and Mrs. Cholster sort of alibi each other, but alibis ain't always certain. Miss Adelaide didn't hardly have time to kill him without an awful lot of luck before this Dickenson fellow locked the door and came straight up to the stage. I figure it wasn't more than a minute. I—"

"What's that?" It was Dickenson beside them suddenly, and Jim said:

"The constable and I were just saying that you must have followed Miss Adelaide into the theater almost at once."

"I did. I spoke to her and she came on in and I turned off the ventilator, locked the door and followed."

"She must have put on her make-up very quickly," said Susan.

Dickenson's quick dark eyes gave her a very sharp look.

"Why, yes, I suppose she was hurrying. Probably hadn't finished when I found Cholster and called. If you're figuring whether she had time to—to kill him and then get down to her dressing-room and get make-up on, why she didn't. And I realize that that leaves me the only one without an alibi; but I didn't kill him."

The constable said something again about the uncertainty of alibis and Susan drifted away.

No one looked at the small figure in brown that unobtrusively crossed the stage, rounded the end of the set and found herself in the dim world backstage. Now Susan could see the fly-loft more clearly, though it was still a mysterious dark realm draped in a ghostly etching of ropes. Away up there were—what did they call them? Grids, was it?—great pulleys, anyway, over which the ropes passed. And nearer but still far away, flys and borders and drops and even empty battens were hanging motionless in the musty air. A theater, has, as if distilled within it, a life of its own, and Susan standing backstage, was strongly aware of that sentence. Voices drifted to her and Susan turned and made her way toward the railed stairway that descended to the dressing-rooms.

The air was colder and felt dank and the musty smells were heavier. As she reached the last step she reminded herself that the whole place had been thoroughly searched.

The narrow passage ran up and down, with doors opening from it. It was lighted, of course; they had turned on every light in the theater. The light, however, rather emphasized its dreariness. There were six dressing-rooms. Two of them were empty; the other four had, each of them, a make-up box on the table below the mirror. Susan entered swiftly one after another.

The first was probably Adelaide's, for a beige coat was flung hurriedly over the chair and the top layer of the make-up box (Susan paused to remark the extremely nice make-up box that Adelaide had chosen to supply herself with for use merely as an amateur) had been removed, as if hastily, and lay on the bare table with its sticks of greasepaint spilling. Pink powder lay open, also spilling, and a box of rouge. Susan looked carefully at the many sticks and pencils—liners, weren't they called?—and their colors and went on to the next dressing-room. It was empty except for a gray cap and a make-up box—the make-up box was open and was much like Adelaide's. Because of the cap, Susan felt reasonably certain that it was the room the dead man was supposed to have used.

The other two dressing-rooms were across the narrow passage and past an expanse of whitewashed wall and were not directly opposite the first two rooms. The first one held another handsome make-up box, identical with the other two. It was closed, but there was a towel on the table with wisps of powder on it and two or three cigaret ends and ashes were on the floor. Probably that was Jane's room, and she had apparently finished her make-up and closed the box. In the remaining room there was no make-up box at all, although on the table lay a box of tan powder, a black eyebrow liner and a stick of carmine lip paste. Tom Remy, then, used only the barest essentials. Susan pulled her loose pigskin glove over her hand and picked up the stick of lip paste. And just then something flickered in the wavy mirror before her.

Susan stared and whirled.

The doorway was bare and there was only whitewashed wall opposite. Surely there had been a motion there at the door. Surely—she put down the carmine paste and was at the door. The passage was dreary and empty.

But she realized suddenly that she could no longer hear voices from above.

Well, she had seen what she came to see. She would return. The passage, however, was rather dark. And certainly very quiet. And the door to the room that had had the gray tweed cap in it was closed.

She stopped abruptly.

She had left it open. She was sure of that.

QUITE suddenly and absurdly, she was frightened and wanted to scream. And just then there was a rustle in the room and a quick metallic click. The door swung wide and Tom Remy stood on the threshold and saw her.

He said calmly: "Oh, Miss—er—Dare. You look frightened."

"I—I didn't know you were here," said Susan.

His eyes retreated to dark, enigmatic slits and for a long moment he stood there looking at her. Then he said finally and very slowly: "Yes, I—I came down to get Miss Adelaide's coat."

"What is your profession, Mr. Remy?" She was relieved to find that her question sounded quite steady.

"I'm a painter."

"Landscapes?" inquired Susan.

"Portraits," he said. "Why?"

"There's a beige coat in the dressing room nearest the stairs," said Susan. "Did you—"

A figure emerged rather promptly from Adelaide's dressing room. It had the beige coat over its arm and was Dickenson. He looked at them and said: "I've got her coat, Tom."

"Why, I—" said Tom Remy and stopped abruptly and said: "Oh, I see."

Which was it, thought Susan, preceding the two men up the stairway, who had been watching her? And why? At the top of the stairs she paused to look at the door that was the stage entrance.

"Here, Tom," said Dickenson suddenly. "Take this coat on to Adelaide, will you? I'll—er—be there in a minute, tell her."

"All right," said Remy briefly.

"This is the stage entrance?" murmured Susan.

"Certainly. Bolted up tight. Not even the cat could get in." (Turn to page 46)

MY STOCKINGS WEAR SO LONG WITH LUX I TRIED IT FOR YOUR SOCKS —

I WONDERED WHY MY TOES WEREN'T POKING THROUGH ALL THE TIME

Cut down costly HOLES in SOCKS

Women everywhere are doing it this easy way:

Who likes to darn men's socks? Nobody does — and so women themselves discovered a way to end this constant drudgery.

"We've proved that Lux washing cuts down *stocking runs*," they say — "So now we're trying this gentle way of washing our husbands' socks, instead of rubbing them with cake soap. We find it's amazing how much longer they wear!"

Lux cuts down holes in socks for the same reason it cuts down stocking runs.

It's made to keep the threads strong, "live," *elastic*, so each thread will *give*, instead of breaking easily under strain. Two minutes a day with Lux saves money as well as tiresome mending!

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Wash after each wearing. Perspiration left in socks tends to rot the threads. Then they break easily—holes start.

Use lukewarm Lux suds. Squeeze suds gently through the socks, rinse thoroughly in lukewarm water. Hot water

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Avoid ordinary soaps with harmful alkali, and *cake-soap rubbing*. These things weaken elasticity, make the threads lifeless, apt to break under strain. Lux has no harmful al-

kali. It's especially made to *save* elasticity. Remember, anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Be sure to Lux wool socks as well as silk ones, to prevent shrinking and fading. The Lux way keeps socks perfect in fit, insures longer wear.



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Saves elasticity • Removes perspiration odor • Doubles wear

Where there's a whine there's a warning



WHEN BABY LAUGHTER turns to whining—and your simplest reprimand meets a storm of tears—don't get irritated, mother. Get worried!

For Nature often takes this way of saying: "Mother, this child isn't well!"

Don't be misled, Mother

There can be several causes for a child's complainings. It can be sour stomach, or flatulence, or acid stomach. In babies, you can often suspect it is colic due to gas. Then—it may be Nature's warning of a coming cold. Many, many times it is constipation—for child specialists warn us that this disorder affects 90% of all children—even those who are seemingly "regular."

In each of these cases, your wisest course is to give your child a laxative. But, mother, make very, very sure it is a *child's* laxative. Little systems can be painfully upset by many laxatives made for grown-ups.

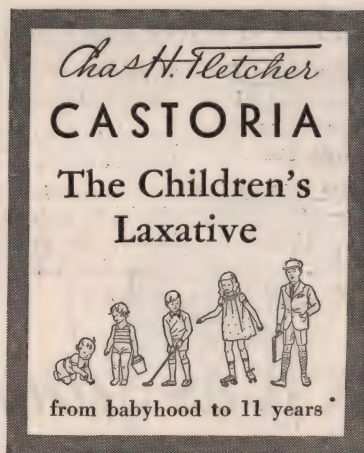
Give Fletcher's Castoria

Fletcher's Castoria is a safe, gentle laxative—made especially for children, from babyhood to 11 years. Unlike castor oil and other harsh laxatives, it does not become an irritant in the bowels in order to increase their action. It gently stimulates.

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THE CLARET STICK

[Continued from page 44]

"Of course," said Susan. "I see." She looked at the bolt, then lifted it and put her gloved hand on the under side of the heavy latch. The door opened and night air swept in and a stalwart figure loomed out of the darkness beyond.

"Hey, there," it said truculently. "Shut that door and stay in there, miss."

"Well-guarded," said Dickenson. His thin lips smiled, but his eyes looked worried and Susan let the bolt fall back into place. He turned as she turned and walked toward the stage beside her.

"That," said Susan, "is of course the switchboard?" She indicated the panel set into the wall.

He nodded. "Here's the signal for the asbestos curtain," he volunteered. "It's the only curtain or drop in the theater that's controlled by an electric switch. The rest of these are lights."

She walked out on the stage. Jane Cholster was still sitting coolly in the seat she had chosen. Tom Remy was bending over her and both were talking.

Adelaide, wrapped now in her beige coat, was sitting near them, staring at nothing.

Away at the back, the constable was having a conference with the deputy on guard at the door. The other deputy—Dunc—was sitting on the stage looking thin and disconsolate. Jim was nowhere to be seen.

Susan approached the deputy, and he sprang up with a startled look and put his hand on his revolver. Dickenson was watching her from the wings with steady knowing black eyes. She said in a low voice to the deputy: "Have any of those people down there moved about the theater much?"

"Huh?" He had pale blue eyes which opened in surprise. "No, I guess not. That is, Tom Remy went downstairs a few minutes ago. And this young Dickenson fellow, too."

"Which one first?"

"Dickenson, I think."

Susan said slowly: "I believe that one of them is going to try to hide something. Something that's important. Do you—"

"Sure! I get it! I'll watch every move they make." His eyes had lighted up and her tone must have carried conviction for he did not question her, which was as well, for Dickenson was crossing the stage to her side. She turned toward the French doors and again he turned with her, followed her as she went through them and stopped when she stopped.

Furniture for a drawing-room was crowded in the space between the two sets. A light couch, several chairs, a table.

"It's for the second act," said Dickenson watching her. Curious, said something in the back of Susan's mind, how quickly we are removed from the deputy—from the people sitting out there in the house. It's almost as if we were entirely alone. She moved a little away from the slender, dark figure but he moved also. She was acutely conscious of his dark eyes, and of his shoulder all but touching her own as she bent closer to scrutinize the couch.

"They looked here for a weapon, I suppose," she said.

"Yes, I—I think so."

She moved around the couch and he followed her. She was aware of his silent graceful tread behind her as she walked out into the wings again and around behind the second act set. She was plunged at once into a dark world of empty spaces that seemed, somehow, not empty. She looked up again into the shadowy loft.

Against the dark old wall and about thirty feet above the stage was a small wooden platform. Narrow wooden steps led upward to it, and ropes from away overhead dropped in long taut lines to its railing. . . . Susan turned toward it, and the man at her side said suddenly:

"See here, you aren't going up in the fly-gallery, are you?"

"Why not?" said Susan, wondering what he would say.

"Well, it's—it's against union rules, you know. Nobody but stage crew is permitted

up there. And—and then there must be two men; I mean to manipulate the ropes, you know. It's—rather dangerous. Nearly had an accident myself once—fellow let down what looked like an empty rope, not realizing it held a weight. Came very near to hitting me. Since then, believe me, I warn my casts to stay away from the gallery. These amateurs—I say, what in the world do you want to go up there for? There's nothing there."

He wasn't as quick-witted as somehow she had expected him to be; otherwise his objections would have been more forceful.

She put her hand on the railing of the steps and was glad it was there, for Susan has never liked a ladder or anything remotely resembling it.

"Union rules aren't applying tonight," she said lightly, and started upward.

It was not a pleasant climb. The steps were very narrow and very steep and she was altogether too acutely aware that she was still following her. Step by step, just there below her heels. Oh, well—she could always call out to the people below. That is, if there were need. But she rather wished she had waited for Jim.

And when she reached the small gallery it seemed very much farther to the floor of the stage than the same distance had seemed looking up. She closed her eyes against a momentary dizziness and clung to the heavy railing.

"If you're looking for clues," said Dickenson's suave voice at her side, "there's nothing at all here. Don't you think you'd better go down again? I can't have you fainting on my hands up here."

Susan opened her eyes.

"I'm not fainting," she said. "What are these things called?" She touched one of a line of long wooden pegs fastened along the railing, from which extended the ropes.

"Pins," he said briefly. "Ropes pass over those pulleys up there and are looped in a half-hitch around these. Holds them. It takes an expert to manipulate these things. The flies and drops are very heavy, you know. The new theaters have everything controlled by electricity. It's grand when you get in a place like that." His eyes slid toward her face and he said: "I shouldn't dare to work one of these myself; though, of course, I've done it now and then in rehearsals. But the weight is much heavier than you'd think. Knew of a fellow once that got his ankle twisted in one of the coils, the thing got away from him and he was carried clear up to the grids—an eighty foot drop below." He looked at her more fully and said very slowly and markedly: "It's very dangerous."

He knows that I know, thought Susan.

SHE looked downward. The back part of the stage was spread out below her as if it were on a platter. But the exterior set and the border above it cut off, except for a band of brighter light, a view of the deputy and of the seats. There were people near—yet no one to be seen. And no one knew where she was.

It looked a long distance to the floor below. How easy an accident would be—how easy a slip and a fall!

It was just then that she saw the loops of rope. The loops that were not quite like those other loops—the loops that were irregular and lacked entirely the sureness that marked those about the other pins. For her life she could not have refrained from putting out her hand and clutching the rope above that pin.

"Look out," said Dickenson in a swift hard voice.

Susan was looking upward through the dimness of the loft. It was dust that made it so dim—a lazy fog of dust hanging up there, moving in its own mysterious course. What did that rope support in the midst of the masking dusk?

Dickenson's hands, like steel, were on her own. "Stop that," he said. And then Susan knew that someone was moving on the floor below. It was a small figure in a beige coat and it looked up and said: "Dickie. Dickie, darling, what are you doing?"

Susan could feel Dickenson's muscles jerk at the sound of Adelaide's voice. But

he did not relinquish his grip, although he called out in a strange voice:

"Go back to Jane, Adelaide. And stay there. Go on—"

But Adelaide, too, was staring upward into the purple fog of dust. Susan, fascinated, watched her small face become rigid and her eyes become fixed and black and horrified.

"Dickie—" screamed Adelaide and turned blindly and fell in a huddled queer heap.

Dickenson released Susan's hands and was climbing down the steps. The deputy reached Adelaide first and then Jane came hurrying from somewhere, and Tom Remy followed. By the time they had moved Adelaide to the couch and pushed things about to give her air, the constable and Jim were there, too.

Susan clung to the railing and watched. The figures below were foreshortened and queer, but every word floated up to her ears.

So that was the weapon. But what was the motive?

Her knees were unsteady and she glanced at the steep narrow steps at her side and did not want to undertake that descent. It was always easier to climb a ladder than to go down it again. Jim, below, was looking for her.

She whistled softly and he saw her, though no one else looked away from the couch where Adelaide was lying. His eyes looked relieved and he walked directly under the gallery and said softly:

"Come down."

Susan looked at the ladder-like steps again and shook her head. "Can't."

He started to speak, stopped and decided to join her. Her breath began to come more evenly as she watched his gray shoulders come nearer and nearer.

He emerged on to the gallery and said rather grimly: "I was looking for you."

"And high time," said Susan unsteadily. "Take a girl for a ride, plunge her into murder, and leave her there, scared half to death."

"Nonsense," said Jim simply. "See here, Susan, what do you make of all this? And why did that woman down there faint?"

"Because I know what the weapon was that killed Brock Cholster," said Susan. "And she knows, too."

"Weapon?" said Jim.

Susan looked at the couch and then upward again into the purple dusk.

"Jim," she said slowly. "I'm going to put myself in the place of the murderer for a moment. And I want you to listen. Suppose I want to murder Brock Cholster—perhaps have wanted to for a long time, or perhaps quite suddenly want to more overwhelmingly than I have ever wanted to before. Suppose I come up on the stage and the asbestos curtain is down and thus no one can see and for some reason I stop there and discover that Cholster is there, too. That he is sleepy and drowsy, for he's been gardening all day—that he is lying at full length on the couch down there."

"Susan—"

"Wait. I stand there perhaps and look at him and hate him. Hate him as I've never done before. Hate him until it is almost insupportable. For he stands in the way of something I must have. And I wish that he were dead. But the wish isn't enough to kill him and perhaps it's accident—or perhaps it's some memory of danger from above that makes me look upward. And way up there, hanging like a sword of Damocles I see a weapon—wait, Jim, don't talk—"

"It's hanging there as if it were waiting for me. And it looks as if Cholster has actually chosen to put himself directly under it—as if fate itself were offering the weapon ready for my hand. I look at it and think only of that weapon at last ready for me and that no one will know—or dream of looking up there. There isn't much time so I hurry up to this gallery. And I find the rope that holds that weight. So I—I let down the rope—slowly perhaps until I discover that it is actually, as it looked from

down there, directly above his head. And when I'm sure of that I let it fall. Heavily."

She stopped and this time Jim did not offer to speak. He was staring upward and his face looked white and grim. He said finally: "And then what?"

"Then," said Susan. "I jerk the thing up again. I loop the rope hurriedly around this pin. I hurry down the steps. He is dead—and the thing is done. Suddenly the nervous tension of that awful emotion collapses and I am terrified. How can I hide my own part in what has happened? How can I confuse things—make them seem different—somehow change things? The lack of a weapon will lead suspicion away from the people now in the theater and thus from myself. Fortunately he is on the couch and the couch—Jim, you remember the rumbling sound they heard?"

JIM looked at her. "The ventilator?"

"Perhaps it was going, too, but the sound of someone arranging the stage was the sound of that light couch being pushed across the stage. (It's got casters and would move readily; I looked to be sure.) It would not be difficult to pull the body off the couch, and return the couch to its place. And as the body lay when it was discovered, there was nothing but proscenium and ceiling above it, for it was far out over the footlights. It was simple enough to put up the asbestos curtain and thus allow the body to project beyond the curtain line."

Jim shook his head slowly.

"But the murderer couldn't have known that Cholster would be exactly there."

"The murderer didn't know! Of course, he didn't know. That's the key to the whole affair. The crime wasn't planned at all. All that stored-up hatred didn't, perhaps, even reach the point of murder until the murderer saw the man and the weapon. Victim and weapon together, at a time when for some reason the murderer was worked up to a frenzy—all three combined like chemicals and produced murder."

Susan's grave low voice came to a stop. In the silence, she could hear the crisp flap of a newspaper with which Jane was fanning Adelaide and the murmur of Tom Remy's voice speaking to Dickenson.

Jim sighed and said very soberly and deliberately:

"I believe you're right, Sue. The weight will show it under analysis. And of course, if it didn't come exactly over his head it would have been a simple matter to fasten the rope, run down to him without waking him and swing the thing so that it—accomplished its purpose. The weight itself isn't much but the momentum makes it deadly. Yes, Sue, I think you're right. But any one of them could have done it. Who had a motive?"

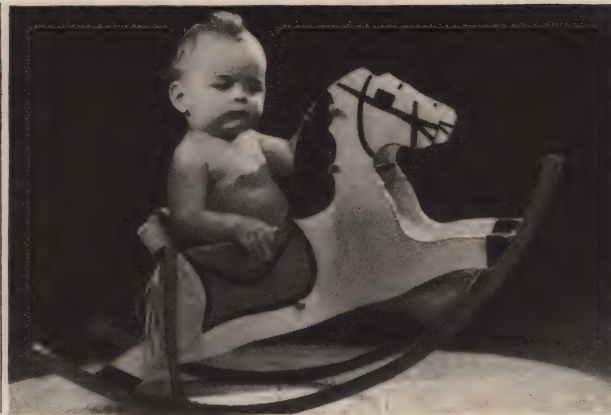
"The motive must have been actually desire," said Susan slowly. "Desire so strong that it produced a smoldering, gathering hatred. All ready to be lashed into frenzy. But I don't know—" She paused, wishing she could seek objectively instead of subjectively through all those currents of feeling and motives and consciousness that are handily put together and labeled personality. Or character. Jim was more reasonable and more definite than she was; she could only push out blind tentacles of something that was perilously like intuition.

"I don't know," she said sadly, "what that lashing was."

Jim said thoughtfully: "Revenge might come into it. A grudge. The constable says Cholster had really a wicked temper. Town gossip has it that he was nothing short of a tyrant in his own home."

"Does the constable's knowledge extend to Jane Cholster's reaction?"

"I asked about that. He knew of nothing, except that she was a bit high-handed. But if there was trouble between them, the constable hadn't heard of it. Oh, by the way, Sue—this young Dickenson isn't altogether honest in his (Turn to page 48)



● "Ooops, Dobbin! Steady, boy!—Never felt more like a nice snappy canter. Those Johnson's powder rub-downs my Mother's been giving me certainly keep me rarin' to go!—Bet I could handle Man-o'-War! Giddap!"



● "We're off in a cloud of dust—He's got the bit in his teeth, and does he pull!—Run, Dobbin, old boy!—I can handle you! What grand exercise this is!—I'm tingling hot and glowing already!"



● "Whoa, Dobbin—good boy! Enough's enough—and it certainly takes an athlete to manage that nag!—Hoo-hoo, Mother! Your gentleman jockey's dying for his tub and Johnson's Baby Powder rub!—But first, listen—all you baby athletes—"



● "Ask your Mother 'pretty please' to test different baby powders between her finger-tips. She'll find some are gritty—but not Johnson's! It's soft and fine clear through! Hasn't any orris-root or zinc stearate in it either!"

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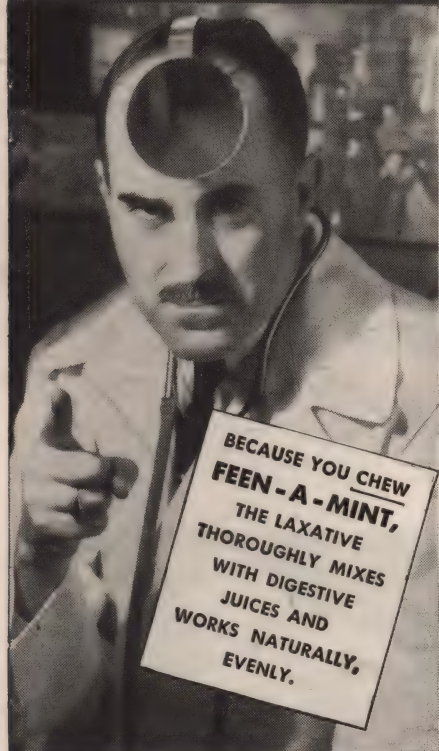
Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY

COVER NOTE: The cover, by Dynevor Rhys, young American artist living in Paris, shows a hat and dress, in dark red linen, from Mainbocher. The crown of the hat fits tightly to the head, with bows of the linen around the edge. A collar-cape is draped over the left shoulder, the front and rear halves buttoning only part way. White linen gloves and a star sapphire ear clip complete this smart and simple ensemble.

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FEEN-A-MINT is delicious to take—it has a fresh, minty flavor...It is non-habit-forming...A modern laxative for people of today.

Don't take chances with ordinary laxatives—Heed the doctor's advice.

I CERTAINLY LIKE
FEEN-A-MINT'S
DELICIOUS FLAVOR
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A DIFFERENCE IN THE
SMOOTH WAY THE
LAXATIVE WORKS.



Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

THE CLARET STICK

[Continued from page 47]

statement about what he was doing back there in the office. He was actually talking over long distance."

"Talking!"

"Exactly. To some woman. I went back to telephone my story. Had to make a long distance call and the girl asked if I wanted the charge reversed again. I said, 'Again?' and she said, 'Oh, I thought it was Mr. Dickenson. You're at the Majestic, aren't you?' (The Majestic, dear Susan, is the name of this theater.) It took only a minute or two to get it out of her. At ten minutes to eight o'clock he was talking to a girl in Springfield. It lasted only a few minutes, so it isn't an alibi. And from what central, who obligingly listened in, says, it was an extremely loving conversation. Why are you looking so queer?"

"Queer?" said Susan vaguely. "Oh—nothing. Except that there's the weapon, you see. And the murderer. And—odd, isn't it, if that telephone conversation hadn't taken place there would have been no murder."

"What—"

"Oh, yes, of course. It couldn't have been any other way. But—oh, look—look, Jim, quick—down there! See, she's becoming conscious again. She's opening her eyes—she's looking—she's remembering."

Jim, watching, saw the figure in the beige coat stir, sit upright and fumble suddenly at the bottom of the coat.

Susan was leaning forward, her face white and her eyes frightened.

"Quick, Jim, get the coat. Somehow—anyhow—"

After all, she did not even remember going down that narrow, steep flight of steps. She didn't know either what Jim said to the others. She only knew that he thrust the coat into her hands.

The pockets were empty. But she found it in the bottom of the coat between the lining and the soft beige wool. She worked the small hard object up until it emerged from a torn bit of the lining of a pocket and was in her fingers.

"What are you doing?" demanded Jane Cholster. Her face was pasty gray and her eyes blazing.

Susan did not reply. Instead she crossed the stage and Jim was beside her when she knelt there at the body. It was he who thrust Tom Remy out of the way when he would have snatched at the thing that Susan held. Somebody—the constable it was—seized Remy and held him struggling and the guard at the door and the little deputy were both running toward them.

Then Susan covered the face again.

"What—" said Jim. "Who did it?"

Susan felt ill and wished she had never heard of Kittiwake. She said to Jane: "Did you put the make-up box and cap in his dressing-room?"

"Yes, of course," said Jane slowly. "I left it open and ready for him."

"You knew that he objected," said Susan after a long moment. "You knew he refused."

"God forgive me," said Jane suddenly looking old and tired. "I knew—I think we all knew—"

Susan nodded to Jim. "I wasn't sure," she said, "until Mrs. Cholster admitted it just now. That is, I wasn't sure of the motive. The rest of it was terribly simple."

She held out her hand toward the constable. "Here it is," she said. "The lipstick that was used on his mouth by the murderer."

"Lip—" said the constable and after a long time added: "stick." And away at the back someone was suddenly pounding on the doors—pounding so loud that the sound echoed in waves that all but submerged those on the stage.

The constable turned to the deputy.

"Open the door for the sheriff," he said.

The group moved and wavered. The sound and motion left Jim and Susan for a moment as if on a small remote island.

"Are you sure?" said Jim.

Susan nodded. "The face was made up for only one motive, and that had to be to

give the impression that it had been made up before the murder; thus that the murder had been done after, approximately, eight o'clock—the time set for make-up. Therefore, it must have been done before eight or thereabouts. Therefore it had to be done by someone who was here at eight—Dickenson—Jane—Tom Remy."

"Wait. How do you know the face was made up by the murderer?"

"There was no powder on it and no cream. That would have been put on first. And the lipstick on his mouth was not matched in color or in quality by any of the lip paste in the make-up boxes downstairs. Of course, there were a hundred places to hide the lipstick. But it was not hidden till too late."

The pounding stopped and there was a sound of voices—inquiring, explaining.

Jim glanced over Susan's shoulder and said tersely: "Go on. Quick."

"Well, then—since the murder wasn't planned, there must be inconsistencies—things that changed somehow in the very act of being done. Blunders. I tried again to follow what I should have done in the murderer's place: frantic, trying to confuse things again—changing the position of the body, putting on the beard—Cholster had it there in his hand probably and it must have suggested that attempt at make-up. Yet there was no time to open a make-up box and do it thoroughly. Besides the powder would have spilled. The beard and lipstick were enough, anyway."

"Yes—yes—"

"Well, then, I would have turned and—passed the switchboard and put up the asbestos curtain—perhaps, as I said before, so the body could be dragged out near the footlights, perhaps merely from that frantic blind desire to confuse, to make things opposite to what they had been. I don't know. But after that I would have gone down to the dressing-room. And on the way I would have passed the stage entrance. And I would have known suddenly of another change—of another inconsistency. That I could walk out that door, wait outside for a few moments, walk slowly around to the front of the theater, enter again and—this time—be very sure that I was seen by the man in the office. Then in going down to the dressing-room again I could bolt that door again, on the inside as it had been."

JIM's eyes looked dark and shining. The confused voices of sheriff and men were coming closer.

Jim said, whispering: "Adelaide."

"No one else entered after eight o'clock. If she had had time to plan she wouldn't have made up Cholster. But she was frantic, excited, obliged to snatch at defense. This time she snatched at an alibi. Dickenson discovered the murder only a moment or two after her arrival. But it was her second arrival. He really hadn't seen her at first. He was too intent on the girl in Springfield probably."

"But the motive?"

"Remember Cholster controlled her money and thus actually controlled her. He was tyrannical and violent-tempered. It seemed to me that her sobs were more frightened petulance than sorrow. And that she was much more concerned about Dickenson than anything else. That's what I meant and what Jane meant when she replied. Probably Dickenson talked marriage: Cholster objected; refused to give Adelaide money that was rightfully her own; and Dickenson—I don't suppose he wanted her without money."

"And then she heard the telephone conversation—"

"Yes," said Susan soberly. "She entered the theater and heard that. And jealousy—rage—the fury of a woman who sees the only thing she wants denied her (a vain woman, clutching at youth)—all of it swept to a climax. She walked up to the stage and saw Cholster lying there asleep. And at the same instant saw a weapon for her vengeance and for her release hanging there over his head."

"It's her lipstick?"

"Yes. It was in her coat pocket; that's why she sent for her coat. Jane uses none.

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Adelaide does and you can see a smear of it on her lips now. It's called claret—a rather soft crimson. Any woman would note the exact shade. And Tom Remy saw it, too. He was looking in Cholster's make-up box to see if there was a stick of lip paste of that shade of soft crimson. And without the odor of greasepaints. But then," said Susan slowly, "perhaps they all knew in their hearts who did it—and why. Jane admitted that. And—for proof there are

fingerprints on the bolt of the stage door where Adelaide had to touch it." The sheriff reached the footlights and stopped. Without looking Susan could see the group at the other side of the stage. "So," said the sheriff, "there's a murder here." Jim's hand touched Susan's shoulder. "The car's outside at the corner where we left it. Go on and wait for me there."

He was last seen in the shadowy old French quarter of Chicago, "The Man Who Was Missing." And Susan Dare, to help the girl who loves him, pursues his trail, in a new mystery next month

NINETEEN JEWELS

[Continued from page 13]

"Yes. It's gone completely haywire."
"More than a minute?"
"Yes. Much more. It's lost eleven minutes since yesterday at noon."
"Oh, no!" he said, and then he blushed. His neck and forehead and ears turned brick-red under the golden color of his skin, up to the roots of his wheat-colored hair. "I'm sorry, but—you checked it?"
"By Naval Observatory time."
"Please," he said, "let me have it. I can't understand. This never happened when my father regulated it?"
"No. Never."
"Leave it with me a week."
"A week! Oh, dear," said Lisa. "I hate being without it."
"I know. Perhaps—I have a very accurate watch here, a very fine Swiss watch which was never claimed. If you would please take that—"
From the small safe at the back of the shop, he brought her a fat round watch with a hunting case; a bright round lid of gold hid its face. It hung on a pin in the shape of a bowknot.
"Thank you," Lisa said. Solemnly she pinned it on her dress. She wanted very much to giggle. Surely even he must think it looked funny, this fat school-teacherly watch, this forty-year old watch pinned on Lisa's dress which had come into being under Vionnet's eyes just before the fall openings. This watch should have hung on a capacious bosom. It was superlatively out of place on the sheer black which veiled Lisa's young breasts.
But old Mr. Heffner's big blond son didn't laugh. He looked troubled, not amused.
In a week Lisa was back. She put her bag and gloves on the counter, unclasped her silver foxes, unbuttoned her coat, unhooked the bowknot pin from the cobweb lawn of her blouse, and handed the fat gold watch to the young man. The furs lay soft and beautiful on the counter. The perfume blended for Lisa by an old Syrian in a small shop near the Jardin Royal clung to the furs, scented the air about Lisa and about the son of O. Heffner, watch-maker.
"It was one screw," he said. "Very small. It must have worked loose. I must have been careless. Now it will be all right. I am very sorry. I hope to serve you again."
"Oh, surely," Lisa said. "Accidents will happen. Will you put it on for me?"
"Yes." He clasped it around her small wrist. His big hands on which gold hair shone, were surprisingly deft. "Remember, if there is any trouble, don't hesitate—"
"I won't," Lisa said.
That was Friday. It was late on Wednesday afternoon when Lisa came back again—nearly six o'clock. Lights were blossoming on the street, studding the black walls of buildings. O. Heffner's son was putting his watches away in the safe.
The jangling bell and his question, "There is something wrong again?" and her "You got me into real trouble this time," all ran together, but Lisa's rapid speech, her excitement, won out over the jangling of the bell, over his anxiety.
"I was to meet my father at his office. He was going to drive me out. This darn

little watch was ten minutes slow, and I've missed him. There isn't another train till seven-ten. I'll be late for dinner. He'll be furious. It seems a funny thing to me that your father never had the slightest difficulty regulating my watch and ever since—"
"Please," he said. "Oh, please!" He looked like a large beautiful dog. A golden collie who has been caned. "It's possible that that one little screw has worn—the threads. This time I will replace it with a new one."
"Yes, that's all right, and you're very willing to do it over and over, but what am I going to do about father? You—"
"I have a car," he said. "I drive to Leonia every night. I would be only—I mean if—I don't wish—but if you'd let me."
"Come on," Lisa said. "Let's get started. I live in East Welliston. Father's a perfect cobra about punctuality."
The Ford was four years old and dusty. The young man drove with frantic skill. El pillars and street-cars were like the wands and ribands of a country dance, about which he and the Ford performed intricate figures at high speed.
The Fifty-Ninth Street bridge was a curve of light over the twilight-misted river. On the bridge, traffic fettered their noisy speed.
Lisa was leaning back. She moved near him. Her small head, with its copper-colored wings of hair docilely framing the ivory oval of her face, was near his large shoulder.
"I want to say something," she said.
"Yes?" He bent his head, looking closely at her.
"I've been monkeying with that watch." Her voice was small.
"You mean you—"
"Yes. The tip of a nail file. I unloosened that screw, because I—don't be very mad, please—I wanted to see you again. I wanted you to drive me home tonight."
"You mean you loosened that screw on purpose so you could come to the shop?"
"Yes," she said.
He laughed then, throwing back his head. He was a different person. All his ponderous gravity was gone. "Oh," he said, "I'm so happy! That makes me so happy!"
"You are really?"
"Really? If you knew—if you only knew how I felt!"
Lisa smiled, too. Happily. The quality of contentment which belongs to a cat whose fur is deeply warmed by the sun, was in that smile. "How did you feel?"
"My father was the finest watch-maker in New York. All the big jewelers came to him with watches which they couldn't repair. He was a real Old Country craftsman. He taught me, I told you, since I was small. But all at once I was—you could say—plunged into the business. I was afraid. I kept saying all the time: 'You're not the watch-maker your father was.' But I managed. It got so I wasn't afraid any more. Then you brought me your watch. I did my best. I worked hard. It wasn't right. Again and again, 'Here's my first real test,' I said, 'and I have fallen down.' Only last night I wrote to my fiancée in Switzerland and told her I thought I would never be a real watch-maker. And all the time, you were using a nail file. Oh, now everything is all right and I am so happy!"

Greatest of all
Kotex inventions

★THE 1934 WONDERSOFT KOTEX

- 1 sides cushioned in downy cotton to eliminate chafing.
- 2 holds its shape—no more discomfort from twisting.

KOTEX scientists, with the help of a Consumers' Testing Board of 600 women, have created in the 1934 Wondersoft Kotex... the perfect sanitary pad. The sides are cushioned in downy cotton to relieve troublesome chafing, yet the center of the pad is left free to perform its important work instantly, without hindrance. It holds its shape. There is no discomfort from twisting and turning. And every vital Kotex feature prized by women is retained.

Third exclusive Kotex patent

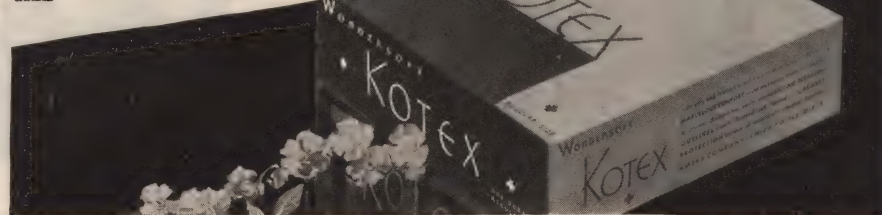
★ Three times in two years Kotex improvements earned U. S. Patent protection. **First**—rounded, tapered ends that make protection non-detectable. **Second**—the famous Equalizer, that controls lengthwise absorption and increases efficiency. Now the **third** and greatest improvement—the new 1934 Wondersoft Kotex.

The Wondersoft pad is exactly the same in width, length, thickness as the old. It has the Equalizer and it has the tapered ends, as before. In addition the sides of Wondersoft Kotex are skilfully cushioned to give greater comfort than ever. There is no other sanitary pad like this new Wondersoft Kotex.

A new package for your protection

The Wondersoft Kotex package is new in shape, color and design. It no longer looks like a box of sanitary napkins. Ask for Wondersoft Kotex in Regular or Super (extra thickness) at your dealer's today. Both are priced alike—at the new low standard price of 20c... Obtainable in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Company.

★ 3 exclusive Kotex features that positively cannot be copied because all three are protected by U. S. Patents. You will be disappointed if you accept something "just as good."
Illustration and text copy. 1934, Kotex Co.



"To Your Health.." July Babies



Schumann-Heink on the Air!
World's best-loved mother;
world's best-loved singer!
Every Sunday, NBC Blue
Network. See local papers
for time.

—AND DID YOU KNOW

Your Birthstone is THE RUBY
Your Birth Flower is THE WATER LILY
and these other famous people were born in July, too:
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE • STEPHEN C. FOSTER
ADMIRAL DAVID G. FARRAGUT • JOHN PAUL JONES
JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER • CALVIN COOLIDGE
GEORGE M. COHAN • BOOTH TARKINGTON
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS • ELIAS HOWE • MARY BAKER
EDDY • GEORGE SAND and CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN

WHAT an imposing list of famous birth-fellows you July babies have! Maybe some day you'll be just as famous as they are—even more famous!

But that's in the future. The first thing you've got to do is get big and strong and learn to walk and talk.

And getting big and strong is where Gerber's come in.

Not right now, but in just a few months you'll be demanding—yes, actually demanding—your quota of good, healthful, full-of-vitamins strained vegetables.

And listen, July Babies, when that time comes, whisper in mother's ear that you want Gerber's. Because they're the best you can possibly get. On account of special Gerber processing—cooking with oxygen excluded—those valuable vitamins are retained in high degree. Gerber's also have full measure of important mineral salts.

First, Gerber's strained starting cereal—then Gerber's famous eight strained vegetables—those are the foods that are going to help you grow big, strong, sturdy and healthy.

And besides being better for you they save your mother work—and besides saving her work they save her money too.

So—even though she'd work every hour for you, and even though she'd spend all her money on you, she doesn't have to.

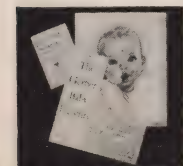
But more important—
"If Gerber's are Better for Baby isn't that all any mother needs to know?"

Your Store's Baby Department

When you see the Gerber 9-can display in a store, you'll know that dealer is carrying the best foods he can for your baby; you'll know he has the finest qualities in other good things for babies, too. So when you go shopping, look for the Gerber display.



Gerber's 9 Strained Foods for Baby D-7



GERBER PRODUCTS CO.
FREMONT, MICH.
(In Canada: Grown and
Packed by Fine Foods of
Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.)
Please send me free copy of
"Mealtime Psychology,"
by Dr. Lillian B. Storms.
(Enclose 10c if you would
like birth-month data for each month and a
picture of the Gerber Baby, ready for framing.)

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

KEEPING UP AND MAKING UP

[Continued from page 36]

both sets of nails presentable the year round. Give identical and impartial care to the twenty tips of your twenty digits.

Daily Nail Care

There are a few general rules to follow when giving yourself a manicure or pedicure. The first has to do with the cuticle. If you push back with your fingers (and a towel or tissue, if you like) the cuticle of each of your twenty nails each day after bathing, you will have small use for a manicure scissors on the skin about the finger nails. You never touch the cuticle about the toe nails with anything except your fingers (covered or bare) or a cotton-swathed orange stick. While you will undoubtedly want oval tips for your finger nails, try no fancy styles in toe nail shaping. Filing or clipping to follow the natural line of the toe is a sensible way to avoid ingrown penalties. In cleansing about or under either set of nails, use only your old friend the cotton-tipped orange stick. With these few reminders, let's begin:

1. Remove the old polish with one of the new oily polish removers which are equally soothing to nail and to long-enduring cuticle.
2. With an emery board (unless you insist on a slim flexible steel file) shape each finger nail tip into the ovals good taste approves. File evenly across for toe nails.
3. Apply a cotton-tipped orange stick, dipped in cuticle remover, about each nail, work gently at base and sides. Shape the cuticle outlining the nail to a smooth oval. If the cuticle about the finger nail is jagged, clip it away firmly with a nail clip or manicure scissors.
4. Cleanse under each nail with an antiseptic nail bleach. A fresh wad of cotton tips the orange stick for this purpose. Then thoroughly wipe under each nail with dry cotton.
5. Scrub each finger or toe separately in softened water and a bland soap. Wipe dry.
6. Apply one of the new liquid polishes or a paste or dry polish, as you prefer. It is well when using the liquid polish on the toe nails to place a bit of cotton between each toe. It holds them apart and protects the polish until it dries. Buff well with a firm chamois-covered buffer.
7. Smooth a good cuticle oil or salve around each nail. Massage it into both nail and cuticle.
8. Massage the hand or foot with a hand cream, shaping each finger-tip or toe-tip. Wipe off the excess—then look at the effect. You should be pleased. Such care creates nails that anyone would be proud to own.

Chic New Polishes

To assist in avoiding brittle nails, frequently change the polish. Renew it, too, so that your nails may harmonize with your costume. Fashion says nail polishes must be lighter-hued this summer. They

look cooler. Shades of pale rose, seashell pink, bittersweet, natural, moonstone, and champagne are chic. Younger women though, who like their skin darker than the new café au lait, may go in for such deeper tones as poppy and geranium reds, mahogany, burnt orange, mulberry and burgundy.

No matter which you choose, be in tune with the new color "sets." Remember the foursomes I mentioned a few paragraphs before? These highlights allow no favoritism among themselves. Reliably blended liquid powders, sun creams and make-up lotions go with each quartette.

"Better than a Facial"

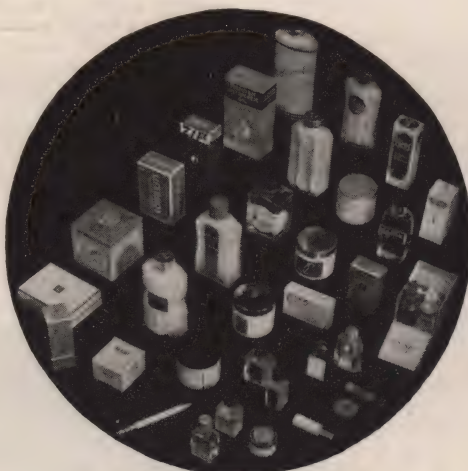
The new low-heel sandals make visiting the chiropodist less necessary, so true are they to the foot's anatomical make-up. Soles have full width; toes have lots of room; sensible heels keep the body weight where it belongs; insteps have elasticity. Upon initiating your first pair, however, guard against pain in the Achilles tendon from this switch from tippy heels to flat. Massage this tendon at back of heel night and morning with a cooling foot cream or foot ice. Feet enjoy such attentions as soakings in hot water and deodorant soap; swabbings with cotton soaked in face tonic, ice-cold from the refrigerator; massages with cooling oil; dustings with fragrant talcum; freshenings with pleasant, ice-box-chilled deodorant paste. They want to be fitting frames for the well-dressed toe. And I've heard it said that such loving care of the feet sometimes does more for resting and refreshing the face than a facial!

A pumice stone smoothes rough spots on the soles of the feet. Calluses soaked in softened hot water readily yield to it. Corns and bunions may be less painful through the use of the antiseptic plasters now on the market.

Just one thing more: if you want your fingers and toes to look longer, more tapering, especially at night, rouge them delicately on the sides. It does the trick.

CANDIDA

SHOPPING LIST—MANICURING AND PEDICURING AIDS: Kits: Cutex, Glazo, Barbara Gould, Peggy Sage. Cuticle Removers, Oily Polish Removers: Cutex, Glazo. Cuticle Oil: Coty, Cutex, Glazo. Cuticle Cream: Gladys McCune. Nail Bleach: Harriet Hubbard Ayer, Glazo. Nail White Pencil: Cutex. Nail Polish: Ayer, Elizabeth Arden, Coty, Cutex, Glazo, Gould, Dorothy Gray, Richard Hudnut, Lenthéric, Outdoor Girl, Pacquin, Helena Rubinstein, Sage. FOURSOME SETS: Arden, Rubinstein. HAND CREAM: Marie Earle, Kathleen Mary Quinlan, Pacquin, Sage. HAND LOTIONS: Max Factor, Hinds, Jonteel, Primrose House. HAND AND LEG MAKE-UP: Quinlan, Sage. FOOT CREAM: Jane Cloud. FOOT ICE: Ayer. FOOT PLASTERS: Dr. Scholl. BODY OIL: Mennen. SUNBURN CREAMS, SKIN-TINT LOTIONS, SUNBURN OILS: Ayer, Coty, DuBarry, Gray, Lenthéric, Primrose House. WATER SOFTENER: Bathasweet, Yardley. DUSTING POWDER: Primrose House, Seventeen. TALCUM: Houbigant, Johnson & Johnson, Mennen, Squibb. DEODORANT SOAP: Lifebuoy. DEPIATORY: Neet, Zip. WAX EPILATORY: Gray, Primrose House, Zip. PASTE DEODORANT: Mum. STICK DEODORANT: Perstik.



• FOR PICNIC SANDWICHES

Make them big and spread 'em well with Underwood's

It's a waste of time to make picnic sandwiches small and dainty when you are using Underwood Deviled Ham. They disappear fast enough, goodness knows, if you cut them man-sized and fill them generously with this famous old sandwich spread that everybody goes for.

Underwood Deviled Ham goes farther than you'd expect, though, because it is so concentrated. Just fine ham and choice spices blended into a pure delicious pâté.

Taste it for yourself. Send 10 cents in stamps for a regular size can—enough for half a dozen good big picnic sandwiches.



Branded with the Devil
... but fit for the Gods

WM. UNDERWOOD CO., Watertown, Mass. D-4
I enclose 10 cents in stamps. Please send me a regular size can of Underwood Deviled Ham and your new folder of "Red Devil Recipes."

Name.....
Address.....
State.....

SOME KIND FRIEND

[Continued from page 11]

"Happy. I don't see how you can be . . . I mean . . . with things as they are." She laughed again. "It takes a lot of courage for a woman to be happy, nowadays."

"Why?"

"Oh. There's always someone waiting to spoil it all. I sometimes think it isn't worth the fight we have to make. Navy life's so easy on the men, and so hard on the women. What do the men do? Ride around in ships having a good time. While we follow, saving pennies and having babies. No wonder they get tired of us! Think of the temptations! Months and months away from home. And all the girls crazy about them. Even the older men. Even the captains."

Mrs. Public Works took a sudden, sharp breath, as if something pinched.

"But remember," Mrs. Ballard said, "the end of the rainbow! Stations like this, with big, comfortable houses like this . . . and years and years of shore duty!"

"Shore duty?"

Mrs. Public Works ran plump, manicured fingers through her blond permanent.

"Navy men don't like to settle down . . . Now, look at your husband."

"My husband?"

"Only the other night I sat next to him at the Admiral's dinner. And he didn't talk about a thing but fishing and hunting and camping. You could see he was crazy to get away. You know . . . there was a look in his eye . . . sort of far away."

"Far away?"

Mrs. Public Works laughed.

"The way men look when they're dreaming of being off by themselves. Aren't they the adventurers? And aren't we the fools? Thinking they care about silver and bedspreads and clean windows."

Mrs. Ballard rose. She felt a little hollow. She squared her shoulders and forced herself to smile.

"You're not going?"

"I must."

"Oh," Mrs. Public Works opened the door again. She let Mrs. Ballard out sympathetically.

"If the Captain's not too busy, won't you both come over some night soon, for a game of bridge?"

"Thank you. We have a month's leave, you know."

"You're going away?"

"We're staying here . . . at home. You see, it's so wonderful to have a home."

"Oh," Mrs. Public Works said. "I see." She offered her hand. "Well . . . good luck!"

THE Engineer Officer's wife was in her garden, down on her knees in the adobe dust, planting stock.

"Are you calling on me?"

Mrs. Ballard flourished the cards.

"That's just what I'm doing!"

The Engineer Officer's wife dusted off the palms of her hands.

"Put those cards back in your purse," she said. "You'll need them. The whole submarine crowd got in today. You'll be calling on three hundred navy brides, in three hundred bungalow court apartments . . . and cards run into money."

She took Mrs. Ballard's arm. She was a sunburned, wrinkled, good-natured woman. You guessed that she must have been pretty in her twenties. In her forties, she was . . . seasoned . . . like good wine.

"Come into the house. How do you like living in an institution? Twelve mansions all in a row, all alike . . . You see, I compromised. Threw all the Navy junk out, and furnished the old mausoleum, complete, from attic to cellar, with wicker and tencent calico. When we're transferred, we'll have a bonfire! Do you smoke?"

The Engineer Officer's wife produced from a pocket of her faded garden smock a crumpled package of cigarettes.

Mrs. Ballard shook her head.

"Ham doesn't want me to. He says it wouldn't be becoming."

"Oh. Well, he's wrong. It would. You're really the dashing type. He'd enjoy dashing

after you, if you'd give him the chance."

The Engineer Officer's wife indicated a chair. She herself sat, cross-legged, on the window-bench.

"You like him, don't you?"

Again, Mrs. Ballard felt that curious constriction, that breathless happiness, that painful exultation.

"Better than all the world. Sometimes I'm glad I haven't children . . . I'd hate to share him with anyone." She clasped her hands, hard, to conceal a sudden, nervous trembling. "You see, we were both very young when we married. And both of us were orphans. We've been awfully close."

"Of course," the Engineer Officer's wife said. She tipped back her head and blew a cloud of smoke through her nostrils.

"I'm sorry for women who haven't their husband's confidence," Mrs. Ballard said. "Ham tells me everything."

"Oh. He does. That's fine! Then you know what he's doing today?"

"Of course. He's right here on the Yard. The cruiser job."

The Engineer Officer's wife sat up with a swift, decisive motion. She tossed the half-finished cigaret into the grate.

"I lunched, myself, at the Napa Lodge, thirty miles from here. Ham was lunching there too," she said.

"Alone?"

"Well, no. He wasn't alone. He was with a girl I've never seen before." The Engineer Officer's wife frowned and lighted a fresh cigaret. "Ham wasn't very pleased to see me. And I wasn't any too pleased to see him. I knew he'd worry about it. And that he'd have to tell you. And that I'd be the reason."

Suddenly she looked straight into Mrs. Ballard's eyes. "So I got there first . . ."

She leaned forward and put a brown, rough hand on Mrs. Ballard's. The pressure of her fingers was firm and reassuring. "You're as white as a sheet. That's because you haven't stopped to reason."

Mrs. Ballard shook her head. She couldn't reason. She felt as if all the blood in her body were draining away, slowly, slowly, away from her heart. Her lips were numb; the roof of her mouth was curiously cold. Everything receded, rushed down a dark funnel of consciousness.

"I'll be all right in a minute . . ."

"My dear, I'm sorry. I'm damned sorry. That I had to be the one to tell you. Ham's been seeing a lot of this girl. My husband isn't a gossip. And he likes Ham. But he said he thought Ham ought to get a transfer . . . Go back to sea for a while. For your sake."

"But we're just settled!"

Out of the confusion, the darkness of her thoughts, Mrs. Ballard seized on the gleaming fact of her clean, her shining, her immaculate house. Her home. Her first home. With all the linen in piles and the silver in rows and the books on shelves and the trunks, for the first time in fifteen years, stored in the attic.

"How old is Ham?" the Engineer Officer's wife asked.

"He's forty-five."

"Too bad. At forty-five, they want one more adventure. They're not ready to settle down . . ."

"Who is this woman?"

"I don't know."

"Maybe it isn't true!"

"Of course it isn't true. It's never true at forty-five. Listen. Will you promise me something? Stop shaking. Listen to me. I thought you were a sensible woman."

"Sensible!" She put her head down on her knees. "Sensible! You don't know what love is . . ."

The Engineer Officer's wife smiled. She seemed, for a moment, to be looking inward, at some hidden treasure of the heart. "I wonder," she said.

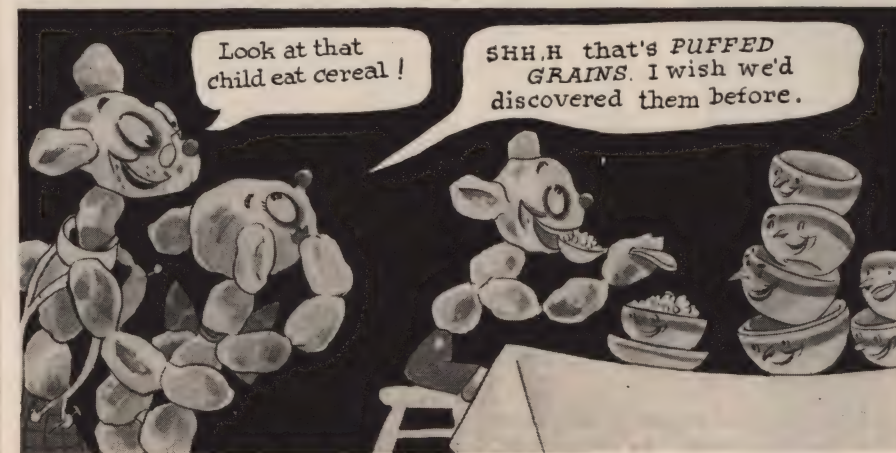
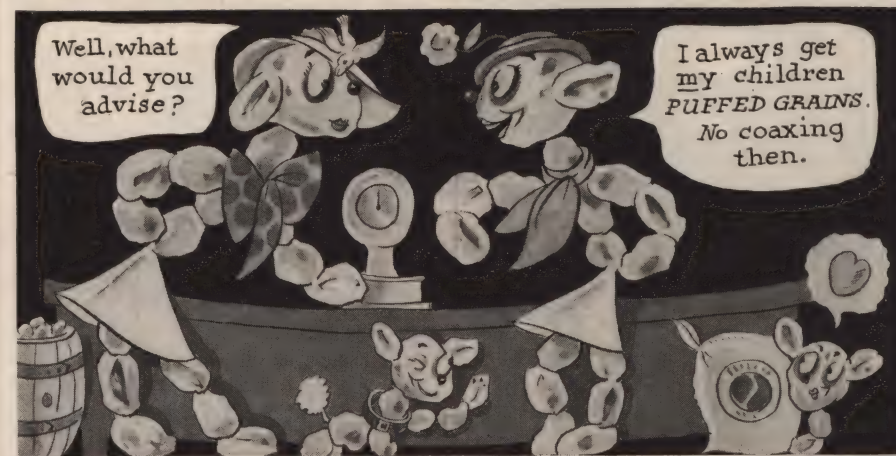
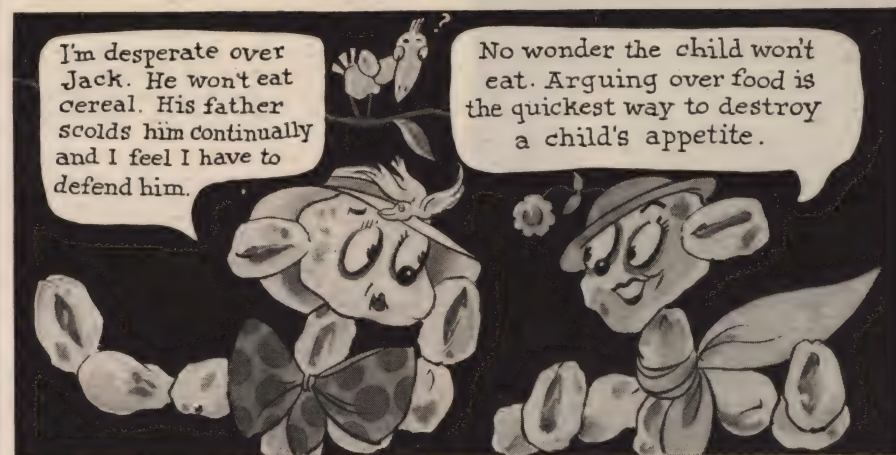
Mrs. Ballard lifted her head again.

"Just because Ham was having lunch with a pretty woman, doesn't mean he's deceiving me! He's never lied to me in his life! Never! He won't lie to me now!"

"You're not going to mention this to Ham, are you?"

"She's probably the wife of a shipmate . . . in trouble . . . needing advice . . . or perhaps money . . ." (Turn to page 52)

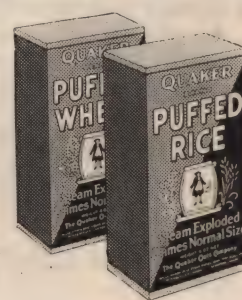
FIGURES MADE WITH QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT



No more coaxing at breakfast in this family!

HOT summer mornings. Lagging appetites. But you can't let children start off to a hard morning of play without a good breakfast. Thousands of mothers say they have found Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice the answer to this problem. They look like a party dish. They tempt where ordinary cereals fail. Yet these luscious, dainty grain foods are packed with nourishment. Get a package of Puffed Grains today. Serve them tomorrow. And watch the whole family scrape their dishes and ask for more!

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY, CHICAGO



"We'll call you every Wednesday evening!"



WHEN summer separates the family, keep in touch by telephone. Talking is next best to seeing. Regular voice-visits are a quick and easy cure for loneliness. They're inexpensive too. After 8:30 in the evening, for example, station-to-station calls cost as little as 35c for 75 miles, 50c for 150 miles, 75c for 275 miles. Why not have a family reunion tonight . . . by telephone?



"Hold the line, please!"

SOME KIND FRIEND

[Continued from page 51]

"Because if you are, you're a bigger fool than I thought you were."

The Engineer Officer's wife got up. She stood on the hearth, staring down at Mrs. Ballard with quizzical, pitying eyes.

"Why not keep it to yourself? Why not pull for a transfer? You might get Pensacola, or Pago-Pago or maybe China. Be gay. Be a little irresponsible. Make him worry. The trouble is, you're too trustworthy. Too neat. A little too nice."

"Oh!"

"Yes. Too nice. I took a good look at that girl today. She struck me as the careless sort. You know. A rose between the teeth, while the coffee boils over! I noticed they laughed a lot. And she smoked with every course . . ."

"Oh."

"Why not do likewise? It isn't safety Ham wants. It's life. Now . . . before it's too late."

The Engineer Officer's wife put both dusty hands on Mrs. Ballard's shoulders, and shook her slightly.

"This isn't a tragedy. You mustn't let yourself suffer. Only fools go to pieces. Keep yourself together—whole."

"I will."

Mrs. Ballard lifted her head.

"I can't tell you how grateful I am . . ."

She found herself outside again. Curious, how weak she was. Tottery. Her knees fluid. She walked with an effort, driving herself forward.

Home. She must get home.

She wanted to hide, like a wounded animal, until she died or by some miracle healed. She began to run . . .

"Mrs. Ballard! Mrs. Ballard!"

The Doctor's wife, sewing on the porch of Quarters F, hailed her.

"Lady-bug, lady-bug, fly away home," the Doctor's wife chanted.

Mrs. Ballard went slowly up the walk. She tried to smile. "I was running away from my own thoughts," she said. "I just heard something . . . unpleasant."

"Here. Sit down."

The Doctor's wife, with a slippered foot, kicked forward a chair. "Who told you? Some kind friend, I'll bet! Now, you'll have to do something."

"Do something?"

The Doctor's wife held the needle suspended. She was sharp and bright and young. And merciless.

"I'd leave him tomorrow, if I were you."

"Then you know about it!"

"Know about it! Who doesn't? He met her a year ago. Before you came. Bessie Chadwick gave a cocktail party at the Paul Joneses. I was there. I never missed a trick. Your husband couldn't keep his eyes off that woman. He acted hypnotized. All the men say she's pretty . . . I don't know . . . Sort of dark and . . . mellow. Hard to describe. She's the widow of a flyer. He was killed at Pensacola, when they were on their honeymoon. Ever since, she's been following the Navy around . . . the way they do! Once in the Navy, always in the Navy!"

"Yes," Mrs. Ballard said. "I know."

She wanted to hear! She had to hear! Everything! The whole bitter drink, to the last, galling, strangling drop!

"Are you sure—" she began.

"Sure! Why, they didn't even try to hide what they felt. Just mooned at each other! It made me sick!"

The Doctor's wife jabbed the needle into the material, plucked it through, bit viciously at the thread.

"Men! They're all alike!"

Mrs. Ballard felt a sudden, penetrating bitterness, a physical reaction to a mental disgust. A taste, acrid, nauseating . . . actual as poison.

"I trusted Ham!" she cried.

"The more fool you! I don't trust my husband out of my sight. He knows it. He knows what I'd do, if he ever . . ."

"What would you do?"

The Doctor's wife met Mrs. Ballard's eyes.

"This man's Navy wouldn't have him! Never fear . . . I'd see to that."

The Doctor's wife threaded the needle, squinting against the amber light of the setting sun.

"But I love Ham!"

"And he loves somebody else!"

"How do you know?"

The Doctor's wife shrugged her shoulders.

"He sees her every day, doesn't he? Somewhere. Somehow. I've passed them myself, dozens of times, driving her roadster . . . back roads . . . sitting pressed together . . . the way people do. Miss Thayer told young Glover that he talks to her on the telephone from morning to night . . . If I were you, I'd divorce him. A man like that isn't worthy to lace your boots."

Mrs. Ballard rose.

"You're not going?"

"I must. I'm calling on the Admiral's wife . . . and I'm late."

She extended her hand, and the Doctor's wife, getting swiftly to her feet, spilled the sewing. Thimble and spools rolled away.

"Goodbye. I hope you get the best of him. We're all with you. Even the men. It's a shame, that's all."

Mrs. Ballard did not answer. She dropped the Doctor's wife's hand and went down the porch steps to the walk and swiftly to the Admiral's quarters.

A Filipino in crisp white opened the door. "Yes, ma'am. At home. In the library."

The Admiral's wife was having tea. Wearing, as usual, something lacy and feminine and long, that fell over her fine, slender hands and swirled about her feet. And, as always, Mrs. Ballard noticed the fragrance of lilac, of spring blossoms . . .

She went blindly. Toward outstretched hands, caught them, and fell to her knees, her head buried in folds of flowered chiffon.

"My dear. My dear. Whatever is the matter? Tell me."

The Admiral's wife stroked Mrs. Ballard's back. "Or maybe you'd rather not. Maybe you'd just like to cry a little."

Mrs. Ballard cried. The Admiral's wife gave her a tea serviette to cry into. Signaled to the Filipino to go out, and to shut the door. Sat stroking and patting those tortured shoulders, in silence.

"It's about Ham," Mrs. Ballard whispered at last.

"Ham? What about him?"

"Haven't you heard?"

"People don't tell me things."

"He's in love with another woman. And I trusted him so! I loved him so! Now I've got to go away. I've got to leave him, and my house, and everything we've had so many years! I've got to start again . . . somewhere . . . alone. And I'm afraid! Oh, God, I don't know how!"

THE Admiral's wife stared down into Mrs. Ballard's twisted, tear-stained face. There was no pity in her eyes. Only a sort of adult comprehension. "Sit here," she said, "beside me. And tell me why . . ."

"He's in love with another woman."

"Has he told you so?"

"No."

"But you think it may be true?"

"Yes. Because, now, I remember things . . . excuses . . . evasions. Always, before, we've spent our leave traveling. But this time he agreed to staying here . . . where she is! And he's been so kind to me! So kind! As if he pitied me! When all the time he was thinking how stupid I am . . . how dull . . . how . . ." she wrung her hands . . . "how middle-aged!"

The Admiral's wife prepared a cup of tea.

"Here. Drink this. While it's hot. And now tell me something . . ."

"How could he?" Mrs. Ballard interrupted. "When I've lived for him! How dare he love another woman? How dare he?"

She trembled. Her heart beat terribly, like a frantic engine pounding itself to pieces against the body's confining casement.

"Now . . . just because I'm ready to settle down and be content . . . now he's bored! He wants a younger woman. Someone new and gay and reckless. Because I'm tired!"

She swayed back and forth.

"What am I going to do?"

The Admiral's wife stirred her tea, then put the cup down, untasted. "I wonder if

Too OLD to MARRY?



NEVER! Pale, colorless lips may age your face . . . cause people to think you older than you are. But there is a way to make yourself look more youthful . . .

Simply emphasize the natural color in your lips! Not with ordinary lipsticks, mind you; all too often they jar with natural color and succeed only in making your lips look conspicuous with paint.

What you need is the lipstick that intensifies the natural rose of your lips . . . without risking that painted look. This lipstick is called Tangee. It isn't paint. It's a lipstick that changes color to match your own!

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick, Tangee looks orange. On your lips, it's rose. Not plain rose. Not jarring red. But the one shade of blush-rose most becoming to your type! Don't be fooled by other orange-colored lipsticks. Only Tangee contains the original color-change principle that makes it blend with your complexion. Moreover, Tangee's special cream-base soothes and softens dry, peeling lips. Becomes part of your lips, not a coating. Get Tangee today. 39¢ and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. (See offer below.)

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look . . . make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



Tangee Creme Rouge makes cheeks glow with natural rose color, even in swimming. Waterproof. Greaseless. Cannot clog pores. Its vanishing cream base protects skin.

Don't be switched! Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY D-74
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

you'll listen to me? I mean . . . with your heart, not with your ears?"

"You mean that you want me to forgive him?"

The Admiral's wife shook her head. "No. Not yet. Not until you've heard what I'm going to say . . . about Ham. I take it for granted . . . you love him. Or you wouldn't suffer like this. You love the man he is . . . the man you know him to be. Fine. Brave. Honest."

"Honest!" "He hasn't lied to you, has he? He is terribly alone, just now . . . terribly ashamed . . . scared . . . like a little boy who's smashed a window and doesn't dare tell. He needs you."

"Me?" "He wants you to understand . . . and to help him . . . to see him through this. No one else can."

The Admiral's wife leaned forward. "I wonder if you're brave enough to go home now, and say nothing? Only be a little kinder, a little more understanding than ever before? What time is it? Five-thirty, He'll be there. Wondering . . . as he's wondered every day for weeks . . . whether you know about this girl, and his madness . . . the sweet danger of being in love again."

Mrs. Ballard cried aloud: "Oh!" "Are you brave enough not to think of yourself? Not to remind him of what you've given? Not to accuse him. Not to cry. Are you brave enough to save him?" "What do you mean? Save him? How can I?"

"Keep still. Let him see love and faith in your eyes." The Admiral's wife, for the first time, touched Mrs. Ballard's hands. Her clasp was firm and reassuring. For such delicate fingers, strong, definite.

"Listen. I've known Ham for years. He's served with the Admiral on five stations. He's a good man. A good officer. The Navy needs him. Not all tarnished and weakened by scandal. As he is. A grand, fine, splendid character . . . Maybe a little crazy right now. A pretty woman's been feeding him flattery . . . maybe his head's a little turned. But he's sorry. He wants to be rescued . . . He wants you to rescue him." The strong hands tightened. "I know. You see . . . I've been through it . . . myself!"

The Admiral's wife went with Mrs. Ballard, across the wide hall, to the door. Sunset. The flag was coming down, sliding in great folds toward waiting hands. A detachment of marines marched past, going toward the barracks.

"Remember," the Admiral's wife said. "No matter what you want to say, don't say it! Don't say it!"

Don't say it! Don't say it! She hurried along the paved walk toward home. Lights came out in the great, white houses. Lamps. Symbols of home, of security, of peace. She saw people moving behind windows. Friends. Navy. They'd be discussing Ham and this girl . . . this creature . . . this thief!

They'd be saying: "Mrs. Ham's heard about it. At last! Now there'll be fireworks!"

And suddenly she wanted to hurt Ham. To rush into the house and tell him that she knew. To scream at him! Hit him! Throw herself down and weep until he pitied her . . . promised her . . .

Yes. He was there. The hall lamps were lighted. Smoke curled out of the chimney. He adored wood fires . . . a pipe . . . the evening paper, before dinner.

Home! Comfort. Good food. The precious, homely, familiar things . . . clean sheets and orderly closets and strong coffee and devoted servants. These she had given him. He'd miss them! He'd miss her! When she'd gone!

SHE rushed up the steps to the porch, paused there, suddenly stricken by the sight of him.

He was sitting in his favorite chair, not reading, not smoking—just staring into the fire.

Ham. The closest in all the world . . . so familiar, so dear that she had never before paused to look at him, really to see him.

She stood there, holding her breath. He looked older than she remembered. Grayer. Thinner. His hands were clasped, hard, so that the knuckles showed white.

"No matter what you want to say, don't say it!"

Now she knew: she must give him a way out, back to her, back to himself.

She opened the door and went in. Ham lifted his head. There was a look of supplication in his eyes.

"Hello!" she said. She went over to him. Her hands were trembling. She tugged at her gloves.

"I've been a good wife. Paying calls. Public Works. Engineer. Doctor. And Admiral!"

Ham got up. His face flushed. He laughed—a laugh of enormous relief and gratitude. "Good girl!"

"They all sent their love," she said. "My husband's a popular guy in these parts. If I wasn't so dumb, I'd be jealous!"

She turned toward the stairs, but he caught her by the shoulders, swung her around so that she faced him again.

"Listen. I've got something to tell you."

"Maybe you'd better not!" "It's about leave. I wonder if you'd mind . . . not staying home this time? Going to Honolulu instead?"

"Mind?" "I know you want to stay here . . ."

"But I don't!" "But you said . . ."

She laughed. "I thought you wanted to stay . . ."

"No," he said. "I'd like to get away for a while . . . do some thinking . . . get straight with myself . . . if you don't mind . . ."

"I'm crazy to go! Why, I'm so fed up with housekeeping . . . Honolulu? When?"

"Tomorrow . . ." He fumbled in his coat pocket. "I've got the tickets . . . Here they are . . . two on the fifteenth." He met her eyes.

"You see . . . I thought you and I'd sort of have an adventure . . . we're . . ." he grinned . . . "too young to settle down!"

A DISCOVERY THAT ENDS "RAZOR STUBBLE"

After Removing Arm and Leg Hair

A Way That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly, But Definitely Ends The Stiff Re-growth Problem

● Now one can actually *get rid* of arm and leg hair. Can, once and for all, banish the coarsened re-growth, the bristly stubble that follow the razor.

This is due to a new scientific discovery by one of the leading cosmetic laboratories of the world. A way that solves the arm and leg hair problem as women have always hoped it would be solved.

What It Is

It is an exquisite toilet accessory, resembling a superior beauty cream in texture. You simply spread it on where



hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone—gone so completely that, even by running your hand across the skin, you cannot feel the slightest trace of stubble. For this amazing creation *definitely ends after-razor "stubble"* . . . When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following the razor and old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

Where to Obtain

It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Comes in two sizes: medium and large.



Neet Cream Hair-Remover

Gray Hair PENCIL
Instantly gives to GRAY Hair Desirable Youthful Color. Sure easy way to keep gray from showing at roots, temples and parting. To quickly introduce BUEL a full size Pencil for only 25c coin. Lasts months. State shade. BUEL CO., 404 W. Erie St., Dept. 81, Chicago, Ill.

Keep Your Skin Clear with Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment
Price 25c. each. Sample free.
Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 15K, Malden, Mass.

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Train for a Fine Hotel Position
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Good positions for trained women in hotel, restaurant and institutional field. Qualify in 4 months—learn on real hotel equipment. Placement Service FREE of extra charge. New day classes start Sept. Oct. Catalog FREE!
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Perfectly exquisite new odors: —
Admiration, Orange Blossom, Esprit de France.
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3 Trial Bottles Send Only 20¢
Money back if not 100% delighted.
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THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

[Continued from page 4]

family united by its common interest in a program.

It is true that the radio competes with other entertainment and with valuable activities—sometimes too successfully. But if one child glues his ear to the radio for hours, if another is movie-mad, if another is a "fan" on some other subject, we may be sure that this absorption represents a real need. We sense the lack of balance; something positive has to be supplied.

But in trying to wean a boy or girl from the current attraction, it is better to do so by bringing in new diversions and activities, by suggesting new possibilities, rather than by belittling what is done, or by scolding or by prohibiting. Every child needs and can enjoy a great variety of experiences—physical activities, games, companion-

ships, entertainment, varied reading and music. But while he is learning to keep the radio in its place, we must not expect that each day will see a well-balanced program, just as a sound diet does not require each meal to be perfectly balanced.

The mechanical additions to our lives give new forms to the age-old problems of guiding children. In homes that manage all matters through prohibitions and repressions, this same kind of control is extended to the radio. "Only two programs each day," says one parent. "The radio must not be turned on until all the work is finished," says another. One mother, leaving on a journey, has the radio disconnected. Another tries to overcome twelve-year-old Winthrop's devotion to the radio and consequent neglect of homework through a "good" rule: no radio after seven o'clock.

Such rules and procedures, like the "lights out!" rule of an institution, make administration a good deal (Turn to page 54)

RADIO ANN She Gets Her Man



VOICE FROM RADIO: You are listening to Ann Mansett, the dream singer.
Phil: I could fall for that girl just from hearing her sing.
Ralph: Why, I know Ann. Come along, I'll introduce you.



Ann: How do you do! I'm always glad to meet any friend of Ralph's.
Phil: I had no idea Ralph knew you.



Phil: What a disappointment! Ann's a beautiful girl but what a terrible complexion!
Ralph: Ann used to have a lovely skin!



Ann: Doctor, you've helped thousands with your broadcasts. What can I do to clear up my skin?
Doctor: The true cause of your trouble is a bad intestinal condition. Yeast Foam Tablets will do wonders for you.



Ralph: I just saw Ann Mansett! What a change! She's completely cleared up that awful skin!
Phil: 'Nuff said, Ralph. I'm phoning her tonight.



Ann announces her engagement to her friends at the studio.
Doctor to him: There's another romance I must credit to Yeast Foam Tablets.

Why don't you see what Yeast Foam Tablets will do for you? At any druggist's!

FREE INTRODUCTORY PACKAGE

NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY D-7
1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
Please send free sample of YEAST FOAM TABLETS and descriptive circular.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

[Continued from page 53]

easier. They leave time for sleep and for other uses. But they do nothing at all to help boys and girls acquire discrimination, allow of no chance to experiment to find out a better way of managing their time, to learn how to fit their desires into the requirements of the whole group. For example, the parental prohibition shut off from Winthrop any chance to discover that the radio programs after seven might be more to his taste; he might have learned the advantage of finishing his studies and other tasks earlier so that he might then listen in. The children whose radio had been disconnected were not helped to learn a better choice of entertainment, or responsibility for managing on their own. They were, quite possibly, helped to develop feelings of resentment against this arbitrary treatment of their preferences.

If parents are sometimes unreasonable, it is true also that broadcast features are sometimes in poor taste. And yet it would be impossible to comply with the wishes of all parents as to radio programs, for the simple reason that parents cannot agree among themselves. They differ not only, as we should expect, in their tastes; they cannot agree as to what the radio should be doing for their children. Some want only "educational" features; others only amusement; others only music, or addresses by distinguished citizens.

While we have to try constantly to get the quality of the entertainment improved, we cannot arbitrarily throw out one or another feature to which particular individuals take exception. A thriller may seriously disturb one child, but it may be a helpful emotional release to another. The child who is injured by the excitement has to be protected; but it is not fair to deprive other children of their fun. We have to recognize individual differences not alone in taste, but in deeper needs.

Unable to confine their children to programs that they approve, many parents fear that "low comedy, jazz music and mystery stories" will destroy the children's capacity to enjoy productions of higher quality.

Children's tastes have to be improved, but that cannot be done by keeping them always exposed to what we consider the best. They have to be helped to appreciate differences and to prefer the better, to discover that there are deeper and more lasting satisfactions to be derived from some kinds of entertainment than from other kinds. The individual has to explore, to sample.

Aside from that, however, nobody can stand on his toes all the time. Growth in

sensitiveness and in appreciation, whether in literature or music, in art or drama, is an individual matter. Each child has to be encouraged to carry his own growth along every line as far as possible. But at last each individual discovers in himself not only unique possibilities, but definite limitations. It therefore becomes necessary for the home to cultivate a sympathetic tolerance for individual differences. The parents may rejoice that Judith revels in the symphony; but they need hardly join her in belittling Barbara, who is satisfied with "popular classics."

The self-esteem of the "low-brow" needs also to be preserved.

Wanted: Cooperation

Neither censorship nor prohibitions will carry us very far. Those who feel strongly the need for improving the quality of radio programs cannot assume that they are able to tell all the others what is good for everybody; and it is really everybody that has to be considered. It has been possible in a quarter of a century to bring about marked improvements in the character of books designed for children, and that may give us a suggestion. The advance here was brought about through the cooperation of parents and librarians, who helped to make the better books more widely known. When the more discriminating demands began to make themselves felt, the publishers were glad to do their share. In radio it should be possible to cooperate in a similar way toward improving broadcasts. Parents must take counsel with experts and investigators, and above all they must be just as outspoken in commending what they approve as in condemning what they disapprove. The educational director of a large station reported that they had put on a carefully prepared program at the request of parents. When this program was discontinued after three months, they received not a single letter of inquiry or protest.

Within the home, parents have to learn to manage the radio as one of several tools, and make it serve the purposes and needs of the whole family. Outside the home, they must be prepared to undertake the larger responsibility of joining with other parents and with all who care and who have expert knowledge and skill, in the common effort to make the community, with all its devices and contrivances, including the radio, a better place for all the children.

The article, "Out into All Outdoors," in May Delineator, was by Raymond Tift Fuller, author of "Walk, Look and Listen," "Doorway to Nature." Through an error, his first name was given incorrectly.

Marion M. Miller, editor of our Child Training Department, will answer questions that parents or young people wish to ask. But be sure to send her a self-addressed, stamped envelop

NANTUCKET LOVE STORY

[Continued from page 29]

So Aunt Esther put another bowlful of tea into the bell-metal kettle.

When the tea had boiled about an hour, my Cousin Nat and Captain Morris arrived. The tea, which had boiled down to about a gallon, was poured into Grandma's large tankard and carried to the table, and each guest was provided with one of her porringers, also with cream and sugar. The Captain talked to me before dinner, and I told him how you were all off in the wilds. He said that enterprise was what the new country needed, and that it was not best to have Nantucket peopled entirely with Star-

bucks, that I was one of the old stock, it was plain to be seen, if my name was Wentworth, and he looked pleasantly around the circle of Starbucks. I saw Aunt Esther look at me so sharply that I remembered that she had often told me that it was not seemly for me to talk with men, and presently became discreetly silent.

But when dinner was announced, the Captain took me out and made me sit by him. After Grandma had asked a blessing on the food, Aunt Content said to her son and his friend: "I have made a dish of tea for you, but am fearful that I have not prepared it properly, and would like to have your own opinion."

Whereupon my cousin and the Captain looked and sniffed at the tea, and my

Aching CORNS

INSTANTLY RELIEVED

STOPS PAINFUL SHOE PRESSURE

PREVENTS SORE TOES AND BLISTERS

This great gift of science—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads—no wonder it has the largest sale of any foot remedy in the world! It does everything—relieves painful corns, callouses, bunions or tender toes in one minute; ends the cause by protecting the sore spot; soothes and heals; lifts nagging pressure off the nerves; eases new or tight shoes and prevents blisters and abrasions.

REMOVES CORNS and CALLOUSES

In every box of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads you get separate Medicated Disks for this special purpose. A few applications of this double-acting treatment and the hard, dead skin will be loosened for easy, safe removal. Avoid caustic liquids or plasters—they can easily cause serious acid burn. Don't cut your corns or callouses and risk blood-poisoning. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are safe and sure. Sizes for corns, callouses, bunions and corns between toes. Sold everywhere. Get a box today.

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Put one on—the pain is gone!

HAVE YOU OTHER FOOT TROUBLES?

Dr. Scholl has perfected a Foot Comfort Remedy or Appliance for every foot trouble—assuring quick, safe relief. Ask your dealer. Write for valuable booklet on FOOT CARE to Dr. Scholl's, 137 West Schiller St., Chicago.

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DE WANS Special Facial HAIR REMOVER

Now that DeWans costs no more than ordinary hair removers, women can enjoy the mildness... the skin-kindness... the pleasantness of a facial depilatory... on their arms, underarms and legs. At all drug and department stores... 50¢.

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THE SECRET ART OF LIVING.

Within every woman there is a reservoir of intuitive knowledge. A strange influence, they rarely understand. Learn to use it and you will find that happiness, peace, and abundance, you long for.

Write today for the free Sealed Book that tells how you may receive a SECRET METHOD for the art of true living.

Scribe T.D.F.
THE ROSICRUCIANS, (AMORC) San Jose, Calif.



Motorists!



take some

KLEENEX

along

DRIVING along a dusty road. Dirt on the windshield. No clean cloth to wipe it away . . . Perspiration covering your face. No soft, soothing, clean towel to relieve you . . . A hasty picnic lunch. No napkins . . . The children with colds. Handkerchiefs soiled and irritating.

Kleenex is the ideal first aid in every one of those emergencies. It's even been used by motorists to clean spark plugs; to wipe the oil-measuring rod; to protect hands when checking wiring or carburetor; to protect hands and clothing when changing a tire. Invaluable! And now only 18c the box.

Cheaper, of course, than laundering handkerchiefs, towels, napkins. Always handy—that is, if you keep a box in the car whenever you go out.

If you forget it, just stop en route. All drug, dry goods and department stores have Kleenex.

KLEENEX

Disposable Tissues

ARE CLEAN...SANITARY

Illustration and text copr. 1934, Kleenex Co.

cousin made answer: "As my beloved mother desires my opinion, I must tell her that this beverage, which she has with such hospitable intent prepared for us, would nearly kill any of us here at the table."

The Captain then said, laughingly, that aunt could keep the decoction for a dye to color woolens. He further said that he would, if she so desired, himself instruct her how to draw the tea. "And this young lady," he continued, turning to me, "shall make the first dish of the beverage used in Nantucket."

Dinner being over, they all remained at the table except Captain Morris and myself (for Aunt Content bade me to assist him as he should direct), and we searched for a suitable vessel wherein to draw the tea. At last I saw Uncle Nathaniel's large gray stone pitcher, into which our guest instructed me to put as much of the tea as I could hold between my thumb and forefinger for each person, and an additional pinch for each person. Then he told me to pour upon it boiling water sufficient for us all, and set it near the coals to draw.

The tea was then poured into the tankard which Aunt Content had made ready, and the Captain carried it to the table for me, and helped me pour it out into the porringers for the guests. He was so kind as to say it was the best dish of tea he ever drank.

Cousin Nat told stories and sang songs, in which latter recreation Captain Morris joined, and the happy New Year's greeting took the place of goodbyes when our neighbors left for their respective homes.

My cousin's friend still lingers for the shooting, and there is little spinning or weaving done, as it takes so much time for the cooking and the eating and the visiting.

I heard my cousin's friend tell Uncle Nathaniel that we had good blood, and that ever since he first became acquainted with Cousin Nat, he had conceived a great admiration for the Nathaniel Starbucks, and he said something about a wife. Perhaps he

remains here so long on Aunt Esther's account, but, dear me, she is so prim (I write with all respect) and he is such a jovial gentleman, that I do not understand how such a union could be harmonious.

OH, MY MOTHER, how can I tell you? It is not for the love of Aunt Esther that Captain Morris remains, but of me, your daughter. All the Starbucks, indeed (save Aunt Esther, who declares that I ought to be put back into pinafores), have given their consent that I shall marry and sail away with my husband, in his ship, to foreign parts, and see for myself all the beautiful and wonderful things of which I have heard so much, of late. But I will not give my consent until I have that of my father and mother, so there is a company being made up to go with Cousin Nat and the Captain, to your far-away home.

And so it will be this new friend, of whom I have written so much, who will take this long letter to you. I am sure, dear mother, that you, who know my heart so well, will not think it unseemly for me to pray that the Lord will guide your heart and that of my father to feel kindly disposed toward this gentleman.

I cannot help thinking it strange, his wanting to marry me, and when I said so one day, he replied, gravely, it was all on account of the tea that got into his head.

And indeed it may be so, for I was flighty and hardly closed my eyes to sleep at all the night after partaking of it, and even Grandmother says she would not answer for what she might be led to do, were she to make use of it every day. I send along, with other small articles, a quantity of this famous tea, and a bit of the white crêpe that I shall, if so it seemeth best in the judgment of my honored father and mother, make up to wear as a wedding gown.

I remain now and ever your dutiful daughter,

RUTH STARBUCK WENTWORTH

BUTTER-BOILED VEGETABLES

[Continued from page 25]

cover at once. Remember that the butter aids in delaying evaporation, but that no moisture should be wasted by evaporation into the air.

7. When cooked, remove the lettuce leaves, season and serve as usual.

Mothers, keenly alive to their children's food requirements, are assured by this method that the full value of every vegetable is conserved for their children's diet. The suburban housekeeper can meet her husband's train with an easy mind, confident that her vegetables will reach perfection in her absence.

To all who consider flavor of supreme importance, this method satisfies. Not one iota is lost or wasted.

Some vegetable adventures of the Institute Epicure seemed to us to round out this vegetable chapter. We know that you will enjoy them because we did when she served them to the Institute staff and a group of friends.

MUSHROOMS WITH MADEIRA

- ½ lb. mushrooms
- 3 tablespoons bouillon
- ¼ cup butter or other shortening
- 2 tablespoons Madeira
- Salt, cayenne
- 8 small white onions
- 3 teaspoons flour
- 2 tablespoons minced parsley
- 2 tablespoons minced chervil
- ½ bay leaf

Melt the butter and cook the onions for five minutes. Do not brown. Add the mushrooms that have been washed but not peeled. Whole mushrooms make the most attractive service, so slice only the stems. When they are well coated with the butter, add the minced herbs, the flour, the bouillon and seasoning. Cook until the onions are tender. Add the Madeira and cook one minute. Serve, garnished with

croutons and minced herbs. A delicious entrée or Sunday night supper suggestion for chafing dish.

EGGPLANT WITH TOMATO

- 1 medium eggplant
- 4 tomatoes
- 2-4 tablespoons cooking fat
- ½ cup bread or cracker crumbs
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper

Peel the eggplant and the tomatoes. Cut in half-inch slices and dip in the crumbs mixed with the seasoning. Brown on both sides in cooking fat. Place a layer of the browned eggplant on the bottom of a baking dish, cover with one of tomatoes. Continue adding alternate layers until the dish is nearly full. Top with the crumbs. Bake at 350° F. for twenty minutes.

ITALIAN SQUASH FANS

For this decorative and simple vegetable service, buy small Italian squash or wee cucumbers. Remove a thin slice from the top and bottom, but do not peel the sides. Cut in thin slices from the large end to within one inch of the narrow stem end. Spread in a fan shape and dip in cornmeal, seasoned with salt and pepper. Fry in cooking fat. Garnish with parsley sprigs.

SPINACH WITH CREAM

- 2 cups cooked spinach (canned or fresh)
- ½ cup evaporated milk (undiluted)
- 1 tablespoon minced onion
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
- Dash of cayenne

Chop the drained spinach very fine. Melt the butter and lightly simmer the onions. Add the flour. When well blended, add the spinach and other ingredients and cook for two minutes.

An attractive garnish is wee fried young carrots. You boil them first, of course.



"I like a **HOT** dinner...and a **COOL-looking** wife"

"I DON'T SEE how Jones stands it," my husband said. "He gets home at night, tired as a dog, and all his wife gives him for dinner is cold pick-ups."

"Jack," I said, "I used to hate cooking in summer, too. It's Pyrex Ware that's made all the difference. You don't know what hours of work it saves me! I baked this whole dinner in 30 minutes—and kept cool on the porch while it was baking. With Pyrex Ware, you not only bake at lower temperatures—you cook, serve and put things away in the same dish, cutting your dishwashing two-thirds."

"Jack said: 'For Heaven's sake, buy some more Pyrex Ware, if it helps you to get a dinner like this.'"

"This was my 30-minute menu:

- Individual Beef Cutlets
- Potato Puff
- Escalloped Asparagus
- Tomato and Cucumber Salad
- Strawberry Shortcake

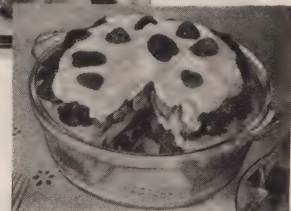
Stock up now with Pyrex Brand Ware! Pie plates, 40¢ to 65¢. Casseroles, 40¢ to \$1.65. Custard cups, only 5¢ each.

Send for new free 12-month menu calendar—saves time—work—meal-planning. Mail coupon today!



Raisin Muffins come out tender and fluffy when baked in Pyrex Custard Cups.

Nothing better in summer than Strawberry Shortcake. Bakes more evenly in Pyrex Ware.



SPARKLING

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Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Saves money, saves time, cooks foods better

FREE—Time- and work-saving 12-month menu calendar 1934-1935. Send today to the Corning Test Kitchen, Corning Glass Works, Dept. 4507, Corning, New York.

Name _____
(Please print name)
Address _____

(These prices in effect in the United States only)

● Have you seen this new fabric—mull with cotton velvet dots? 5804 is just the dress for its delicate quaintness, because of the frothy jabot and feminine sleeves.

● It is amusing and smart to wear a shirtwaist dress in the evening. 5803, in printed net, gets its tailored look from its jacket. The dress has a deep, square neckline.

● They're taking vividly striped handkerchief linen now and making it on the sleek lines of silk. Here it is in a dress, 5780, with a big bow and a dinner jacket.

● Ever since Vionnet made Paris sit up and take notice of her sweeping taffeta wrap, this fashion has been growing more important. 5788 has short sleeves, a smart detail, and a big, swishing bow tied at the neckline.



5804

5803

5780

5788

THE COOL OF THE EVENING

S A I L O R M A D E F A S H I O N S

● A big naval program is scheduled for this summer. You'll see quantities of salty fashions. Witness, for instance, the lacings of dress 5801, a linen dress that is very smart in sail blue with white grosgrain ribbon.

● Clean, cool white linen laced up with navy blue. Count the nautical notes here—the big, square sailor collar, the lacing ending in a tie, the belt buckle of dress 5769, and the little white hat of unmistakable origin.



● Sailor dresses, though no news to the younger element, have never been more popular than they are this year. Dress 5784 is true to the navy in every detail. In sturdy piqué with plenty of pleats.

● The outfit 5772 of slacks, mess jacket, and halter is right in order for boats and beaches, now that sailor fashions are so important. In navy blue jersey with white linen and white braid.

● The middie and skirt, 5796, is an authentic sailor-made fashion and just as comfortable as you remember its being in your school days. Have it in white jersey for sea-going. Have it in white piqué or linen for shore duty.

DOCTORS' TESTS PROVE SAP OF TROPICAL TREE IDEAL FOR CONSTIPATION

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up to March 12, 1934*

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Meets Doctors Demands for Safe but Thorough Evacuant

Samples were sent to doctors all over the United States. Tests were made by 15,862 physicians. Doctors, having fully satisfied themselves as to its merits, began recommending Saráka to their patients. Solely as a result of doctors recommendations over 300,000 people are using Saráka today.

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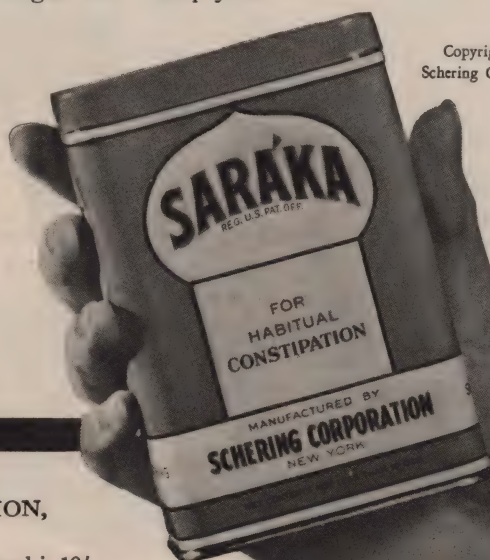
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Saráka is now on sale in all drug stores. It comes in two sizes, 75¢ and \$1.25. But in order that you may test Saráka before purchasing these larger size packages our laboratory has prepared a number of trial-size packages. If your doctor hasn't given you one you may buy one at most druggists for 10¢. If you wish, you may obtain one by mailing the coupon below.

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I'd like to try Saráka. Enclosed is 10¢ to cover postage and mailing of trial package.

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Address _____
City _____ State _____

MORE ABOUT NEW FASHIONS

(Descriptions of Clothes on Page 17)

5776 A crisp, crinkled organdy blouse will prove one of the most useful items in a summer wardrobe. Wear it with a pastel linen or a sheer suit and have a matching skirt to wear at home in the cool of the evening. For 36, 2½ yards 35-inch organdy. Designed for sizes 30 to 44.

5539 This type of jacket started its season in the spring when our best dressed young women were wearing it in checked tweed. Now it carries on for summer in linen—with skirts and dresses. For 36 (size 18), 2½ yards 35-inch linen. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 46.

5771 A straight-from-the-shoulder jacket in bright velveteen over a sleeveless white linen dress with squared shoulders, is a definitely smart spectator sports outfit. For 36 (size 18), 3½ yards 39-inch linen and 2½ yards 35-inch velveteen. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 42.

5758 4805 Everybody likes to own a linen shirt and skirt because they can be part of so many combinations—the shirt with suits, shorts, or slacks; the skirt with sweaters, halters, odd jackets. The shirt is designed for sizes 30 to 44; the skirt for sizes 12 to 20; 34 to 47½ hip.

5750 Linens have never been used so effectively as they are this year. It's practical as well as gay to have your linen jacket a coolie coat because then you can wear it in both daytime and evening. For 36 (size 18), 2¾ yards 35-inch linen. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 46.

5746 You make your white corduroy coat unlined and you wear it as frequently as you like because it is washable. The pointed yoke of this seven-eighths one makes it swing in back smartly. For 36 (size 18), 4¼ yards 35-inch corduroy. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.

(Descriptions of Clothes on Pages 18 and 19)

5781 Navy blue piqué supplies the big interest for this tennis dress of white piqué—separating it definitely from the just-another-tennis-dress class. Buttons from neck to waist at back are smart. For 36 (size 18), 3¼ yards 35-inch cotton. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.

5766 A new trick in tennis dresses, having become as backless as possible, is to cover the shoulders with a big collar like this one. A guimpe turns it into a spectator sport dress. For 34 (size 16), 3¾ yards 35-inch seersucker. Designed for Junior Miss sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38.

5782 The shirtwaist dress is like a uniform with smart women this season. This one in printed challis adds a masculine note to its smartness with a flannel waistcoat. For 36 (size 18), 2¾ yards 54-inch challis; 1 yd. 54-inch flannel. Designed for Junior Miss sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 38.

5787 There's a surprise for you when you get a back view of this dress. The neckline is cut squarely and almost to the waist. It's a wrap-around, buttoning pinafore with a separate jacket. For 36 (size 18), 4¾ yards 35-inch seersucker. It is designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 42.

5767 The fashion for stripes has spread like wildfire. Here they are in a lawn dress, one of those blissfully cool things you'll want to live in in warm weather—with a low neck and hardly any sleeves. For 36 (size 18), 4¾ yards 32-inch cotton. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 46.

5797 5225 Print is the newest trimming for white dresses—hence the checked necktie, matching the gloves and hatband, on this white peplum dress. Cape for coolness. For 36 (size 18), 3¾ yards 39-inch silk. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 40; gloves for 5½ to 7.

5783 Here's a recipe for coolness on a hot day, whether you're in an office or at a country club—navy and white checked gingham with a huge white bow. The dress is short-sleeved. For 36 (size 18), 6¼ yards 32-inch gingham. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 42.

5785 Dark-and-white prints look coolest, trimmed with a froth of organdy they look divine. Wear this with white gloves and a big hat when you lunch at a sidewalk café. For 36 (size 18), 3¾ yards 39-inch silk; ¾ yard 39-inch organdy. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.

5761 The linen redingote in its many versions is one of the most outstanding summer fashions. This one is actually a dress, the light-over-dark look of which is smart. For 36 (size 18), 4 yards 35-inch linen; 1¼ yards 35-inch contrast. Designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.

5786 The sheer white cotton coat looks as new as anything we have seen this summer worn as it is here, over a dark crêpe dress, with sheer white at the neckline. For 36 (size 18), 3¼ yds. 39-inch crêpe; 3½ yds. 35-in. dotted Swiss. It is designed for sizes 12 to 20; 30 to 44.

(Descriptions of Clothes on Page 59)

5800 This is Sudie's sunsuit dress, which she considers the handiest possible item because she has only to peel off the dress for a sunbath and needs no underwear. For 23 (size 4), 2½ yds. 35-in. lawn. Designed for 21 to 25 (sizes 2 to 7).

5808 Amanda, an athletic child, has been to camp and scorns skirts. The shorts she wears with a shirt or a halter top. For 30 (size 12), 1¾ yards 35-inch linen; 1¼ yards 35-inch contrast. Designed for 23 to 34 (sizes 4 to 16).

5806 And here is Amanda in plaid seersucker—a rich, dark plaid that couldn't be smarter. There's a double portion of white piqué collar and lots of pleats. For 30 (size 12), 2¾ yards 35-inch seersucker. Designed for 26 to 33 (sizes 8 to 15).

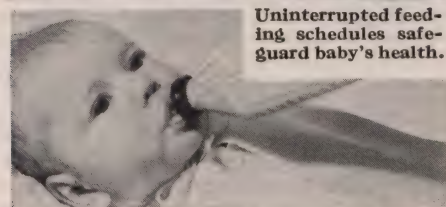
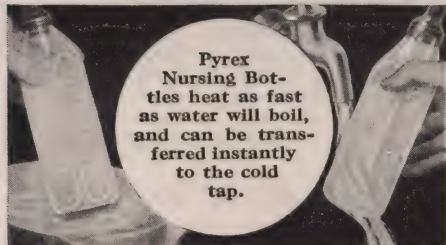
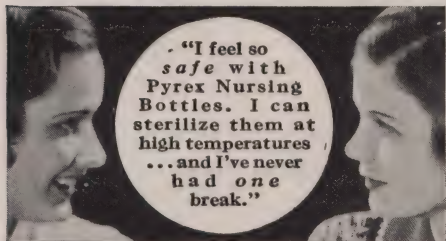
5765 Since Sudie got this dress, she's eager to be seen by her friends. It's no wonder—there are matching panties and an organdy gilet. For 23 (size 4), 2½ yards 32-in. gingham; ¾ yard 35-in. organdy. Designed for 21 to 25 (sizes 2 to 7).

BUY BUTTERICK PATTERNS; PRICES ON PAGE 63

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Protect your Baby

with bottles that resist
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Doctors and nurses approve Pyrex Brand Nursing Bottles . . . Resistant to breakage. Six-sided on the outside, rounded on the inside, with clearly marked ounces. In two sizes—8-oz., with narrow neck or wide mouth, 25¢; 4-oz., with narrow neck, 15¢.

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Name
Street
City State
Color of your hair?



Dear mother
Grandma gave me
a black dog named
Blot and a red and
white dress with a sun
suit like this under it.
Amanda has a brown shirt
and white trousers her
mother made her out of linen.
Please make me one before Satur-
day. I am going on a
picnic. She has a red white
and blue seersucker
dress too but I don't
care because my gingham
has more white on it
than hers. Blot likes
choclit ice cream best.
Love and
kisses
Sudie



For descriptions see page 58

5765

BUY BUTTERICK PATTERNS; PRICES ON PAGE 63



To THE Japanese Garden, at the Ritz in New York, went our clever young "cosmetic inquirer" with her bagful of pink, sweet-scented powder-samples. She interviewed in the dressing-room . . . just asked each attractive young luncheon-guest one question . . . "What would you pay for this new powder? . . . try it and tell me." Sixteen replied with "\$2 a box" and ten said "at least \$1.50." Thirteen mentioned how well it adhered . . . and not one would believe that this soft, fine, becoming powder sold everywhere at 50¢! Try it yourself, forgetting price, and see what it does for the tone and transparency of your skin. Send the coupon below.



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MILLIONS
USE TUMS!



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Mannequette:

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Styled in Hollywood
Wear PEDS for:
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SOMEBODY MUST

[Continued from page 22]

Father, do you mean to take Pell into it some day?"

"What has put Pell into your head? Of course I always have that faint hope... if his tastes incline to it."

Kay nodded understandingly.

"You know, I think they may," she said, "because mine would have done and he's rather like me in some things."

"So you would have liked the firm if you had been a boy, would you, Kay?"

"Oh, rather!" She spoke without the smallest hesitation, calmly: "And the point is, I've come to the end of things for the moment and want to decide what next... I could go out and look for a job like Dolly, and I will if it's necessary, but if it isn't, do you think I would be justified just now?... I wish I knew. It seems rather like snatching to me," finished Kay with a frown.

"You wouldn't be content just to stay at home?" asked her father wistfully.

"Oh, father, limpets have gone out... I could go on studying, but that costs money, and you have Pell to think of," said the girl. "Well, here I am, sound in wind and limb. Can't you make use of me?"

"Haven't I been doing just that these weeks past?"

"Yes, but that's only temporary... isn't it?" she asked, a troubled color in her cheek.

"Of course it is," he assured her gently.

"Well, then?..." Kay hunted for the right words. "Couldn't you take me into the firm for a bit? I know languages and I know about economics too, quite a lot. I know nothing whatever about business, and I don't even want to be paid and put somebody else out. Couldn't you take me in as a sort of apprentice to learn the whole thing and give me a start?"

Her father did not reply at once. A wise man does not employ his family, though he may hope to be partnered and at length succeeded by his son. Yet so much that she had said was just, and because she had had the eyes to see and the mind to reason it all out, wasn't this a challenge he should be proud to meet? There comes a moment when a rule may and should be broken and a conviction pushed aside.

"I'll have to think this over, Kay," he said at last. "It's a poser to present to your old father at this hour of the night... or morning. You must give me time."

Kay jumped up. He had not refused her, and her heart was high. "Of course. There's no great hurry, and I didn't really mean to spring it on you tonight. That's what you get for sitting up to chaperon."

"Chaperon indeed! Little chance you give me," retorted her father. He looked her up and down, amused. "You wouldn't expect to use those pyjamas in my office, I hope."

"Certainly not. These are strictly for home consumption, so to speak."

"Ah, well, as long as your mother doesn't take to them too..."

"I may give them to her if you're not careful," returned his daughter gaily.

She went away happy, remembering that for the first time since her return he had mentioned her mother's name.

SINCE Sunday Derek had made no further attempt to scale the wall which he felt between Kay and him, for on Monday the arrival of Pell's dog had intervened, and thereafter Dolly's forthcoming arrival had filled Kay's mind and conversation. Now he looked back on it, that was unnatural too; for why the excitement?

"Kay said anything more to you about Milton?" he asked Dolly during one of the errands on which Kay had sent him in John's car.

"Um?" said Dolly vaguely.

"Well, what's the matter with you? You don't seem bursting with wit this morning, I must say."

"Sorry! I must have been half asleep or something. What did you say?"

"Oh, it wasn't important," grunted the young man, with unwonted surliness.

"Why wake me then?" retorted Dolly, relapsing into dreams again.

Derek had been instructed to drive back by way of Windsor for Dolly's benefit and though it was far out of his route, he did so doggedly, pulling up beneath the castle battlements to say: "Well, there you are! Be a good sightseer and take a squint at the place."

"Oh, Windsor?" said Dolly intelligently.

"Yes, really. I was told to drag you here, and I've done it. Can't you work up a bit more excitement?"

"I'll sing 'Rule Britannia,' if you like," offered Miss Chester. "But what's Kay's idea? Seems as if she wanted to get rid of us. If so, why ask me down?"

"I know."

"Tell you what, Derek, we'll oblige her. Ring up and say we've had a puncture and are staying here for lunch while it's mended."

"That won't work. We've got the spare wheel."

"Well, they can both have punctures, can't they?" argued Dolly. "Of course, if you don't want to have lunch with me, say so."

Derek laughed. He liked Dolly, and whatever her object might be, the scheme had one virtue... if, as his mother had suggested, competition would wake Kay up.

"I'm pining to lunch with you at Windsor," he assured her, "and you shall feast royally. Let's pull up here and you can telephone while I order the spread."

"That's right! Leave the dirty work to the woman," said Miss Chester, grinning, and jumped out to comply. "The road to Windsor must have been strewn with nails, I'll say."

"Draw it mild now."

"Mild?" said Miss Chester with scorn. "How like a man! Have you no sense of strategy?"

Her own was made quite apparent on the telephone, for she told such a rambling story in so innocent a tone that a child would hardly have been deceived, much less Kay who knew her too well. She was at first both astonished and indignant at this casual treatment from her guest, and then she remembered what she believed to be Dolly's state of mind, and Derek's, and felt excited. Surely this time it would be fixed up.

She took a book into the garden and tried to read it, but for some reason it did not hold her attention. It was called "Red Sledge," and at the end of the first page she found she had to begin all over again; at the end of the second she decided that Laura—or was it Nora?—who had been deserted by George, made her sick, and talked like an imbecile. She turned idly to the last page and found that Nora—or Laura—had vanished and been replaced by Sybil. She looked back a little way in search of Noralaura, and then into the middle, but couldn't find her, so supposed that she was dead or divorced, and serve her right.

She flung the book away on the grass, and something white shot out of nowhere and rolled over, growling joyfully—James the Second, trying to gather it into his mouth. "Hi, you little devil, give it up!" shouted Kay, but the terrier knew that game and thought it a good one. He pulled and Kay pulled, and the victory was to the strongest. She rescued the wretched volume belonging to Mr. Mudie's Library, except for two half-pages, which James the Second with wistful astonishment discovered in his mouth.

She picked up the half-eaten pages of "Red Sledge," wondering where Derek and Dolly were now, and whether they were having a marvelous time.

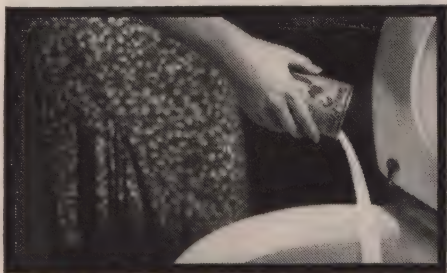
The restlessness of the night before was upon her again.

She carried the book indoors and sat down to write a note of explanation to the library, telling them to charge for necessary repairs on the bill. The title of the novel struck her for the first time—one of those trying-to-be-clever titles meant to intrigue a world of half-wits, and meaning nothing.

She sighed and went to the window, listening for a car, but there was no sound, and before her only the sun and shadow of the garden, and a world outside it full of people with things to do while she just waited,



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kicking her heels. She wished she could close her eyes and wake up and find these days had passed and she was working with her father in the firm. And Dolly and Derek, of course, all set. Now she felt empty and forlorn, but that was from having nothing to do for the first time in her life. She was sure it could be nothing more than that.

And then Pell came in with a cautious expression to ask her whether a brush for James the Second would cost more than sixpence, because he ought to look smart to go through the locks tomorrow, and Mr. Elliott didn't think Pell's hair-brush would do. He ought to have a brush, Mr. Elliott said, and it was very important. Pell hadn't exactly got sixpence yet, but would have threepence tomorrow.

Kay agreed with Mr. Elliott emphatically, and said perhaps James the Second's toilet articles could come out of the house-keeping money. In the meantime she would look for an extra brush.

"It ought to be a bristly one," Pell quoted, earnestly assisting in the search, and sure enough Kay had a bristly one which, though a little gone at the edges, had a rubber bed for the bristles to spring from, and was therefore a most superior article.

Pell, thus presented with the necessary tool to make his dog the most perfectly groomed on the river, felt that bliss could go no further, and went off to get on with the important operation at once.

Returning to Elliott, who was painting the inside of the boathouse, Pell paused, waving his trophy triumphantly.

"Kay had one," he said.

"Oh, she had, had she?"

"Yes, she has *everything*," Pell who, not many weeks ago, had denied that his family had anything, proclaimed this fact with pride but without astonishment.

THE mid-day post had brought a letter for Dolly, and when at last she came strolling in and found it waiting on the hall table, she seized it so eagerly that she almost forgot her tale of the punctures and nails on the road to Windsor.

"Where's Derek?" Kay inquired, looking out the hall door.

"He's gone home for a bath and change, and I think I will have one, too, Kay. You can't believe how grubby we are . . . changing wheels and all that," said Dolly, her appearance spotless, and quite forgetting this incriminating evidence.

"You look all right."

"Do I? Oh, of course we had a wash at Windsor, but underneath I'm black. We haven't really hurt the car though . . . People ought to be slain for strewing nails on the road," declared Dolly with indignation, and ran up to her room.

Kay saw another period of waiting ahead of her, but this time it was astonishingly brief. Dolly, hatless but otherwise unchanged, was down in five minutes, cheeks glowing and eyes alight.

"Kay, that letter! What do you think? It's the appointment with my member of Parliament. Cedric has fixed it for Sunday, because he'll be up in town, and we can lunch with his aunt and talk it over."

"Oh, Dolly, how marvelous! But Sunday? You'll come back, won't you?" said Kay anxiously.

"Rather! Unless of course she wants me at once, which she won't. Isn't it a thrill? I can hardly believe it . . . Let's come down to the water and wait for Derek, shall we? The garden looks so cool."

They went forthwith, Dolly full of plans and speculations and saying little about the drive, Kay silent but watching her friend's face and the change in it, which surely must be due to Derek.

"What have you been doing?" asked the guest suddenly. "Not entertaining your little friend in our absence, I hope?"

"What friend?"

"Dr. Thingammy! Kay, if you fall for him, I'll come and poison him some dark night."

"Andrew Milton? You must be mad," said Kay with scorn.

"Well, I thought you seemed to be in love or something," remarked Miss Chester.

"Don't judge other people by yourself. I suppose you think it's catching."

"Heavens! Does it stick out as much as that?" inquired Dolly, taken aback.

"I should think it did."

"Oh, well, I won't deceive you. I have got it pretty badly this time, old sport, but mum's the word . . . Hullo, Derek, my lad,

have you soaked the royal dust off? I was lazy and didn't."

Derek sat on the grass beside Kay while Dolly expounded about her member of Parliament, and Kay, watching them anxiously, could find nothing wrong with his congratulations, except that he failed to ask Dolly if she would be coming back.

"It will only be for lunch," she assured him, "and if John doesn't take the car away tomorrow you can drive her to the train on Sunday morning."

"Oh, rather, yes. We must send her off in style because we may need a word in the Prime Minister's ear one of these days. Sorry we were so delayed at Windsor, Kay. I can't think how we got those punctures."

"Nails," prompted Dolly. "I've told Kay about all the nails."

"Yes, I've heard about all the nails," said Kay, grinning, and suddenly all three were shouting with laughter.

This for some reason seemed to clear the air, and the easy good fellowship of earlier days came back.

Derek had returned from the drive feeling bored and glum, thinking of Kay alone and waiting, convinced the strategy had been useless anyway, and strongly inclined to refuse pointblank next time she tried to shove Dolly on his hands, and see how she liked that. Now because she had seen through the tale of the punctures and thought it a joke, his heart was light again. After all, he supposed, she had the household to think of and perhaps, being inexperienced, she let it weigh on her mind a bit.

By and by Kay told them of her proposal to go into her father's firm and his reception of it, and it was agreed that when they were toiling and Dolly could break away from her member of Parliament, they should lunch together in town sometimes, also stay up and dine and do a show. Kay, having already planned these diversions in her own mind for the other two, was charmed to find herself included in them. Now that their loitering drive and Dolly's confession had assured her that the matter was virtually settled between them, she felt no need to make excuses to rush away and leave them alone, deciding that they knew her quite well enough to go off by themselves if they wished. She did suggest that Derek had not shown Dolly the motorboat in all its grandeur, but nothing came of this. Derek said he was too comfortable where he was, and Dolly felt that to move two yards would be more than she could bear.

Then Kay was called in to the telephone.

"I don't think we need worry about the Milton bird, Derek," said Miss Chester. "In fact, I tackled Kay and she snorted."

"Well, I should think so . . . I mean the thing's absurd . . . anyway I'm glad you did," returned Derek, a little vague, but obviously pleased.

Kay's return seemed to confirm the matter, for she announced that Handy Andy had rung up to invite himself round after dinner.

"I simply couldn't bear it," she finished, "so I said we were going out."

ELLIOTT, glancing out of the boathouse by and by, found that the grooming had begun and went back to his work, aware that he would have to do the dog's coat himself later on, but in the meanwhile hoping that this would keep the pair occupied. For ten minutes all was quiet; then an agonized shout from Pell brought him out again to find the owner of James the Second plunging through the bushes beside the backwater after a vanished dog.

The terrier had tired of Pell's prentice hand and when Elliott, catching up his lead and following with a wry face, reached the plank, Pell was crawling across it, while James the Second shook the water out of his coat and then rolled in the dust to complete the ruin of his toilet.

Elliott followed the boy across, whistled the dog to heel and fastened the lead, while Pell, torn between indignation and distress, patted his muddy coat ineffectually.

"They'll never let you go like that," he apostrophized the sinner in a hollow voice.

"Now don't make yourself in a mess too," commanded Elliott. "Walk him on the lead in the sun for a bit. He's got to learn not to trespass."

James the Second barked suddenly and they turned, to discover Mrs. Ashe marching down the garden. (Turn to page 62)



Adrienne Ames, Paramount player says:

"Only thoroughly cleansed hair acts or looks right."

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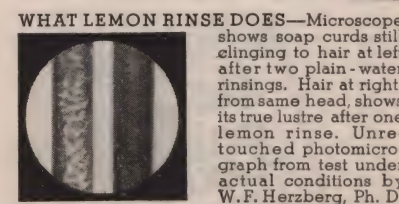
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WHAT LEMON RINSE DOES—Microscope shows soap curds still clinging to hair at left after two plain-water rinsings. Hair at right, from same head, shows its true lustre after one lemon rinse. Unretouched photomicrograph from test under actual conditions by W. F. Herzberg, Ph. D.

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Kellogg's are always oven-fresh, thanks to the heat-sealed WAXTITE bag—a patented Kellogg feature. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



Kellogg's FOR COOLNESS

SOMEBODY MUST

[Continued from page 61]

"Run along now, I'll explain to the lady." Elliott helped the pair over the plank with a careful hand on the little boy's shoulder, and turned back to confront Mrs. Ashe, who was watching him through her glasses, chin tilted, and at first sight, a frosty and forbidding figure.

"I am sorry, madam . . . we came after the dog, but no harm is done, I believe."

"Harm? I should hope not."

Helen Ashe, seeing them from the house, had come down for a word with Elliott about the plants she needed. She had not encountered the man at close quarters before, and knew nothing about him, and both his voice and his manner took her by surprise.

"You are Mr. Flete's gardener, I presume?" she asked him. "What have you done to the place? How do you account for it? Are your methods scientific or what?"

Elliott, taken aback both by her sharp manner and the rain of questions, said that he was afraid science had had little to do with it.

"Ha! Well, thank God for that. If it's plain sense and a way with plants, I can talk to you."

Mrs. Ashe spoke this time as one gardener to another. "You've several things I want slips and seeds of later on. I gather from Mr. Flete there'll be no difficulty about that, and if there's anything you'd like from me, you have only to say so . . . By the way, perhaps you'd take a look at this tree and advise me what's to be done, now you're here. With that boy and his dog running around the place, I suppose I shall have to have it seen to. Don't want to kill the pair of 'em."

The tree hung over the backwater, and the long dead bough had had Elliott's attention for some time.

"I've warned the boy to keep away from there," he assured Mrs. Ashe as he found a foothold with difficulty and examined the breakage, which was high up.

"Oh, you can warn them, but what's the use of that? It's merely an invitation to the little devils . . . Take care there! I don't want your death on my hands either."

Elliott returned, looking amused.

"There is no immediate danger, but it certainly should come down. If you will allow me, I'll come over and see to it in the morning."

"I should be obliged. If you do it, however, it must be a business arrangement," returned Mrs. Ashe briskly.

"Perhaps you'd discuss that with Mr. Flete . . . I rather think as it's a matter of mutual safety . . ."

"Just as you like." She nodded and did not argue, and went on to tell him of the plants she coveted, briefly and drily. Elliott made a note of them. "I'll see to the tree in the morning then."

"Thanks."

She nodded and went back to the house, wondering about him, but only momentarily.

"Man's own business," she thought. "Been through it, I suppose, poor beggar. Queer stick, James Flete. Never breathes a word . . . Quite right too."

That neither his employer nor Kay had breathed a word had been evident to Elliott for some time, but it had surprised him none the less that Mrs. Ashe clearly knew nothing of his accidental establishment at Redgates. She had supposed him a professional gardener—one with "notions" probably, he thought with a smile.

He found Pell solemnly walking his dog, now perfectly dry, and rather dashed at such treatment.

"He doesn't look so very bad, does he?" asked the young owner anxiously.

Elliott released the culprit and suggested that the grooming should be left for the morning after all.

"I'll give you a hand with it," he promised, and in response to Pell's joyful thanks, went off, wondering whether it was his fancy that the little boy had improved in

looks and physique during the past few weeks.

"Holiday perhaps and the summer weather and having young people about the place," he thought. "Or possibly that you grow fond of the little devils when they're constantly under your feet."

It did not occur to him that he himself had been drawn out of his isolation during the absence of his employer's wife. Winifred treated him with a faintly mocking ceremony which Elliott found embarrassing, but he did not connect her absence with the change in Pell.

In this he was not alone. Kay believed it entirely due to James the Second, and therefore indirectly to Elliott, who had suggested a dog; James Flete, as far as he was aware of a change, imagined it to be in himself.

John, however, somewhat surprisingly, since he was his mother's son, was always to harbor a suspicion that Kay had more to do with both changes than anybody.

Pell, seeing his dog, when he got up very early on Saturday morning, found that he had become more beautiful than ever in the night, but this did not seem surprising in James the Second—who just grew like that. In fact, every time Pell turned round he discovered some new wonder about him, so he did not suspect that Elliott had assisted nature on this occasion, less from philanthropy than to save himself the dubious assistance of Pell in the grooming operations during the busy hours of the morning.

Other people, Pell was glad to notice, admired James the Second's appearance. When he walked into the dining-room at breakfast to make sure that Pell was really there, the head of the house exclaimed:

"That beast is looking very fine this morning."

"James the First, you shouldn't call your grandson a beast," protested Kay.

"Is that the way you talk to your unfortunate father, too, Dolly?" inquired her host in a scandalized voice.

"Oh, mostly we call him George except when he plays up," returned Miss Chester, "then we say 'dear papa' to make him cringe."

Pell gave forth a loud and prolonged chuckle, and his father said in almost his old fierce voice:

"And what may you be laughing at, eh?"

"James the Second is tickling my knees with his nose," gurgled Pell, and to his delight found that everyone else thought this a pretty good joke and chuckled too.

Altogether it was a pretty marvelous world, and the only perceptible flaw in it was that everybody said: "I believe there will be rain before the day's out."

Pell went anxiously into the garden each time this happened and felt how warm and fine it was, and told James the Second so, and wished they wouldn't keep on saying that, because suppose it did rain and they couldn't go through the locks after all?

When Derek came over during the morning Pell hovered at his heels and was overjoyed to hear him say to Kay:

"What time do we start?"

"About twelvish, do you think? Or a little later?" suggested Kay, and Pell jumped for joy.

"Good. Shouldn't wonder if it rains," remarked Derek.

But Kay, that sensible person, merely said: "I know. I must hunt out the mackintoshes."

The day was saved.

Pell tore to the house and up the stairs to his room. He opened the cupboard and climbed in, with James the Second nosing after him, and brought down his mackintosh and the hat that went with it . . . a sou'-wester, it was called, and he had had it after his measles, at the sea.

Dolly, when he ran downstairs with it, viewed it with admiration and helped him into it, to have a look.

"You're a sea-faring man," she said. "No wonder I like you," and then she folded her arms and crossed her feet and danced, much to the astonishment and pleasure of James the Second, who danced too. It was hot in the sou'-wester, so she peeled it off for him and they went out into (Turn to page 64)



*Jim writes Jane from the
Royal Hawaiian Hotel*

Honolulu, May 2

Dear Jane:

Just a note. Supper on the beach last night. They served me real DOLE Hawaiian Pineapple Juice. Perfectly delicious! Want me to send you some?

Love,
Jim

and this is Jane's reply—

Chicago, May 11

Dear Jim:

Silly! Didn't you know you could get DOLE Pineapple Juice at our grocery store around the corner? Believe me, I wouldn't miss a morning without it!

Love,
Jane



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"THERE'S MORE TO IT"

INTRODUCING



PAPER FIGURE
BY LESTER GABA



GAY, debonair, our inquisitive young housekeeper greets **DELINEATOR** readers.

She is especially interested in emergency shelf supplies and "ready-mades." However, Sally Forth is not the sort of young woman whom we can limit in her interests. With a saucepan as a traveling mate, she will report new products and easy, unusual ways to use old friends. Her powerful spy glass is trained to discover recipes for more zestful housekeeping.

Incidentally, we asked her to tell you of the Institute's approval of evaporated milk in cookery. It is used by Delineator Institute in many recipes that call for milk, because the staff feel that their careful tests have shown that it gives a richer, better-flavored product.

This month, Sally suggests a children's luncheon, one for bridge guests and a twenty-minute maid's-day-out dinner.

YOUNG FOLKS' LUNCHEON

Fruit Meal

(oranges with other fresh or canned fruit on a generous serving of lettuce)

or

Spinach with Cream

Wheat Delights Malted Cocoa

BRIDGE LUNCHEON

Consommé or Iced Tomato Juice

Curried Crabflake with Flaky Rice

Re-heated Rolls

Strawberries Circled with Cottage Cheese

Crackers Iced Tea or Coffee

MAID'S DAY OUT DINNER

Quick Chicken Pie

Sliced Tomato and Green Bean Salad

Hot Biscuits Greengage Marmalade

Wine Gelatin with Whipped Cream

Coffee

Here are the recipes, and one or two others as well:

WHEAT DELIGHTS: Use the whole wheat cereal biscuits, splitting the thicker type. Dot generously with butter, spread over the top of each, one teaspoon honey or maple syrup, and a few chopped nuts. Bake at 400°F. for eight minutes. While hot, spread with another spoonful of honey or syrup. Keep in a dry place.

CURRIED CRABFLAKE: One half pound crabflake, canned or fresh, 1 cup evaporated milk, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 1½ teaspoon curry powder, 1 tablespoon tomato paste, 1 apple, pared and chopped coarsely, salt and pepper to taste. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour, and stir until blended and bubbling. Add the evaporated milk,

and cook until it comes to a boil, stirring constantly. Then add the curry powder and the tomato, and beat in very thoroughly. Just at the last, add the beaten egg. Then add the crabflake and the apple. Cook for a few moments over boiling water. Serve in a ring of flaky boiled rice.

QUICK CHICKEN PIE: One can of chicken noodle soup, one cup evaporated milk or water, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon butter or other shortening, ½ cup diced chicken and one beaten egg. Blend the flour and butter, add the milk and the soup liquid and cook till thickened. Fold in the chicken, the noodles and the beaten egg. Put in baking dish and cover with one of the ready-mixed biscuit crusts. Bake twenty minutes at 450° F. Use canned chicken if you have no left-over chicken.

HASTY WINE GELATIN: Use two packages lemon flavored gelatin, 3¾ cups hot water, ½ cup Madeira wine or ¼ cup sherry. Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water and stir until clear. Add the wine, and pour the mixture into molds rinsed with cold water. Set in the refrigerator until firm, and serve with whipped cream.

MAPLE ICE CREAM: One cup milk, 1 cup heavy cream, 1 junket tablet, 1 tablespoon cold water, ⅔ cup maple syrup. Heat the milk, salt and maple syrup to lukewarm. Add the junket tablet which has been dissolved in the water. Stir for a moment, pour into the freezing tray, and let stand at room temperature for ten minutes. Then stir in the cream which has been whipped. Mix well. Put into the refrigerator. When partly frozen, scrape from the sides of the tray and beat gently with an eggbeater for a few minutes. Return to the refrigerator and finish freezing.

HAM BAKED WITH FRUIT: Use a thick slice of ham. Place in an oblong baking dish and cover with one medium-size can of pineapple or peaches or apricots. Bake one hour in an oven at 350°F.



Children's fruit lunch salad

Macaroons a Child Can Make!



Eagle Brand

EASY MAGIC MACAROONS

½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk 2 cups shredded coconut

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and shredded coconut together. Drop by spoonfuls on a well-buttered pan, about one inch apart. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) until a delicate brown. Makes two dozen.

● What a recipe! Just two ingredients! Yet watch these crunchy, crispy, coconutty macaroons make a tremendous hit! ● But remember —Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.



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5771	12-20 30-42	50c	5790	34-52	45c	5808	4-16 23-34	25c
5772	12-20 30-42	40c	5791	12-20 30-38	40c	5809	34-52	45c
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HOW THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER CAN MAKE YOU LOOK YEARS OLDER

Pavlova's Experience

ANNA PAVLOVA, the great dancer, was giving two concerts in a distant city. The first night she looked gloriously young and vibrant. But the second night she was another woman altogether—she looked old and haggard. Something terrible had happened to cause the transformation. What was it?

Just this: By mistake the wrong colored spotlight was thrown on her. And the effect was that she appeared twenty years older. The audience whispered—"My, how old Pavlova looks." The right light was immediately switched on. But the damage was done! No one in the audience could be convinced that Pavlova hadn't grown old.

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FREE

SOMEBODY MUST

[Continued from page 62]

the garden and lay on the grass. Here somewhat later Kay found them singing "Every nice girl loves a sailor, every nice girl loves a tar," which Dolly had taught Pell, with James between them and Miss Chester's arm around James.

THE prophets were right about rain. As the little boat was running between bank and towing-path, it came suddenly in great drops, hitting the water like a hail of bullets. But by that time Pell had sailed at least round part of the world and through numerous enchanting locks and lunched on as good a desert island as you'd be likely to find for miles, the company assured him.

The elders meanwhile decided that the regatta was off as far as they were concerned, and since John had not taken the car they might as well get home and go off somewhere to tea and dance. One thing was as good as another, and the rain was cooling the air deliciously, so why worry?

Dolly was in excellent spirits, dropping into nautical language at intervals, but Kay did not see the significance of this at the time, though later she was to wonder at her blindness. Watching her friend and Derek, she thought in her heart that the rain after all was a blessing in disguise.

When, however, she began to produce excuses why she would be unable to go to tea and dance with them, there was such an outcry that she had to give in.

That tale, said Dolly, was too thin. If Kay was so bored with her company, she would pack up her things and depart.

"Either you come or I go," finished the guest indignantly.

"If I am the difficulty, you've only to say so," added Derek with gloom. "I mean, perhaps you'd rather have Dolly to yourself for a bit."

"Of all the argumentative idiots!" exclaimed Kay. "You're positively quarreling with me."

"I expect you're thinking of your little Andy lying drowned in the Johnstones' tennis court with literary corpses draped about him," said Dolly. "I say—what a lark that it rained."

This charitable sentiment united the trio in laughter and Kay made no further efforts to break away.

Derek Ashe, however, though he drove them and danced with them and gave them tea, refused Kay's invitation to come home to dinner afterwards, saying he had some reading to do.

He felt gloomy and out of spirits, having no clue to Kay's strange behavior, and could only suppose he was taking too much for granted in hanging about with her as he had always done and sharing her days. It had been all very well in the past, but now no doubt she had other views and he had no chance.

You couldn't blame her, thought the young man savagely, for why on earth should he have a dog's chance with a girl like Kay? She knew lots of other fellows and might have fallen for one of them, for all he knew to the contrary. There was that brother of Dolly's for one—the sailor chap, about whom Kay had spoken precious little, now he came to think of it. And what was all young Dolly's chat about the sea and sailors today if not a little subtle chaff at Kay's expense? Derek thought he saw daylight, and before the evening was out had married Kay off to the sailor and suffered a thousand miseries in anticipation.

The rain dripped outside his window stealthily, and downstairs the Major's radio crooned until he could have smashed it with fury. Reading was an impossibility and he would have liked to fling his law books into the river.

He slept badly and rose with a headache in the morning, but later, according to promise, went over to Redgates to drive Dolly to the train. When Kay put her guest in front beside him and took the back seat herself, he translated even this natural

politeness according to his mood and drove doggedly, answering Dolly's chat in monosyllables.

"You look as though you had been moaning at the bar," said Miss Chester at last. "What's that?" asked Derek vaguely.

"I believe you went and had a bust last night... the morning after the night before... jaundiced eye and all that," explained Dolly, "if you want it in simple language for the young."

"No such luck... wish to God I had... sorry I'm so dull, but I have a head, as a matter of fact."

"Poor lamb," Dolly leaned back and called to Kay: "Derek has a head."

"Oh, Derek, why did you bother to come then? I am sorry."

"Good lord, what on earth's the fuss about?" exclaimed the young man. "A headache's nothing... the air will do it good."

Kay supposed he was hating to part from Dolly, fearing she might get her appointment immediately and not come back; but that was most unlikely, Dolly had said. She was to telephone the result of the interview and her return train so that she could be met.

Watching the pair, Kay wondered why, as seemed almost certain, Derek had not yet come to the point with Dolly. His moodiness of the past few days was so unlike him that she could not doubt that he was in love, and perhaps, she thought, he was unsure of his chance and afraid to try his luck.

An anxious tenderness filled her and she longed to give him a hint that it was all right and perfectly safe for him to go ahead. But when Dolly had gone and they were driving back together she found it quite impossible to do this.

"It will be splendid if she gets the job, won't it?" she said awkwardly.

"Eh? Oh, yes, rather—Dolly's one of the best," returned the young man.

"Yes, I know... and besides she'll be in town. Sussex is such a distance... we'll be able to see her sometimes."

"Still, I suppose that's a pretty fine place they have in Sussex, all the same, isn't it?" inquired Derek, thinking of the sailor brother.

"It has been... but of course they're hard up," said Kay eagerly, wondering whether Derek was thinking Dolly too grand to marry, or some madness like that.

"Yes. Still, if they've got professions they ought to be all right," Derek pointed out. "After all, everybody is more or less hard up in these days."

So they talked at cross purposes, endeavoring to reassure each other, quite unnecessarily, and saying nothing of any consequence to either of them.

Derek put the car away and said he must get back and do a couple of hours reading as he had been letting it slide.

"Give me a ring as soon as you know Dolly's train and I'll drive you to meet her," he said.

Kay nodded. "Ought you to read with a head like that, Derek?"

"Oh, that's all right, in fact it's better... What are *you* fussing about, for heaven's sake. You never used to fuss."

"Age and responsibility," she told him, grinning, because this was more like the old Derek.

He frowned. "When's your mother coming home?"

"I don't know," she said, rather startled. "Some old time... she never writes... I was only joking anyway."

"Oh, I see," Derek smiled rather bleakly, hesitated and then went off, and she watched him go with a rueful face, because he looked so down and she longed to cheer him and hadn't done it.

IT WAS four o'clock when Dolly telephoned to explain why she could not return to Redgates and this, considering all that she had gone through in the meantime, was an early hour and a sign of her devotion to Kay. Kay, however, was not at the moment grateful. She felt that she hated Miss Chester with a deadly hate.

For Dolly had not even seen her member and the job she had taken was a permanent one, or that was her belief. Cedric had learned that he was to be sent to Malta with the Fleet in a month and Dolly had consented to marry him and go to Malta too. Now he was driving her down to Sussex to tell the family, and Kay of course was to be bridesmaid and could refuse if she dared.

What Kay answered she did not know and certainly Dolly was too blissfully happy to note. Having told her great news in a rush and promised to come down for her luggage in a day or so, she returned to her Cedric, and Kay at the other end hung up the receiver listlessly and then fled to her room and stamped up and down it in a tempest of misery and indignation.

To treat Derek like that . . . Derek of all people in the world.

"And I have to tell him," whispered Kay to herself with horror. "My poor dear!"

She went to the window and leaned against it, staring out. The rain of yesterday had cleared away and the familiar place where every corner, every blade of grass recalled to her loving heart some thought of Derek, smiled with a freshened, grateful beauty, and she could not bear it. She shut her eyes, terrified that she might see him coming across the backwater; sat down at her desk thinking she might write the dreadful news and get Beatrice to take the letter over, got up again finding this was impossible and finally flung herself on her bed in despair.

Derek, having waited until nearly five and hearing nothing, supposed he was not wanted after all and thought with indignant gloom that Kay need not have been afraid to tell him so.

Finally he snatched up the telephone and asked for her.

"Look here, do you want me to drive you to the train or don't you, Kay?" he demanded.

"She's not coming back," a toneless voice answered.

"Oh, really? She's got the job then?"

"No," said Kay sadly, and then with fury, "I hope I never set eyes on her again."

"Good lord, old thing, whatever's the matter?" exclaimed Derek, forgetting his own woes in his concern for Kay.

"Well, you've got to hear it," said the girl. "She's . . . she's . . . going to marry that beast Cedric!"

"But don't you like the chap then? I didn't know you'd met him," said Derek, puzzled.

"Neither I have."

"Well, cheer up. Young Dolly has her head screwed on all right. She isn't likely to choose a rotter, and if she does, you can't do anything about it. What are you worrying for?"

"Derek . . . !" Kay could hardly believe her ears and looked at the telephone suspiciously. "Don't . . . don't you mind?" she faltered.

"Mind? . . . Me? Of course not. What on earth is it to do with me?"

"I thought you were keen . . . I thought . . . why on earth did you suppose I'd been sending you out and making myself scarce?" exclaimed the girl.

"What? Oh, look here, Kay, this telephone is no use to me. Nip down to the backwater and I'll meet you. We've got to have this out."

Kay hung up the receiver in a state of excitement and relief, and ran down the garden, but quick as she was Derek had arrived before her.

A good spot this, as they had discovered long ago, for private confabulations, sufficiently far from both houses and shut in by the trees on one side and the shrubs on the other. The chestnut bough, which Elliott had duly cut down the day before, lay, stripped neatly of its twigs and little branches, on the Ashes' side of the backwater under the parent tree. When Kay arrived, Derek beckoned to her and sat her down on the plank with him in a masterful manner.

"Now then, what do you mean by these aspersions on my character?" he wanted to know.

"I was certain you liked her," Kay explained to him. "I've thought you were keen for months. You've said over and over you liked her." (Turn to page 66)

PARTING

by EDWARD DAVISON

Farewell, white house where I dare not dwell,
And you, little town, farewell, farewell!

You, too, dear lindens and gardens green,
Where I and my love would walk unseen.

As I at dawn go riding away,
Her blind is down, her window is gray.

The light glows soft on the red roof tiles,
And I must be riding a thousand miles . . .

Riding away over hill and dale,
Like the youngest son in a fairy-tale;

To find some country that needs a youth
To kill its giants and dragons, forsooth!

Come up, my pony! Sleep sound, my dear!
I shall be back in a day and a year.

Goodbye, little town where I love to dwell,
And you, my darling, farewell, farewell!



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SOMEBODY MUST

[Continued from page 65]

"So I do, and anyway, she's a friend of yours. Is that so dam' strange?"

Kay laughed.

"I'm so relieved, I could cry," she said. "Because . . . I had to tell you . . . and I didn't know how . . . I made sure you were in love and I knew Dolly was, and of course I supposed it was with you. She's often said there was nobody like you."

"That was to do me a good turn and try to make you believe it, Kay."

"I knew it first," said Kay calmly.

"What's that?" Derek's arm was round her in a moment, holding her fast. "And you'd go and marry me to some other girl?"

"If you wanted her I would."

"My darling, do you think there's any other girl in the whole world I'd want even to look at when I could look at you?" he cried, and Kay said tremulously:

"How could I know? You've always been first with me but I never dreamed you felt like that . . . anyway I thought you knew me too well."

"Good lord, that was what was worrying me about you."

"Oh, Derek, you are an ass!"

"Shut up," said Derek peremptorily, "I'm going to kiss you . . ."

"It will be a long wait, Kay darling. Can you bear it? That has worried me too, because it is so unfair to you and yet it can't be helped."

"Of course I can wait," said Kay, looking round with starry eyes on the little back-water and the river running past and the garden and the distant woods, from which in her darker moments she had seen Derek gone. "We shall both be working and the time will soon pass. I'm glad I'm going to work, I know father will take me in . . . now."

"He'll think it like my dam' cheek."

"Oh no, he won't. He was a little on the old-fashioned side, but I've been bringing him up to date. We are friends."

WINIFRED, with an aptness which would have delighted her if she had known of it, and with a calm peculiarly her own, arrived at the front door just as Kay came up from her enchanted hour to get ready for dinner.

The girl stared at the advancing taxi in mild astonishment, and then, catching sight of its occupant, began to run, arriving breathless just as the driver was opening the door.

Winifred descended looking as smart and cool as though she had left the house an hour ago for a leisurely drive in John's car. She was also gay as a lark, which seemed to her daughter incredible.

Kay wondered with embarrassment where her father was and whether it would be possible to get away before he appeared. It would be too dreadful to see them meet.

"But, mother, where is your luggage?" she exclaimed. "Haven't you even a bag?"

"All in Scotland," said Winifred as she paid the driver and sent him off. "I came just as I was—all in a moment. I flew, darling, but they'll send it on tomorrow or the next day."

Flew? Had she run away from the Fergusons now, as she had run from home? Kay was horrified. Whatever had come over her mother?

"But, mother, why?"

Then James Flete, who had seen the taxi from his room, came hurrying out and there was no escape for Kay.

"Good heavens, Winifred," he exclaimed in pleased astonishment, "wherever have you come from at this hour?"

"Dropped from the clouds," returned his wife. "Literally as well as metaphorically. A nice man was flying to London and offered me a lift in his plane, so of course I came, it was such a chance. And besides, so economical! Oh, I've grown verra Scotch."

"I don't like it," said James, shaking his head at her. "You might have been killed."

"I know, darling, and I might have eloped with a Highlander or been eaten by lions. Life's full of risks."

Winifred laughed and took his arm and Kay fled away upstairs, murmuring something about telling Pell, but outside the schoolroom where the little boy was having supper, she leaned against the wall to still her excitement and her beating heart.

Her mother had come back, just coolly like that, and there they were, both of them, behaving as though nothing whatever had happened. Kay could laugh at her own fears now: she had been a fool, and yet hadn't her father been troubled too, and even John, talking about storms in a teacup, though not sure of it and begging her to go home . . . for the look of the thing? And to take care of Pell . . . because somebody must. And people talking . . . and her father flying into a rage about gossiping women. Kay remembered it all, relieved that they had met so calmly, and there had been no scene, and yet incredulous and indignant. There must have been something, but her mother wouldn't care, and she thought: "I could never treat Derek like that." And presently with troubled wisdom: "But I suppose once they would have said that too."

Did love always fade then and grow stale? Her heart denied it as young hearts will. "They're different," she said to herself. "At least mother's different."

Pell was eating his supper and talking to James the Second, stretched virtuously at his feet.

As Kay opened the door James started up and his owner looked round and then went on:

"It's all right. That's Kay . . . you see, he always thinks it may be a burglar," he added to the intruder with a hopeful smile.

"No, I'm not a burglar, James the Second. Hurry up and finish your supper, Pell. What do you think? Mother's come home."

"Oh?" said Pell with no marked interest. "Kay, isn't it lucky dogs don't like fruit salad?"

"Yes, but be quick, old boy, because she's longing to see you," said Kay, feeling a hypocrite. "And besides you have to show her the new member of the family."

This inducement proved effective in a moment.

"Yes, so I do," said the little boy, brightening visibly. He looked down with pride at his dog, then finished his supper as fast as he could.

Kay straightened his tie for him.

"You must look smart or she'll think I haven't been taking care of you," she explained.

Pell knitted his brows.

"Will you be going away now?" he asked rather gruffly.

"Of course not. Do you want me to go away?" asked Kay, taken aback.

"No, we don't," denied Pell eagerly.

"We don't want you to go, not ever."

"Then here I stay," said Kay, much touched at this tribute, but troubled too.

She patted his shoulder as she pushed him before her out of the door and downstairs.

They had not yet come up, they were in the drawing-room and because she felt nervous she entered jauntily, exclaiming: "Mother, you have a grandson and here he is."

"What?" exclaimed Winifred in a startled voice, and then saw James the Second and perhaps in sheer relief said the perfect thing: "Oh, but he's an angel!"

Under that touch Pell blossomed as nothing else could have made him, and even his mother was amazed.

"Pell! Why, come here and let me look at you. You are positively enormous. What have they done to you?"

If in that moment Winifred realized that one son was lost to her, but here was another, she made the discovery too late, though very likely she would never know it. Pell, rosy and tanned, considered her question literally and answered it with the justice of his years and out of his new love: "Kay gave me eggs," he said.

THE END

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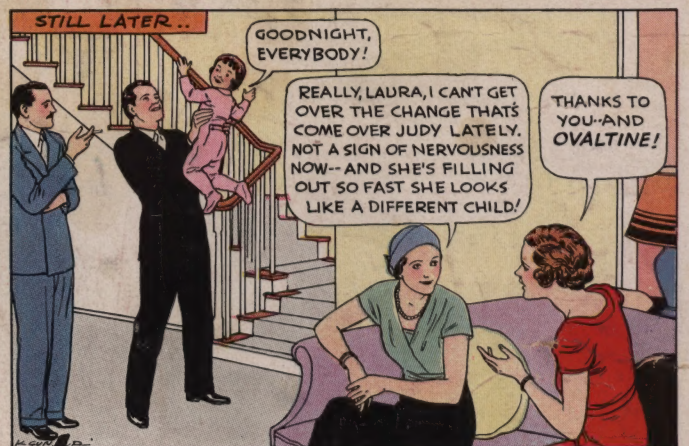
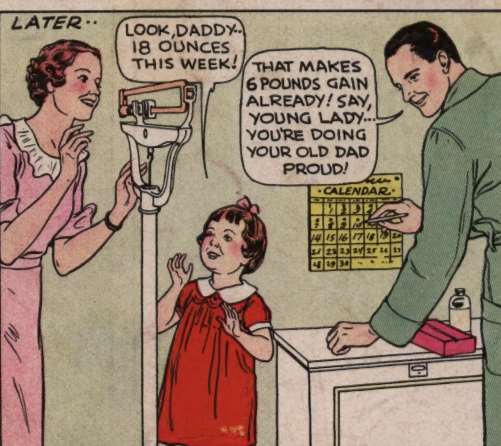
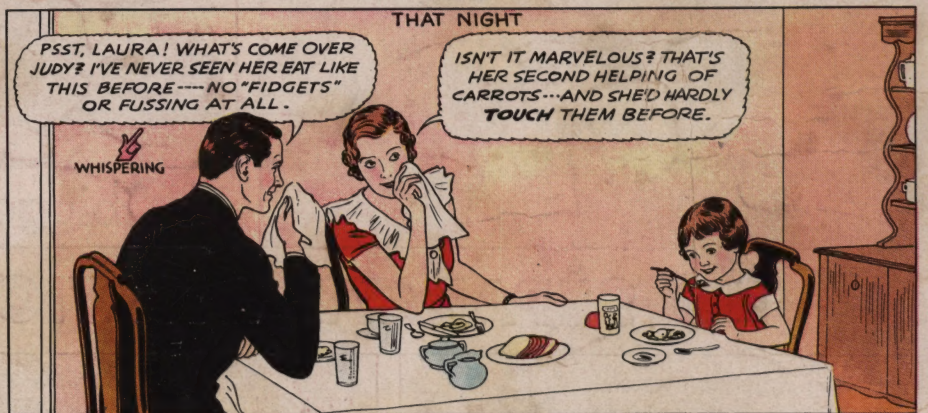
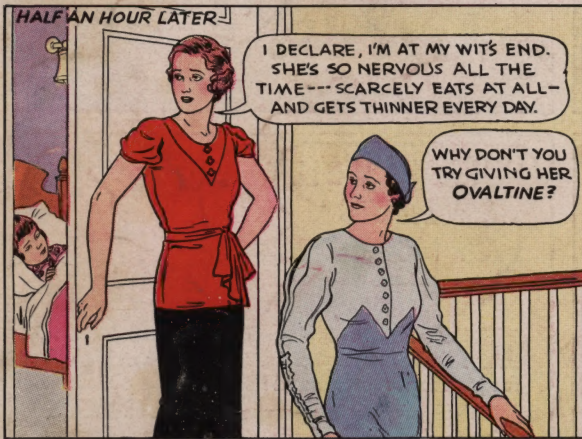
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